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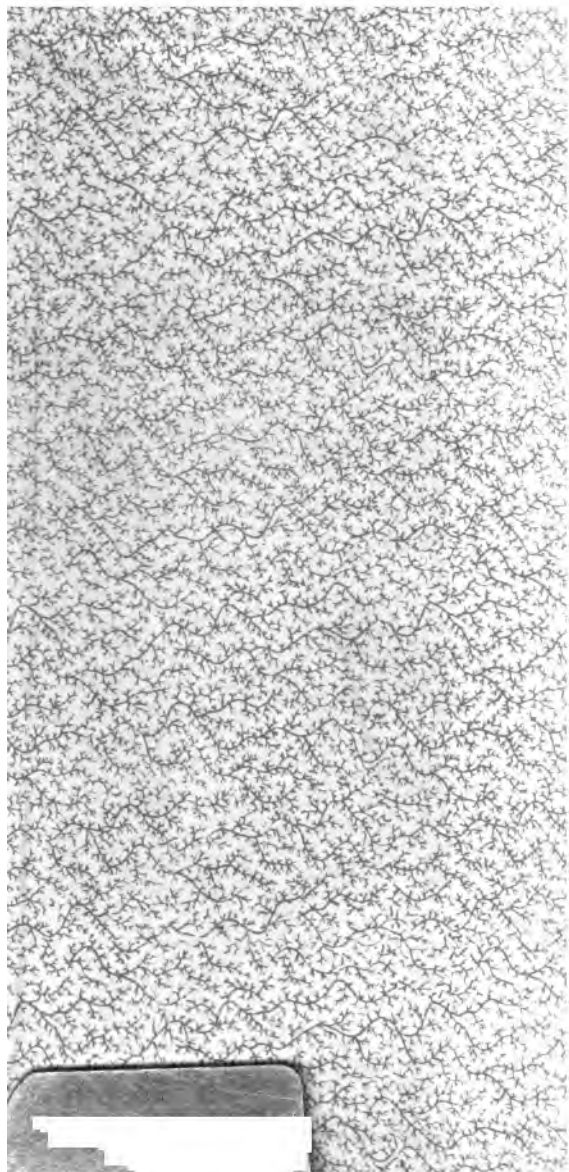
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The GENUINE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF

CHARLES COTTON, *Esq*;

CONTAINING,

- I. SCARRONIDES : Or, VIRGIL TRAVESTIE.
- II. LUCIAN Burlesqu'd : Or, The SCOFFER  
SCOFF'D.
- III. The WONDERS of the PEAKE.

---

Illustrated with many Curious Cuts, all New-design'd,  
and Engraved by the best Artists.

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MDCCLXV.

ROY WEN  
JULIA  
YASSEL

SCARRONIDES:

OR,

VIRGIL Travestie.

---

A

MOCK - POEM

ON THE

First and Fourth Books

OF

VIRGIL's *Æneis*,

In *English* BURLESQUE.

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By CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

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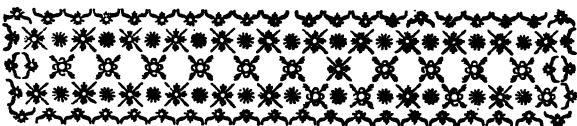
The FOURTEENTH EDITION.

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T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

*THE Reader is desired, for the better  
comparing of the Latin and English  
together, to read on forward unto the ensu-  
ing Letter of Direction, before he compare  
the former with the Original.*

Y A A E U



# V I R G I L

## T R A V E S T I E.



*Sing the Man* (read it who list,  
A *Trojan* true as ever pist,)

\* Who from *Troy-Town*, by Wind  
and Weather,  
To *Italy* (and God knows whither)  
Was pack'd, and rack'd, and lost,  
and toft,

And bounc'd from Pillar unto Post.

<sup>1</sup> Long wander'd he thro' thick and thin ;  
Half-roasted now, now wet to th' Skin :

By Sea and Land, by Day and Night ;

\* Forc'd, as 'tis said, by the Gods Spite :

Altho' the wiser Sort suppose,

<sup>5</sup> 'Twas by an old Grudge of *Juno's* ;

<sup>1</sup> *Arma virumque cano,* <sup>2</sup> *Trojæ qui primus ab oris*  
*Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinâque venit*  
*Litora :* <sup>3</sup> *multum ille & terris jactatus & alto,*

<sup>4</sup> *Vi Superam,* ———

—— <sup>5</sup> *Sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram.*

A Murrain curry all curst Wives !

*He needs must go, the Devil drives.*

<sup>1</sup> Much suffer'd he likewise in War,

Many dry Blows, and many a Scar :

Many a Rap, and much ado

At Quarter-staff and Cudgels too ;

Before he could be quiet for 'em,

(Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'em :)

But this same Younker at the last,

(All Brawls and Squabbles over-past)

And all these Rake-hells overcome,

<sup>2</sup> Did build a pretty *Grange* call'd *Rome*.

<sup>3</sup> But oh, my Muse ! put me in mind,

To which o'th' Gods was he unkind :

<sup>4</sup> Or, what the Plague did *Juno* mean,

(That cross-grain'd, peevish, scolding *Queen*,

That scratching, cater-wawling Puss)

<sup>5</sup> To use an honest Fellow thus ?

(To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)

<sup>6</sup> Have Goddesses no better Manners ?

<sup>7</sup> A little Town there was of old,

Thatch'd with good Straw to keep out Cold,

Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)

Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd :

<sup>1</sup> *Multa quoque & bello passus, dum conderet urbem*

— <sup>2</sup> *Atque altæ mœnia Romæ.*

<sup>3</sup> *Musa, mihi causas memora ; quo numine læso :*

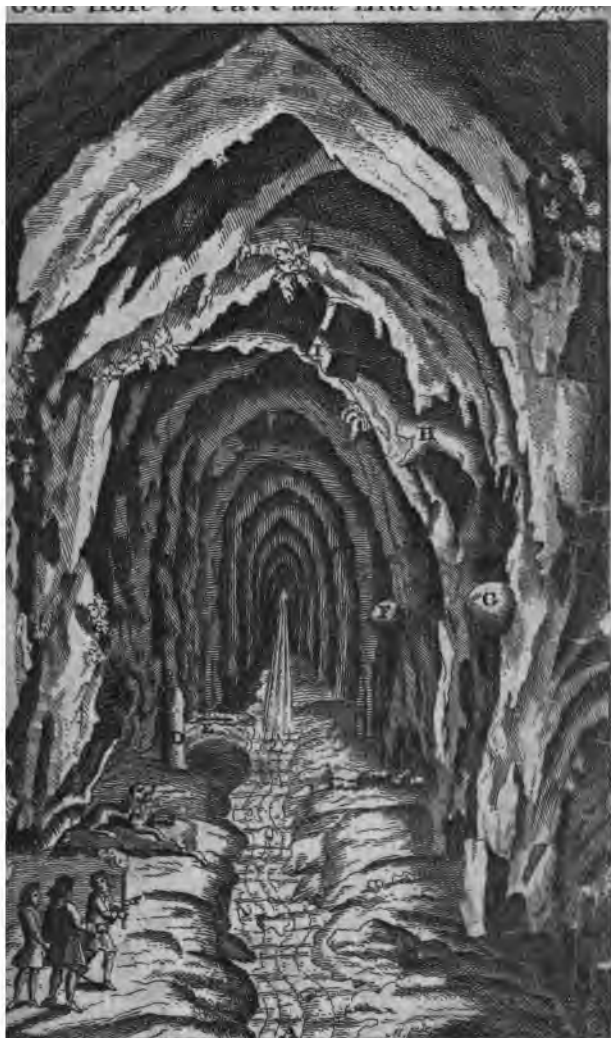
<sup>4</sup> *Quidve dolens Regina Deûm, <sup>5</sup> tot volvere casus*

*Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores*

*Impulerit. <sup>6</sup> Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ ?*

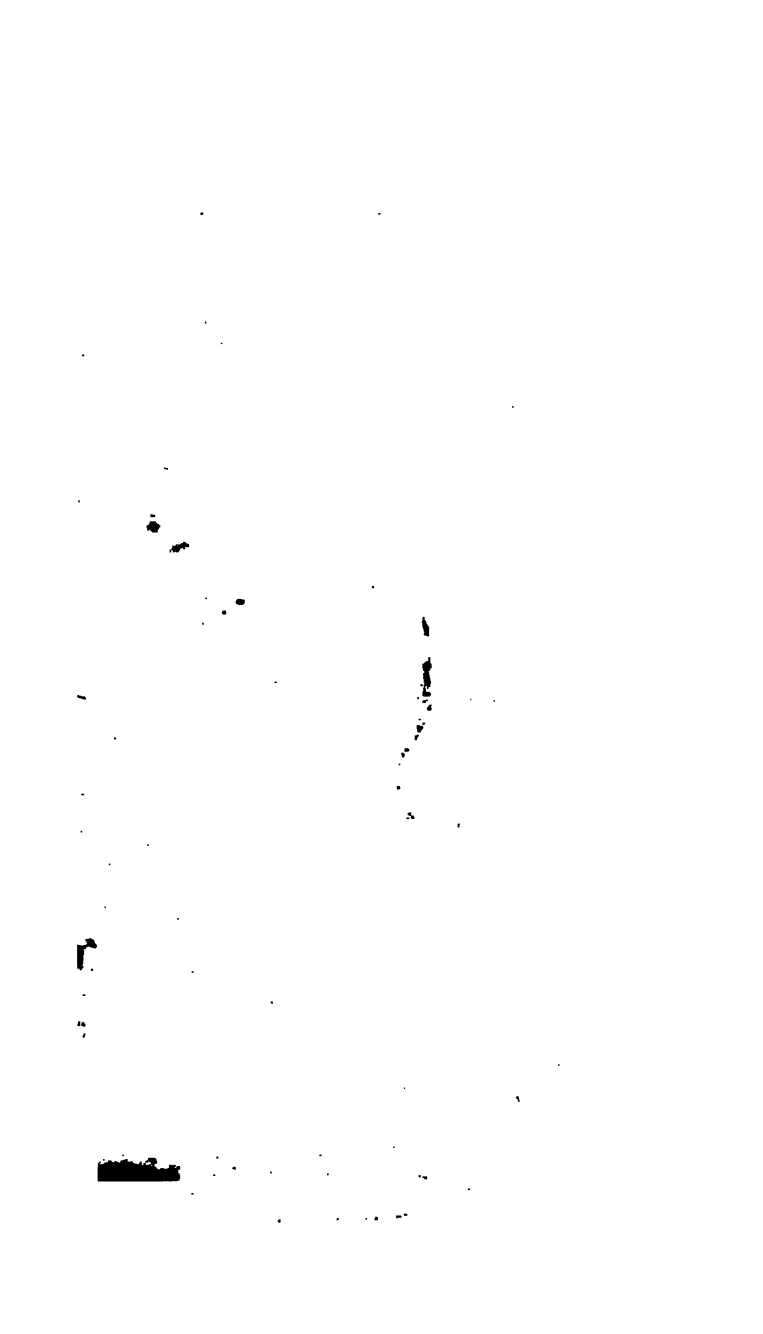
<sup>7</sup> *Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuère Coloni,*

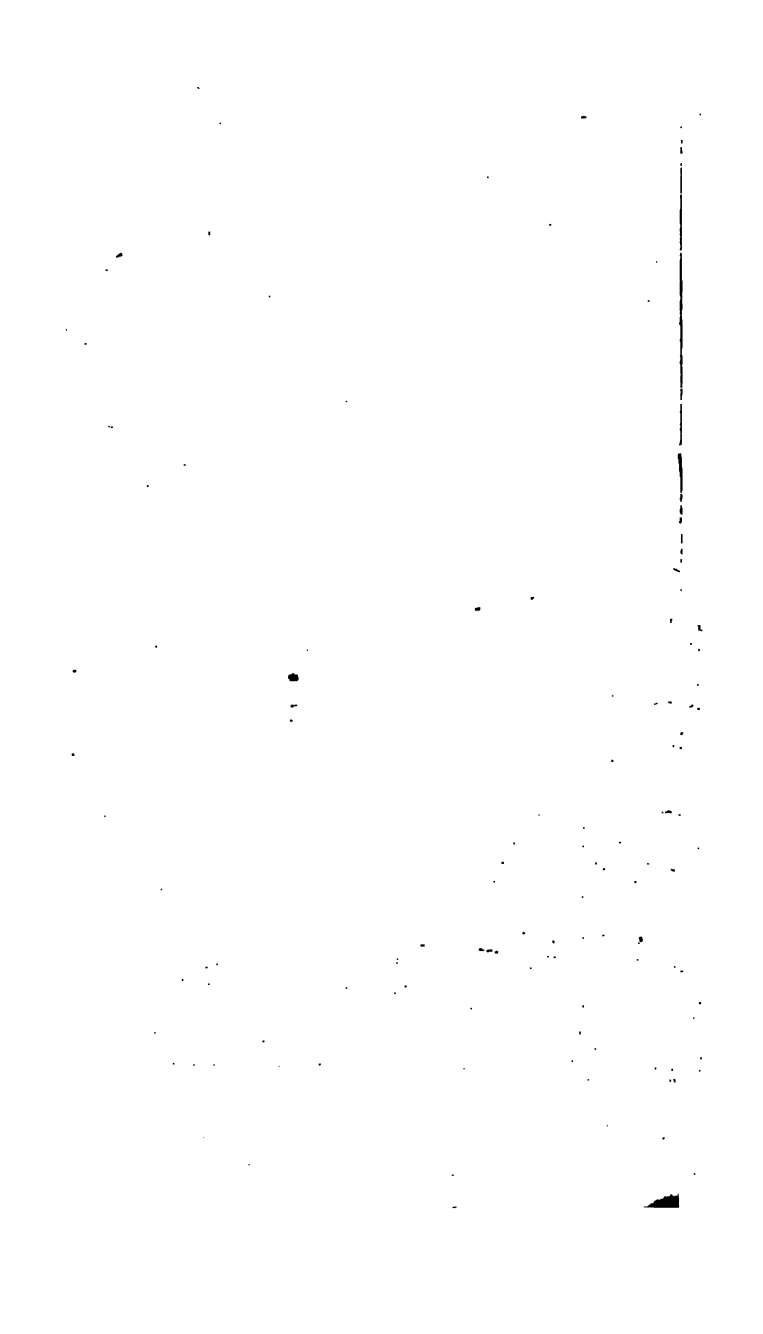
*Carthago* —



Entrance into the Cave. B. the representation of Plants in Rocks of a black  
 colour Substance. C. the figure of a Lion. D. the Queen of Scots Pillar.  
 E. the figure of a Human Corps. F. the Sparry globe call'd the Pont. G. a Sparry  
 globe call'd Cottons Haycock. H. the Pile of Bacon. I. the Chair. K. the  
 Eye. All these are form'd by droppings of Water from the Ro-  
 cky matter call'd Stalactites.









*Eolus at the request of Juno raises a Storm to wreck*

\* The lustiest Carles thereabouts,  
Rich Cuffs and very sturdy Louts.

9 Now this same *Carthage*, you must know,  
*Juno* did love out of all *Whoe* :

There are alive that yet will swear it,  
No Village like it, no Place near it :

\* Except a Place, forsooth, that's famous  
For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos* ;  
Here she her Trinkets kept and odd Things,  
Her Needles, Poking-sticks, and Bodkins ;  
And here, in House, with her own Key-locks,  
† She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.

This Place then mainly pleas'd her Humour,  
‡ But she had heard a scurvy Rumour,  
That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,  
Should one Day overthrow her Hamlet ;  
Plunder her Chests, Joint-stools, and Tables,  
And burn her Cow-houses and Stables.

|| She, fearful of this sad Prediction,  
(Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)

\* And mindful of her injur'd Honour,  
When *Paris* gave the Apple from her ;

———— \* *Studiisque asperrima belli :*

9 *Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam*

\* *Posthabitâ coluisse Samo ; † hîc illius arma,*  
*Hîc currus fuit : ———*

‡ *Progeniem sed enim Trojano à sanguine duci*  
*Audierat, Tyrias olim quæ verteret arces.*

|| *Id metuens, ———*

\* *Necdum etiam causæ irarum, sævique dolores*  
*Exciderant animo. Manet altâ menta mente repitum*  
*Judicium Paridis, ———*

Did many Years bend her Devotion,  
 To drown *Aneas* in the Ocean;  
 And many a slipp'ry Trick she plaid him,  
 Till *Jove* at last o'er Sea convey'd him;  
<sup>2</sup> So hard it is, where an old Grutch is,  
 To get out of a Woman's Clutches.

*Aneas* had not been o'th' Water  
 Above an Hour, or such a Matter;

Nor further row'd, than we may rate  
 'Twixt *Parsons' Dock* and *Billingsgate*,  
 Or say, betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,  
<sup>3</sup> When *Juno* (full of her old Malice)  
 Thus with herself began to mutter:  
 Cannot I drown these Crows i'th' Gutter?  
 Must they go on fearing no Colours?  
 And cannot I squander their Scullers?  
 Must these same *Trojan* Rascals nose me,  
<sup>4</sup> Because the *Fates* (forsooth) oppose me?  
<sup>5</sup> *Pallas* could Wherries burn and Gallies,  
 And clatter *Mortals* Bones like Tallies;  
<sup>6</sup> But I, *Jove's Sister* and his *Wife*,  
 Can do no Mischief for my Life.

<sup>2</sup> *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*  
*Vix è conspectu Siculæ telluris in altum*

*Vela dabant læti, & spumas salis ære ruebant;*

<sup>3</sup> *Cum Juno, æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,*  
*Hæc secum; Mene incepto desiliterè victam?*

<sup>4</sup> *Quippe vetor fatis! 5 Pallásne exurere classem*  
*Argivum potuit? ———*

<sup>6</sup> *At ego quæ Divum incedo Regina, Jovisque*  
*Et Soror, & Conjux, una cum gente tot annos.*  
*Bella gero ———*

7 *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,  
 8 Runs me unto one *Æolus* :  
 This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,  
 Could backward blow, like a Smith's Bellows,  
 A Day, a Week, a Month together ;  
 And, by his Farting, make foul Weather ;  
 Blow Men, and Trees, and Houses down ;  
 Great Ships and almost Fishes drown.  
 He was, *in fine*, the loud'st of Farters ;  
 Yet could command his hinder Quarters,  
 Correct his Tail, and only blow  
 If there Occasion were, or so :

9 Whom *Jove* observing to be so stern,  
 In the wise Conduct of his Postern,  
 He made him King of all the Puffers,  
 Which he (because he knew them Huffers)  
 Durst no where venture, I must tell ye,  
 But in the Caverns of his Belly :  
 Which having but one Postern-Gate  
 For these mad Boys to fall at,  
 He might the faster peg them in,  
 And by the plucking out a Pin,  
 Then (at his Ease) *Arising* about  
 To any Quarter, let them out.  
 \* To this same King Queen *Juno* posted,  
 And thus in flatt'ring Terms accosted :

7 *Talia flammato secum Dea corde volutans,*  
 8 *Æoliam venit : hic vasto Rex Æolius antro*  
*Lustantes ventos tempestatésque sonoras*  
*Imperio premit* ———

9 *Sed Pater omnipotens* ———  
 ——— *Regémque dedit, qui sædere certo*  
*Et premere, & laxas sciret dare jussus habenas.*  
 \* *Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus usa est :*

<sup>1</sup> Thou mighty King, whose potent Sway  
The lawless *Bluff'ers* do obey;  
Whose Nod the stubborn'st Winds do dread,  
(Even altho' in *Scotland* bred.)  
Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches  
As far as the wide Compass stretches,  
Hear a poor Queen's Request, and say,  
Thoul't do't: For I must have no Nay.

<sup>2</sup> There are a few Tatter-de-mallions,  
That (with a Pox) would be *Italians*,  
And into *Latium* now are going,  
With Oar and Sculls tugging and rowing:  
A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,  
Lewd, wand'ring, sturdy Raggamuffins:  
Rascals I hate, as I do Garlick,  
And yet the Rogues are stout and warlike:  
<sup>3</sup> If therefore thou wilt smoke these Roysters,  
And fowse them all like pickl'd Oysters,  
There is a pretty Maid of mine,  
Call'd *Die*, shall be thy Concubine.

*Æolus* hearken'd to this Story,  
With no small Pride, no little Glory;  
To have a Queen, so gay and trim,  
Come to request a Boon of him!

<sup>1</sup> *Æole (namque tibi Divûm pater atque hominum Rex  
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere vento)*

<sup>2</sup> *Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat æquor,  
Ilium in Italiam portans, ———*

<sup>3</sup> *Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue puppes,  
Aut age diversas, & disjice corpora ponto.  
Sunt mihi bis septem præstanti corpore Nymphæ:  
Quarum, quæ formâ pulcherrima, Deïopeiam  
Cœnubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo:*

But th' *Wench*, i'th' Tail of the Preamble,  
 O that ! That made his Bowels wamble,  
 (And Wind, you know, under Correſtion,  
 Is a main Cauſer of Ereſtion ;)   
 He, liſt'ning ſtood, wriggling and ſcraping ;  
 But durſt not bow, for fear of 'ſcaping,  
 Until at laſt, with Cap in Hand, Sir,  
 4 He thus return'd with modeſt Answer :

O Queen (quoſh he) my Thanks are real,  
 That you will uſe your Servant *Æol* :  
 And, ſhould I not pay your Civility,  
 To th' utmoſt of my poor Ability,  
 Who art great *Jove's* Siſter and Wiſe,  
 It were e'en Pity of my Life :  
 I'll play theſe Rake-hells ſuch a Hunts-up,  
 As, were they She's, would turn their — up.  
 Say you no more, the Thing is done ;  
 I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mother's Son.  
 But, ſince your Grace is nice of ſmelling,  
 I wiſh you were at your own Dwelling ;  
 There's Reaſon for't (ſaving your Fayour)  
 For truly (Madam) I ſhall favour.  
 But I beſeech your Grace, in no wiſe  
 Forget the *Woman* that you promiſe.  
*Juno* at that away does go,  
 And, in leſs while than I am ſpeaking,  
 Was got as high as Top of \* *Reking* :      \* *Mons Sa-*  
 No bigger now than School-boys Kite,      *lopienſis.*  
 And now clean vaniſh'd out of Sight.

4 *Æolus hæc contrà : Tuus, ô Regina, quid optes,  
 Explorare labor, mihi juſſa capeſſere fas eſt.  
 Tu mihi, quodcunque hoc regni, tu ſceptra, Jovénque,  
 Concilias — A 6      Æol,*



Æol, who all the while stood gaping  
 At her fine Peacocks gawdy Trapping,  
 Seeing her mount *Olympus'* Stair-case,  
 Began t'untruss, to ease his Carcase :  
 Twice belch'd he loud from Lungs of Leather,  
 To call his roaring Troops together ;  
 And twice (as who should say, we come)  
 They roar'd i'th' Concave of his Womb :  
 5 With that he turns his Buttocks Sea-ward,  
 And with a gibing kind of Nay-word,  
 Quoth he, Blind Harpers, have among ye ;  
 'Tis ten to one but I bedung ye.  
 At the same Word, lifting one Leg,  
 And pulling out his trusty Peg,  
 6 He let at once his gen'ral Muster  
 Of all that e'er could blow or bluster ;  
 And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel  
 Left not one Puff to cool his Gruel.

Have you not seen below the Sphere  
 A mortal Drink call'd Bottle-Beer,  
 How by the Tapster, when the Stopple  
 Is ravish'd from the teeming Bottle,  
 It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,  
 As if 'twere troubl'd with the Squitters ?

5 *Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversâ cuspide montem  
 Impulit in latus : ac venti velut agmine facti,  
 Quâ data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.  
 Incubere mari, totumque à sedibus imis*

6 *Una Eurûsque, Notûsque ruunt, crebërque procellis,  
 Africa, & vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.  
 Insignitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum ;  
 Eripiunt subito nubes cælumque, diemque  
 Tenebrarum, ex oculis ; pòne Ææx incubat atra,  
 Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther ;  
 Intentumque viris intentant omnia mortem.*

Ev'n

Ev'n ſo, when *Æol* pluck'd the Plug  
From th' Muzzle of his double Jug,  
The Winds burſt out with ſuch a Rattle,  
As he had broke the Strings that twattle.

Bounce, cries the Port-hole, out they fly  
And make the World dance *Barnaby*;  
Throughout the Seas and Coaſts they wander,  
One *Boreas* was their chief Commander;  
A huffing *Jack*, a plund'ring Tearer,  
A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.

This Fellow, and his boiſ't'rous Rout,  
Finds me, o'th' Sea, the *Trojans* out.

*Æneas*, and his wand'ring Mates,  
Were, at that Time, angling for *Sprats*;  
Thinking no harm no more than we do,  
(For all was fine and fair to ſee to)  
When, all o'th' ſudden; oh, who'd think it?  
(By this good Drink, I mean to drink it!)  
It grew ſo dark, that, wanting Light,  
They could not ſee the Fiſhes bite;  
And ſtraight, e're one could ſay what's this?  
The Winds began to howl and hiſs,  
And in the Turning of a Hand, Sir,  
They grew ſo big, one could not ſtand, Sir.  
Then follow'd Rains, Lightning, and Thunder,  
As the whole World would fly aſunder.

*Æneas* hearing the Winds threatening,  
And \* ſeeing monſtrous Billows beating,      \* *By the*  
Knowing they purpoſ'd to diſpatch him;      *Lightning.*  
And that the *Haddocks* watch'd to catch him;

7 Fell preſently in a cold Sweat,  
So ſick he could not drink nor eat;

---

7 *Exemplò Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra :*

'Twas

5 Now might you ſee the *Trojans* Trimming  
 Upon the foaming Billows ſwimming:  
 Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches,  
 Floating amongſt the rolling Trenches;  
 Hats, Caps, and Caſſocks, Bands and Ruffs,  
 (Indeed, I think, they wore no Cuffs)  
 Balk-ftaves and Cudgels, Pikes and Truncheons,  
 Brown Bread and Cheeſe that ſwarm by Luncheons;  
 With Treafure paſt all mortal Matching,  
 That any Man may have for Fetching.  
 6 In the mean time, this Hurly-burly,  
 That ſtill increas'd more loud and furly,  
 Rous'd *Neptune* with the ſtrange Commotion,  
 Who liv'd i'th' Bottom of the Ocean.

This *Neptune* was of old a Fiſher,  
 And to *Æneas* a Well-wiſher:  
 'Cause, on a Time, *Venus*, that bore him,  
 Spoke a good Word t' her Father for him,  
 And made him, for his good Conditions,  
 King over all his Pools and Fiſh-ponds.

This Blade, when he firſt heard the Sea ring,  
 Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring:  
 But at the Noiſe he throws his Tray,  
 Fiſhes, and Salt, and all away;  
 And taking up his three-fork'd Trout-ſpear,  
 7 Hey, hey, (quoth he) what a brave Rout's here?

5 *Apparent vari nantes in gurgite vaſto:*  
*Arma virum, tabuleque, & Troia gaza per undas.*

6 *Interea magno miſceri murmure Pontum,*  
*Emiſſamque Hiemem ſenſit Neptunus, & imis*  
*Stagna reſuſa vadis,*

7 *Graviter commotus, & alto*  
*Proſpiciens, ſummâ placidum caput extulit undâ,*  
*Diſſectans Æneæ toto videt æquore Claiſſim,*  
*Fluſſibus oppreſſos Troas, cœlique ruinâ.*  
*Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis, & iræ:*

Un-

Under his Arms he had two Bladders,  
 By which he mounted without Ladders ;  
 And thrusting's Head above the Water,  
 Says, What a Veng'ance, ho's the Matter ?  
 Then seeing round how Things were vary'd,  
 And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd ;  
 He straight began to smell a Rat,  
 And soon perceiv'd what they'd be at :  
 For he knew all *Juno's* Contriving,  
 And Spite, as well as any living.

Have you not seen upon a River  
 A Water-Dog, that is a Diver,  
 Bring out his Mallard, and est-foons  
 Be-shake his shaggy Pantaloons ?  
 So *Neptuns*, when he first appears,  
 Shakes the salt Liquor from his Ears,  
 And made the Winds themselves to doubt him,  
 He threw the Water so about him ;  
 Vex'd at the Plucks to see this Clutter,  
 He scarce could speak, but spurt and sputter :

\* Till, beck'ning *Zephyrus* and *Eurus*,  
 He thus began in Language furious :  
 How durst you, Rogues, take the Opinion  
 To vapour here in my Dominion,  
 Without my Leave ; and make a Lurry,  
 That Men cannot be quiet for ye ?

\* *Eurum ad se Zephyrúmque vocat ; dehinc talia fatur :*  
*Tantáne vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri ?*  
*Nam Cælum, Terrámque, meo sine Numine, Venti,*  
*Miscere, & tantas audetis tollere moles ?*  
*Quos ego ! — Sed motos præstat componere Fluctus.*  
*Póst mibi non simili pœná commissâ luetis.*

Rascals, I shall ! — But well ! Go to,

I now have something else to do ;

If e'er again I catch you creaking,

'Tis odds I spoil your Bagpipes squeaking.

9 And Sirrah, you there : Goodman \* *Blaster*, \* *Speaking*

Go tell that farting Fool your Master, *to Boreas*

That such a whistling Scab, as he, *himself.*

Was ne'er cut out to rule the Sea ;

\* But that it to my Empire fell :

Bid him go vapour in his Cell ;

There let him puff and domineer,

But make no more such Foisting here ;

And for what's past (if my Aim miss not)

I'll teach him fizzle in his Piss-pot.

† Scarce had he bubbld out his Sentence,

But that they fled to shew Repentance.

And he, that erst had made a Din most,

Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmost.

Ev'n as a Flock of Geese do flutter,

When crafty *Reynard* comes to Supper ;

So nimbly flew away the Scoundrels,

Glad they had 'scap'd, and sav'd their Poundrels.

‡ Now all was fair again and frolick,

The Sea no more troubled with Cholic ;

9 *Maturato fugam, Regique hæc dicite vestro :*

*Non illi Imperium pelagi —*

\* *Sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa,*

*Vestras, Eure, domos ; Illa se jactet in Aula*

*Æolus, & clauso ventorum carcere regnet.*

† *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida æquora placat.*

‡ *Collectasque fugat nubes, solémque reducit.*

*Cymothoe simul, & Triton adnexus, acuto*

*Detrudunt naves scopulo ; levat ipse Tridenti,*

*Et vastas aperit Syries, & temperat æquor.*

The

The Sun ſhone bright, as on *May-Day*;  
Had there been Grafs, one might made Hay:  
But yet ſome Boats ſtuck on the Flats,  
Their Men all daſh'd like Water-Rats.

*Neptune* at this his Speed redoubles,  
To eaſe them of their Peck of Troubles:

• He thruſt his *Muck-Fork* in two Faddom, →  
Betwixt the Boats and that that ſtaid 'em,  
And liſted them ſheer off as clever,  
As he had had a Crow or Lever:  
Now, Sirs, (quoth he) you may go forward,  
And row Eaſt, Weſt, or South, or Northward  
If the Rogues come again, I'll ſwill 'em,  
I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium*.

And you, *Æneas*, and your Men,  
If e'er you come this Way agen,  
I hope you'll call, or I'll be ſorry;  
I'll have a Diſh of Lobſters for ye.

*Æneas*, who was gentle-hearted,  
Scrap'd him a Leg, and ſo they parted.

They\* take their Sculls again, and ply 'em,  
Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'em;  
Away they cut as ſwift as Swallows,  
Ploughing the Sea as Men do Fallows:  
Till e're a Man could well tell Ten,  
Or go to th' Door, and back agen,  
' They all as plainly ſaw the other  
Side, as we now ſee one another:  
Then there old tugging was, and pulling,  
Never ſuch plying and ſuch ſculling:

---

———— \* *Quæ proxima, litora curſu*  
*Contendunt petere,* —————

9 Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,  
The other Shots he made were short all :  
These to his hungry Mates he luries,  
(Pray what's his Due that Mutton worries ?)

\* Here, Lads, quoth he, here's Sides and Haunches,  
Fall to, and fill your empty Paunches.

Scarce had he made an end of Boasting,  
† But some to Boiling fell, some Roasting :  
'Twas soon enough, and to't they fall,  
They eat up Mutton, Guts and all ;  
Yet scarce could satisfy their Hungers,  
These *Trojans* were such Mutton-mongers.

‡ There was by Chance a *Stoop* of *Liquor*,  
Cork'd up in Bottles made of *Wicker*,  
Giv'n by my Hostess, I conceive,  
When first *Aeneas* took his leave :  
The Drink (to make the Feast the fuller)  
*Aeneas* fetch'd out of his Sculler ;  
And, like a Man had something in him,  
Gave it as free as e'er was gi'n him :  
Himself a Dish he first pour'd out,  
For fear it would not go about :  
Then stroaking up his *Whiskers* greasy,  
He thus begins in Words most easy :

9 *Nec prius absistit quàm septem ingentia victor  
Corpora fundat bumi, ———*

\* ——— *Et socios partitur in omnes.*

† *Pars in frustra secant, verubusque trementia figunt :  
Litore abena locant alii, flammásque ministrant.*

‡ *Vina, bonus quæ deinde cadis onerârat Acestes  
Litore Trinacrio, dederátque abeuntibus Heros,  
Dividit, & dictis mærentia pectora mulcet.*

1 Here,

1 Here, Lads, have at ye, and be merry,  
We're got at laſt ſafe o'er the Ferry;  
And tho' we've had but angry Work, yet  
Let's make the beſt of a bad Market:  
To-day let's drink, and hang To-morrow,  
A Grain of Mirth's worth Pounds of Sorrow.  
2 Be blithe and jolly then as may be,  
Faint Heart, you know, ne'er wins fair Lady:  
What tho' a while we fare but hardly,  
Yet in the End does our Reward lie:  
We ſhall win Houſes, Lands, and Doxies,  
With dainty Patches where no Pox is:  
And then all this, that ſeems t'undo us,  
Will be but Sport and Paſtime to uſ.

3 Thus did the ſubtle Fornicator  
Set a good Face on a bad Matter:  
As who ſhould make 'em underſtand  
How pretty a Fellow he was on's Hand;  
When I (for all's brave alls) muſt tell ye,  
His Heart then panted in his Belly.

4 Down glides his Ale over his Pallet,  
As glib as't had been Oil of Sallet:  
And all the reſt, in their due Order,  
Quaff'd till their Drink would go no further.

1 *O ſocii (neque enim ignari ſumus antè malorum)  
O paſſi graviora; dabit Deus his quoque finem.  
Vos & Scyllæam rabiem, penitùſque ſonantes  
Accèſtis ſcopulos; vos & Cyclopea ſaxa  
Experti; 2 Revocate animos, mœſtùmque timorem  
Mittite; forſan & hæc olim meminiffe juvabit.  
Per varios caſus, per tot discrimina rerum,  
Tendimus in Latium; ſedes ubi fata quietas  
Oſtendant.*

3 *Talia voce reſert, curiſque ingentibus æger  
Spern vultu ſimulat; premit alium corde dolorem.*

4 *Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguiſque ferinæ.*

5 Now



5 Now having spent their Drink and Vittles,  
 They rise and wipe their greasy *Thwittles* ;  
 And, stroaking them, began to mind 'em  
 Of those were left at Sea behind 'em :  
 With that, *Aeneas* made a Motion  
 To climb the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,  
 If, from the Cliffs and Promontories,  
 They might espy their Fellow Tories :  
 At that they went, some this, some that Way ;  
 Some went not far, and some a great Way ;  
 Some whoop'd, some hollow'd, and some shouted,  
 6 Some thought 'em safe, and others doubted ;  
 Some laid their Ears to Ground in Cunning,  
 To list if they could hear them coming :  
 But all in vain ; for none could spy 'em ;  
 They call'd their Friends, for none was nigh 'em.

At last, by gen'ral Approbation,  
 They laid 'em down, as was the Fashion,  
 And slept, being tir'd with Pains and Feasting,  
 When Belly's full, Bones will be resting.

Asleep they lie snorting and snoring,  
 With such a Noise they made the Shore ring,  
 Or such a Din as Dogs do utter,  
 When they by Night together clutter ;  
 Snarling and swearing in lewd Fashion,  
 For Bitch of evil Conversation :

7 When *Jove*, who was, belike, at Leisure,  
 Walking, or for his Health, or Pleasure,

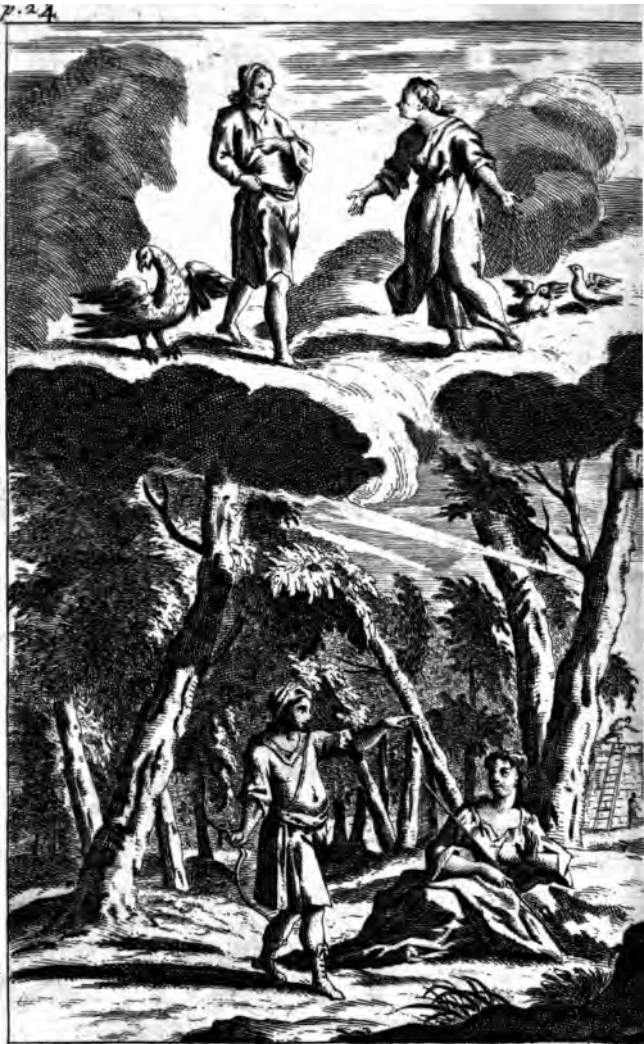
5 *Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensæque remotæ,  
 Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt ;*

6 *Spemque, metumque inter dubii, sen vivere credant,  
 Sive extrema pati, ———*

7 *Cum Jupiter æthere summo  
 Despiciens mare velivolam, terrâsq; jacentes,  
 Litorâque ———*

Looking





S. Goussier del.

M. P. 100

*Venus addresses Jupiter in behalf of her Son A  
whom afterward She meets in a Wood.*

Looking about on ev'ry side him,  
 ' O' th' *Lybian* Coasts at last espy'd 'em,  
 And said in merry kind of Japping,  
 Indeed, 'Sirs, have I ta'en you napping?  
 Scarce had he spoke, when all o' th' sudden,  
 Whilst he was on the *Trojans* stud'ing,  
 Who should come there to do her Duty,  
 But *Venus* that was Queen of Beauty.

\* This *Venus*, without counterfeiting,  
 Was a fine Lads on's own begetting:  
 Thou ne'er saw'st prettier in thy Life,  
 Although he had her not by's Wife,  
 But by a Fish-wench he was kind to,  
 And so she came in at the Window:  
 Now *Venus* was *Æneas*' Mother,  
 And him she had by such another  
 Royster as *Jove* was, when on Groundsel  
 He erkt her Mother's Privy-counsel:  
 In the Behalf then of her By-blow,  
 Which had endured many a dry-Blow,

\* See *Ser-  
vius* upon  
*Virgil*.

\* She weeping came, sighing and throbbing,  
 And hardly could she speak for sobbing.  
 Until at last, with a fine Linen,  
 Wrought round with Blue, of her own spinning,  
 Wiping her Face from Tears and Snivil,  
 She thus begun in Words most civil:

---

— \* *Et Libyæ defixit lumina Regnis.*  
 \* *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas,*  
*Tristior, & lacrymis oculos suffusa nitentes,*  
*Alloquitur Venus:* —————

9 O thou, of Gods and Men, the King,  
 That can't do any kind of Thing;  
 That past their Wits doth Mortals frighten;  
 When thou or thunder dost, or lighten;  
 What could *Aeneas* do to thee?  
 Who car'st a Fart for no-body:

4 Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,  
 That thus they still must be made Fools on?  
 And that thou wilt for no Persuasions  
 Let them go follow their Occasions?

5 I'm sure you promis'd me, and swore to it,  
 (Ev'n let who can, forgive you for it)  
 That you would make 'em This, and That,  
 Kings, Captains, and I know not what;  
 And that out of your bounteous Givings,  
 They should have all both Lands and Livings,  
 And all live well in *Italy*:  
 But I perceive 'twas all a Lye.

6 *Jove* stroaking up his great Mustachoes,  
 Smil'd for to see her so courageous;  
 For had she broke a Pot or Platter,  
 He could not well be angry at her,

——— 3 O, qui Res Hominumque, Deumque  
 Aeternis regis imperiis, & fulmine terras;

4 Quid Troës potuere? quibus tot funera passis  
 Cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur Orbis?

5 Certè hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,  
 Hinc fore ductores revocato à sanguine Teucris,  
 Qui mare, qui Terras omni ditione tenerent,  
 Pollicitus. Quæ te, Genitor, sententia vertit?

6 Olli subridens Hominum sator atque Deorum,

He lov'd her so, which 'tis too common,  
Either in Man, or else in Woman;  
Their Bastards they will clip and kiss ye,  
More dearly than their lawful Issue.

7 *Jove* looking then most sweetly at her  
(For she had made his Mouth to water)  
Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her  
A Kiss of a lascivious Flavor.

8 My pretty Wench (quoth he) I prithee,  
Let's have no more such puling with thee:  
All shall be well enough, ne'er fear it,  
And by my Beard once more I swear it,  
'Thy Son *Æneas*, thou dost doubt so,  
Which makes thee whimper; cry, and pout so,  
Shall be a King, a Prince at least;  
I speak in earnest, not in jest.  
With that he whistled out most mainly,  
You might have heard his Fist as plainly.  
From one Side of the Sky to th' other,  
As you and I hear one another.  
Thrice whistled he, when by and by,  
Out came his Foot-Boy *Mercury*,  
And ask'd him without more ado,  
What 'twas he whistled for, and who?

This *Merc'ry*, you must understand, Sir,  
Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer:

7 *Vultu, quo Cælum, Tempestatésque serenat,  
Oscula libavit Gnatae; dehinc talia satur:*

8 *Parce metu, Cytherea; manent immota tuorum  
Fata tibi. Cernes urbem, & promissa Lavini  
Mœnia, sublimémque feres ad sydera cœli  
Magnanimum Æneam,*——

A nimble Rascal, and a Dapper,  
Full deftly could he cut a Caper,

\* Dance, run, leap, frisk, and curvet, \* See *Plaut.*  
Tumble, and do the *Somerſet* ; in *Amphytr.*

And fly with artificial Wings,

Ty'd to his Head and Heels with Strings :

'Twas he firſt taught to fly i'th' Air,

As we have ſeen at *Bartle-Fair* ;

A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,

And one that well could ſay his Errant :

An exc'lent Servant in plain Dealing,

But that he was inclin'd to Stealing.

9 Sirrah, (quoſh *Jove*) go take your Pumps,

And haſte to *Carthage*, ſtir your Stumps,

And as thou art a cunning Prater,

Play me the fine Inſinuator :

*Dido* and all her *Carthaginians*,

Poſſeſs throughout with kind Opinions

Of the poor *Trojans*, leſt Queen *Dido*,

Not knowing Things ſo well as I do,

Should ſhew 'em all a Trick of *Paſſ-paſſ*,

And chance t' indiſt 'em for a Trefpaſs..

Away he flies *ſans* further Speech,

As he had had a Squib in's Breech ;

And ſuddenly, without diſcerning,

\* Set all the *Tyrians* Bowels yearning ;

\* *Hæc ait, & Maiâ genitum demittit ab alto ;*

*Ut terræ, utque novæ pateant Carthaginis arces*

*Hospitio Teucris ; ne ſati neſcia Dido*

*Finibus arceret. Volat ille per aëra magnum*

*Remigio Alarum ; & Libyæ citus aſtitit oris :*

———— \* *Ponuntque ferocia Pœni*

*Corda, volente Deo ; imprimis Regina quietum*

*Accipit in Teucros animum, mentemque benignam.*

*Dido,*

*Dido*, for her Part, swore, a *Trojan*  
 Should do the Feat for her, or no Man.  
 Mean while the *Trojans* slept at Ease,  
 Unless sometimes bit by white Fleas,  
 Their soft Repose in Quiet taking,  
<sup>1</sup> Only *Aeneas* he was waking;  
 Who whilst the Night was dark and o'ercast,  
 Like one that had an exc'lent Fore-cast,  
 Lay thinking how his Guts grew limber,  
 How they might get more *Belly-Timber* :  
 No sooner the Light first came creeping,  
 But that he cry'd, Ah Fool, art peeping ?  
 And up he starts to go a stealing,  
 Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing ;  
 And yet he thought, being a Stranger,  
 To go alone might be some Danger ;  
<sup>2</sup> Therefore he deem'd it not amiss,  
 To call a trusty Friend of his ;  
 And that he might go on the bolder,  
 He laid a Two-hand Bat on's Shoulder.

Thus going then abroad for Food,  
<sup>3</sup> He meets his Mother in a Wood ;  
 So snug she was, and so array'd,  
 He took his Mother for a Maid :  
 A great Mistake in her whose Bum  
 So oft had been God *Mars* his Drum,

<sup>1</sup> *At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens,  
 Ut primum lux alma data est, —————*

————— <sup>2</sup> *Ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate ;  
 Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro,*

<sup>3</sup> *Cui mater mediâ sese tulit obvia sylvâ,  
 Virginis os, habitumque gerens, —————*



When oft, full oft the lusty Drum-stick,  
 Breaking quite through would in her Bum stick.  
 Full oft when *Smug* was blowing Bellows,  
 Would she be trucking with good Fellows ;  
 And let herself be chuck'd as tamely,  
 As if therein there did no Blame lye,  
 By *Mars*, and many a one beside,  
 Or else she foully is bely'd.

4 Well met, young Men, quoth *Venus* kindly,  
 As you came through the Woods behind ye,  
 Pray did you not, for all your Haste, note  
 A Lads in Petticoat and Waistcoat ;  
 With such a Pelt as mine thrown o'er her,  
 Driving a Sow and Pig before her ?

5 No truly (quoth *Aeneas* mild)  
 I saw nor Man, Woman or Child ;  
 Yet, though I say't, had I been nigh her,  
 I could, as well as others, spy her :  
 But who art thou that speak'st so shrill,  
 As if thy Words came through a Quill ?  
 Thou art of gentle Kindred surely,  
 Thou look'st and speakest so demurely :

6 Therefore Good Mistress, or Good Lady,  
 I do beseech you, if it may be,

4 *Heus, inquit, juvenes, monstrate mearum  
 Vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum,  
 Succinctam pharetrâ, & maculæ tegmine lyncis,  
 Aut spumantis apri, cursum clamore prementem ?*

5 *Veneris contra sic filius orsus :*

*Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum.*

*O (quam te memorem !) virgo : namque hanc tibi vultus  
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat : O Dea, certe ;*

6 *An Phœbi soror, an Nympharum sanguinis una !*

To put us out of Fear or Dangers,  
 7 Tell's where we are, for we are Strangers ?  
 \* Venus, at that wriggling and mumping,  
 Cries, Pray young Man leave off your Frumping,  
 For until now I've met with no Man  
 E'er took me for a Gentlewoman ;  
 She that I ask for is my Sister,  
 I wonder how the Pox you mis'd her !  
 We were this Morning sent in haste,  
 To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.  
 9 Yon Town was built by one Agenor,  
 The Land's so good it needs no Meaner :  
 \* One Dido now is Queen on't, who  
 Ran hither a good while ago :  
 She is a Queen of gentle bearing,  
 Whose Story will be worth the hearing :  
 † But should I tell it all out-right,  
 I think t'would last a Winter's Night.  
 ‡ Therefore in short, this same Queen Dido,  
 Who now, alas ! is left a Widow !  
 Had one Sichæus to her Honey,  
 A wealthy Man in Land and Money ;  
 || Whom one Pygmalion, unawares,  
 Kill'd, as he was saying on's Prayers ;

—— 7 *Quo sub cælo tandem, quibus orbis in oris  
 Factemur, doceas : ———*

\* *Tunc Venus : Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.*

9 *Punica regna vides, Tyrios, & Agenoris urbem :*

\* *Imperium Dido Tyriâ regit urbe profecta,*

—— † *longa est injuria, longæ  
 Ambages ; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.*

‡ *Huic conjux Sichæus erat, ditissimus agri*

—— || *Ille Sichæum,  
 Impi- ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,  
 Clam ferro incautum superat, ———*

Only for lucre of his Pelf,  
 Which he had thought t'have had himself,  
<sup>1</sup> And sob'd Queen *Dido* off some Season,  
 (Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reason)  
 By telling her a Flim flam Prattle,  
 That he was gone to buy some Cattle :  
 But on a Time, as without doubt,  
*Murder at some odd Time will out :*  
 One Night as she did sleep and snore,  
 As she had never slept before,  
<sup>2</sup> Into her Chamber, Doors unlocking,  
 Comes me her Husband without knocking,  
 A Link he in his Hand did brandish,  
 His Face was paler than your Band is ;  
 Nearer he came, and would have kiss'd her,  
 At which she well nigh had bepiss'd her,  
 But being a Ghost of civil fashion,  
 He gave her *Words of Consolation.*

Quoth he, I murder'd am, my Jewel,  
 By Ways most barbarous and cruel :  
 And for to shew I tell no Fibs,  
<sup>3</sup> Look what a Hole here's in my Ribs.  
 And if thou stay'st, that Rogue *Pygmalion*  
 Intends to use thee like a Stallion :  
<sup>4</sup> Therefore be gone, thou and thy Meany,  
 But leave the Rascal ne'er a Penny

———— <sup>1</sup> *Ægram,*  
 (*Multa malus simulans*) *vanâ spe lufit amantem.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ipsa sed in fœmnis inhumati venit imago*  
*Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris :*

———— <sup>3</sup> *Trajectâque pectora ferro*  
*Nudavit,* —————

<sup>4</sup> *Tum colerare fugam, patriâque excedere suadet,*  
*Auxiliûmque viæ, veteres tellure recludit*  
*Thefauros, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.*

To bless himself: it lies each Farthing,  
In an old Butter-pot i'th' Garden.

<sup>5</sup> *Dido* at this, rises up early,  
And with her Servants very fairly,  
Not caring for *Pygmalion's* Curses,  
Steals all his Money-bags and Purfes;  
And in a Boat prepar'd o'th' nonce,  
Shipt all his Goods away at once,  
And got off safe, whilst all this Geer  
Was order'd by a *Waistcoateer*.

<sup>6</sup> At last she came with all her People,  
To yonder Town with the Spire Steeple,  
And bought as much good feeding Ground for  
Five Marks, as some would give five Pound for;  
Where now she lives a Hufwife wary,  
Has her Ground stockt, and keeps a Dairy:  
<sup>7</sup> And now, young Men, I pray ye, shew me  
Whence do ye come, or whither go ye?  
<sup>8</sup> This being said, our lusty Swabber  
Groan'd like a Woman in her Labour,

<sup>5</sup> *His commota, fugam Dido sociosque parabat.  
Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,  
Aut metus acer erat: naves quæ forte paratæ,  
Corripiunt, onerantque auro; portanter avari  
Pygmalionis opes pelago; Dux fœmina facti.*

<sup>6</sup> *Devenère locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes  
Mœnia, surgentemque novæ Carthaginis arcem,  
Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,  
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.*

<sup>7</sup> *Sed vos qui tandem? quibus aut venistis ab oris?  
Quove tenetis iter?* <sup>8</sup> *Quærenti, talibus ille  
Suspirans, imoque trahens à pectore vocem:  
O Dea, si primâ repetens ab origine pergam,  
Et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum;  
Antè diem clauso componet vesper Olympo.*

And looking ruefully upon her,  
 Oh ! Dame, quoth he, brim full of Honour,  
 Should I begin my Story spinning  
 From the first End to th' last Beginning,  
 I doubt to finish we should miss time,  
 For it would last till t'morrow this time.

9 *We Trojans are of Troy-town Race,*  
*(If e'er you heard of such a Place ;)*

\* And I *Æneas* fam'd in Fight ;  
 But much more for a Carpet-Knight :  
 Who bring along our Country-Gods,

A Company of smoaky Toads,  
 Catch'd out o'th' Fire from the *Greek*,  
 When all the Town was of a Reek ;

And can derive my Pedigree,  
 (Although I say't) with any He,

That is perhaps fuller of Pride,  
 Especially by th' Mother's side.

Did my Fame never hither come ?  
 I'm talk'd of far and near at home ;

To tell you truly as a Friend,

† For *Italy* we do intend,

And put to Sea in paltry Weather,

‡ With twenty Pairs of Oars together :

9 *Nos Trojâ antiquâ (si vestras forte per aures*  
*Trojæ nomen iit)* ———

\* *Sum pius Æneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates*  
*Classe veho mecum,* ———

† *Italiam quæro patriam & genus ab Jove summo.*

‡ *Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus æquor,*  
*Matre Deâ monstrante viam, data fata sequutus :*  
*Vix septem convulsæ undis, Euróque supersunt.*

Of which there hardly are left seven,  
Which put into the Shore last Even.

<sup>1</sup> *Venus* the while *Æneas* eying,  
And seeing he could scarce hold crying ;  
Thus cut him off in courteous Fashion,  
I'th' midst on's pitiful Relation .

<sup>2</sup> Whoe'er thou art, take Heart I say,  
*Rome* can't be built all on a Day ;  
And tho' you've suffer'd some Disasters,  
Yet let me tell you this, my Masters,  
'Tis a good Sign that those Gods love ye,  
For all your haste, that hither drove ye :  
You might have walk'd your Pumps a pieces,  
E'er light on such a Place as this is.

<sup>3</sup> Go ye to th' *Queen* now out of Hand,  
And show her how your Matters stand :  
She'll make you welcome for her Part :  
She loves tall Fellows in her Heart :  
<sup>4</sup> There, on my honest Word, you'll meet  
Your lost Companions, I foresee't ;  
And have all Things that you could wish,  
<sup>5</sup> Or surely I was taught amiss :  
(And I a Father had could make,  
In time of need an Almanack)

— <sup>1</sup> *Nec plura querentem*

*Passa Venus : medio sic interfata dolore est :*

<sup>2</sup> *Quisquis es, haud (credo) invisus cœlestibus auras  
Vitales carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.*

<sup>3</sup> *Perge modo atque hinc te Reginæ ad limina perfer,*

<sup>4</sup> *Namque tibi reduces socios, classemque relatam  
Nuntio, ———*

<sup>5</sup> *Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.*

Chear up your Hearts, your Spirits rally,  
 And ne'er stand fooling shall I, shall I,  
 But budge, jog on, bestir your Toes,  
 6 There lies your Way, follow your Nose.

7 With that she turn'd to go away,  
 And did her freckl'd Neck display;  
 By which, and by a certain Whiff,  
 Came from her Arm-pits, or her Cliff,  
 And a fine Hobble in her Pace,  
*Aeneas* knew his Mother's Grace:

8 Mother, quoth he, why dost thou run thus?  
 And with thy *Mumming* cheat thy Son thus?  
 Why may we not shake one another  
 By th' Hand, and talk like Son and Mother?  
 Oh think upon our woeful Cases,  
 Whilst thus we wander in strange Places.

9 But she was gone, for when she list,  
 She foist away could in a Mist;  
 Nor could she tarry, to say truly,  
 For she had made a Promise newly,  
 \* To meet a Friend of her's to dally,  
 In a blind Street they call *Ram-alley*.

6 *Perge modo; & quâ te ducit via, dirige gressum.*

7 *Dixit; & avertens rosâ cervice refulsit;  
 Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem  
 Spiravere; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos;  
 Et vera incessu patuit Dea. Ille, ubi matrem  
 Agnovit, tali fugientem est voce sequutus:*

8 *Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis  
 Ludis imaginibus? cur dextræ jungere dextram  
 Non datur, ac veras audire, & reddere voces?*

9 *At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,  
 Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,  
 Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,  
 Melirivæ moram, —————*

• *Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, —————*

*Aeneas*

*Æneas* then began to find,  
That there was something in the Wind ;  
And said, my Mother's a mad Shaver,  
No Man alive knows where to have her ;  
But I'd as live as half a Crown,  
We two could walk so into th' Town.

*Venus* heard what he said, for she  
Could hear as far as we can see ;  
And in a Moment to befriend 'em,  
Two Cloaks invifible did lend 'em.

Thus cloakt, their Knavery to shelter,  
1 Away they trudge it helter skelter,  
Until *Æneas* and his Friend,  
Safely arriv'd at the Town's End.

2 *Æneas* star'd about and wonder'd,  
To see of Houses a whole Hundred ;  
But when he saw the Folks were there,  
He thought it had been *Carthage*-Fair.

3 The Town was full all in a Pother,  
Some doing one thing, some another,  
Some digging were, some making Mortar,  
Some hewing Stones in such a Quarter :  
For they were all, as Story tells,  
Building or doing something else :

4 And to be short, all that he fees,  
Were working busily as Bees.

1 *Corripuere viam interea, quâ semita monstrat.  
Jamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi  
Imminet, adversâsque aspectat desupèr arces.*

2 *Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam :*

3 *Instant ardentes Tyrii ; pars ducere muros,  
Molirique arcem, & manibus subvolvere saxa :  
Pars aptare locum tecto, & concludere sulco.*

4 *Qualis apes æstate nova per florea rura  
Exercet sub sole labor, ———*



5 'Pth' middle of the Town there stood  
 A goodly *Elm* o'ergrown with Wood :  
 And under that were Stocks most dūly,  
 To lock them fast that were unruly :  
 There sat they down to ease their Travel,  
 Picking their sweaty Toes from Gravel,  
 And look'd about as they lay lurking,

6 To see the busy *Tyrians* working :  
 But none could see them for their Spell,  
 They were so hid, they might as well,  
 Tho' they had been never so nigh 'em,  
 See through a double Door as spy 'em.  
 Near stood the Church, a pretty Building,  
 Plain as a Pike-staff without gilding,  
 I cannot liken any to it,  
 Unless't be *Pancras*, if you know it.

7 This Church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related,  
 Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,  
 And was beholden unto none,  
 But built it all, both Stick and Stone,  
 At her own proper Cost and Charges ;  
 No Church in the Country near so large is :  
 It was well laid with Lime and Mortar ;  
 For so the Workmen did exhort her,  
 Because it would be so much stronger,  
 And so, you know, would last the longer :

5 *Lucus in urbe fuit media, lætissimus umbrâ :*

6 *Infert se septus nebulâ, mirabile dictu,  
 Per medios, miscétque viris ; neque cernitur ulli.*

7 *Hic templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido  
 Condabat,* —————

It had a Door peg'd with a Pin,  
 To ſhut Folks out, or let Folks in,  
 And in a pretty wooden Steeple,  
 A low Bell hung to call the People.  
*Aeneas* and his Friend went thither,  
 Seeing a many Folks together,  
 Whoſe miſty Cloaks ſo well did hide 'em,  
 That in they went, and no one ſpy'd 'em.

\* But when they wonder'd to behold  
 The Images ſo manifold,  
 That ſtaring ſtood in ſundry Places,  
 As if they would fly in their Faces :  
 Then quoth *Aeneas* to's Comrade,  
 This Fellow Maſter was on's Trade,  
 That pictur'd theſe : Look, look, as I am  
 An honeſt Man, yonder's our *Priam* ;  
 See where he ſtands in Silk and Sattin,  
 As he could ſpeak both Greek and Latin :  
 Whoop, yonder's *Hector* too, and *Troilus*.  
 Look thee, how there the *Græcians* foil us ;  
 9 And there our truſty *Trojans* do  
 Band them and pay them *quid* for *quo*.  
 Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,  
 With his Cock-feather in his Cap :

\* *Artificumque manus inter ſe, operumque laborem*  
*Miratur ; videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnās,*  
*Bellæque jam famâ totum vulgata per orbem ;*  
*Atridas, Priamumque, & ſævum ambobus Achillem.*  
*Conſtitit, & lacrymans, Quis jam locus (inquit) Achate,*  
*Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris ?*  
 — 9 *videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum*  
*Hæc fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana juventus :*  
*Hæc Phryges ; inſtaret curru criſtatus Achilles.*

And

And yonder's one, for all's Bravado,  
 Knocks him with lusty Baffinado.  
 How came these here to be pictur'd thus ?  
 Sure all the World has heard of us.

<sup>1</sup> Whilst thus *Aeneas* sad and muddy  
 Stood musing in a dark brown Study,  
 In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,  
 In Apron white, as on a *May-day* :  
 A Crew of Roysters waited on her,  
 Which there were call'd her Men of Honour :  
 All clad in fair blue Coats and Badges,  
 To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.

<sup>2</sup> Ev'n as a proper Woman shows,  
 When into Wake or Fair she goes,  
 Clad in her best Apparel, so  
 Queen *Dido* all this time did show,  
 And was so brave a buxom Lass,  
 That she did all the Town surpass.  
 Into the midst o'th' Church she marches,  
 And there betwixt a Pair of Arches,  
 Upon a Stool set for the nonce,  
 She went to rest her Marrow-bones,  
 And on a Cushion stuff'd with Flocks,  
 She clap'd her dainty Pair of Docks.

<sup>1</sup> *Hæc dum Dardanio Aeneæ miranda videntur,  
 Dum supet, obtutūque hæret defixus in uno :  
 Regina ad templum formâ pulcherrima Dido  
 Incessit, magnâ juvenum stipante catervâ.*

<sup>2</sup> *Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi  
 Exercet Diana choros, quam mille sequuntæ  
 Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades ; illa pharetram  
 Fert humero, gradiensque Deas supereminet omnes.*

3 There *Dido* sat in State each Day,  
To hear what any one could say;  
Some to rebuke, and for to smoothe some,  
And give out Laws wholesome, or toothsome;  
To punish such as had Insolence,  
And make them good *Nolens* or *Volens* :  
And there likewise each Morning-tide,  
She did the young Men's Task divide ;  
Wherein great Policy did lurk,  
Each knew his Jobb of Journey-work,  
And fell about it without jangling :  
But that which kept them most from wrangling,  
Was that they still drew Cuts to know,  
Whether they should work hard or no :  
And who had the longest Cut, and th' best,  
And still more Work than all the rest.

4 Here whilst *Æneas* squeez'd and thrust is,  
To see Queen *Dido* doing Justice :  
Who should he but his Fellows spy,  
Got into *Dido's* Company :  
There *Antheus* was (no mortal fiercer)  
And one *Sergestus* too, a Mercer,  
With other *Trojans* that would vapour.  
*Cloanthus* too, the Woollen-draper,  
All which and forty *Trojans* more,  
Were wonderfully got to Shore,

---

3 Tum foribus Divæ mediâ testudine templi,  
Septa armis, foliôqui altè subnexa resedit ;  
Jura dabat, legesque viris, operumque laborem  
Partibus æquabat justis, aut sorte traherat.

4 Cum subito Æneas concursu accedere magno  
Anthea, Sergestumque videt, fortemque Cloanthum,  
Teucrorumque alios ; ater quos æquore turbo  
Dispulerat, penitusque alias advexerat oras.

<sup>5</sup> At this *Aeneas* and his Friend,  
 Were e'en almost at their Wits End ;  
 Z'lid, *Jove* forgive me that I swear,  
 Quoth he, how think'st, how came they here ?  
 Nay, quoth the other presently,  
*Aeneas*, what a Pox know I ?

<sup>6</sup> *Aeneas* was so glad on's Kin,  
 He ready was to leap out on's Skin ;  
 And so was the other, for in Sadness,  
 They were e'en mad 'twixt Fear and Gladness.  
 But yet it seems they were so wise,  
 To keep 'em safe in their Disguise,  
 Until their Friends had try'd the Opinions  
 Of the kind hearted *Carthaginians*.

<sup>7</sup> At last they saw one *Ilioneus*,  
 A *Trojan* very Ceremonious :  
 A Youth of very fine Condition.  
 A very pretty Rhetorician ;  
 One that could Write, and Read, and had  
 Been bred at Free-school from a Lad,  
 Thrust up to *Dido* in good Fashion,  
 And thus begins his fine Oration :  
<sup>8</sup> O *Queen*, who here hast built a Village,  
 And keep'st thy Ground in hearty Tillage,

<sup>5</sup> *Obstupuit simul ipse, simul perculsus Achates,*

<sup>6</sup> *Lætitiâque, metuque, avidi conjungere dextras*  
*Ardebant ; sed res animos incognita turbat.*

*Diffimulant, & nube cavâ speculantur amicti,*  
*Quæ fortuna viri ;* —————

<sup>7</sup> *Postquam introgressi, & coram data copia fandi,*  
*Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore cæpit :*

<sup>8</sup> O *Regina*, novam cui condere *Jupiter* urbem,  
*Iustitiâque dedit gentes frænare superbas ;*  
*Troës te miseri, ventis maria omnia veſti,*  
*Oramus ; prohibe infandos à navibus ignes :*  
*Parce pio generi, & propius res aspice nostras.*

O thou,

O thou who hast the Royal Science  
 To govern Men as well as Lions,  
 Behold us here, who look like Men  
 New eaten and spew'd up agen :  
 So spitefully has Fortune crost us,  
 So woefully the Seas have tost us.  
 A few poor *Trojans* here you see,  
 Even as poor as poor may be ;  
 Thrown on the Shore by Wind and Weather,  
 Ill Luck, the Devil, and all together ;  
 And humbly do beseech your Grace  
 To pity our most woeful Case.  
 Your Men are all in hurly-burly,  
 And look upon us grim and furly ;  
 So that, if you be not good to us,  
 They'll burn our Boats, and quite undo us :  
 Therefore we pray you send some one,  
 To bid 'em let our Boats alone.

9 Alas, we come not to purloin,  
 Either your Cattle or your Coin,  
 Neither to filch Linen or Woollen,  
 Nor yet to steal away your Pullen ;  
 W'have no such knavish Ends as these,  
 But only to beg Bread and Cheese.

\* We were hard rowing to a Place,  
 A hardish Kind of Name it was,

9 *Non nos aut ferro Lybicos populare Penates  
 Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere prædas :  
 Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.  
 \* Est locus (Hesperiam Graji cognomine dicunt)  
 Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebæ ;  
 Oenotrii coluere viri : nunc fama, minores  
 Italiam dixisse, ducis de nomine, gentem.  
 Huc cursus fuit :*

Where

Where once your what shall's call'ums (rot 'em,  
It makes me mad I have forgot 'em)  
Liv'd a great while ; but now, d'ye see,  
'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy* :

1 When on a sudden one *Orion*  
Powder'd upon us like a Lion,  
And squander'd us on Flats and Shelves,  
Enough to make us drown ourselves :  
So that of Sixscore-Men, and deſt ones,  
Even here, O Queen, are all that's left on's.

2 Then what ſhould ail your *Tyrians* thus  
To ſcowl and look askew at us ;  
O where the Devil were they bred ?  
Sure ranker Clowns ne'er liv'd by Bread !  
And for to tell your Grace my Thought,  
I think they're better fed than taught ;  
For (as I am an honeſt Man,  
Let 'em deny it if they can)  
3 No ſooner landed we to bait us,  
But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us :  
But, *Queen*, I hope, thoult teach the Wretches  
Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.

1 *Cum ſubito aſurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion  
In vada cæca tulit, penitûſque procacibus Auſtris,  
Pérque unâis, ſuperante ſalo, pérque invia ſaxa  
Diſpulit ; huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris.*

2 *Quod genus hoc hominum ? quæve hunc tam barbara morem  
Permittit patria ?* 3 *Hospitio prohibemur arenæ :  
Bella cient, primâque vetant conſiſtere terrâ.*

4 *Aeneas* once did us command,  
A taller Fellow of his Hand,  
Nor honeſter, ne'er did, or ſhall  
Draw up a Trapſtick to a Wall.  
If he but live, and that already  
He be not drowhed in ſome Eddy,  
You of your Coſt will ne'er repent you,  
For to a Penny he'll content you.

5 Look then o'th' *Trojans* and befriend 'em,  
Let's draw our Boats aſhore and mend 'em,  
We'll promiſe you that if we meet  
Our Captain with the reſt o'th' Fleet,  
And if he be not turn'd t' a Gudgeon,  
We towards *Italy* will trudge on :

6 And if that he ſhall ſtill be lacking,  
Then back again we'll ſtraight be packing.

7 *Dido*, like Woman of good Faſhion,  
Gave ſpecial Heed to his Relation,

4 *Rex erat Aeneas nobis ; quo juſtior alter  
Nec pietate fuit, nec belli major, & armis ;  
Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aurâ  
Æthereâ, necque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,  
Non metus, officio nec te certâſſe priorem  
Pœniteat.* —————

5 *Quaſſatam ventis liceat ſubducere claſſem,  
Et ſylvis aptare trabes, & ſtringere remos ;  
Si datur Italiam, ſociis & rege recepto,  
Tendere ; ut Italiam læti, Latiumque petamus :*

6 *Sin abſumpta ſalus, & te, pater optime Teucrum,  
Pontus habet Lybiæ, nec ſpes jam reſtat Iuli :  
At freta Sicaniæ ſaltem, ſedèsque paratas,  
Unde huc adveſti, regémque petamus Aceſten.*

7 *Tum breviter Dido, vultum demiffa, proſatur :  
Solvite corde metum, Teucrici, ſecludite curas.  
Reſ dura, & Regni novitas me talia cogunt  
Moliri,* —————

And



Her Honey Words made his Mouth water,  
 And he e'en twitter'd to be at her :  
 But he was so o'erjoy'd, he stood  
 Like a great Sloven made of Wood ;  
 And could not speak (though he was willing)  
 Would one have gave him forty Shilling.

<sup>1</sup> At last his Friend jog'd him with Hand,  
 How like a Logger-head you stand !

Quoth he, for certainly I think,  
 Thou'rt either mad, or in thy Drink :

Dost thou not see our Friends all round,  
 Excepting one whom we saw drown'd ;

And all as well as Heart can wish,

And yet thou stand'st as mute as Fish !

<sup>2</sup> Scarce he had spoke, but off he threw

His Mantle made of Milts so blue,

And stood as plainly to be seen

As any there, *God bless the Queen.*

<sup>3</sup> For's Mother had so dizen'd him,

That he should shew both neat and trim :

Thò' (truly !) he was but an odd Man,

Splay-mouth'd, crump-shoulder'd, like the God *Pan* :

Yet could he not i'th' Nick invent

Her Majesty a Compliment :

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Prior Æneam compellat Achates :*

*Nate Deâ, quæ nunc animo sententia surgit ?*

*Omnia tuta vides ; classem, sociosque receptos.*

*Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi*

*Submersum : ———*

<sup>2</sup> *Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente*

*Scindit se nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum :*

*Restitit Æneas, claraque in luce refulsit,*

<sup>3</sup> *Os humerosque Deo similis ; namque ipsa decoram*

*Cæsariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ*

*Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflâraç honores.*

But

But scratch'd his Head, and 'gan to sputter,  
His Elbow rubb'd, and kept a Clutter,  
Mopping and mowing, till at last,  
All Difficulties over-past,

<sup>1</sup> In Courtly Phrase it thus came out :

Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout :  
That same *Æneas* whom you prize thus,  
Is here without *Deceptio visus* :

I that same very Man am here,  
And come to taste of your good Cheer ;

<sup>2</sup> O *Dido*, Primrose of Perfection,  
Who only grantest kind Protection  
To wand'ring *Trojans*, how shall we  
E'er pay thee for this Courtesy !  
We never can, my dainty Friend,  
Then let *Jove* do't, and there's an End.

<sup>3</sup> Thus having ended his fine Speech,  
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech ;  
And spoke to's Men, says, Lads, how is't ?  
Come, give me every one a Fist ;

<sup>1</sup> *Tum sic Reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repente  
Improvvisus ait ; Coram, quem quæritis, adsum  
Troius Æneas, ———*

<sup>2</sup> *O sola infandos Trojæ miserata labores,  
Quæ nos, reliquias Danaüm, terræque, marisque  
Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnium egenos,  
Urbe domo socias. Grates persolvere dignas  
Non opis est nostræ, Dido ; nec quicquid ubique est  
Gentis Dardaniæ, magnum quæ sparsa per orbem.  
Dii tibi (si qua pios respectant numina, siquid  
Usquàm justitiæ est, et mens sibi conscia recti)  
Præmia digna ferant. ———*

<sup>3</sup> *Sic fatus, amicum  
Ilionea petit dextrâ, lævâque Serestum ;  
Post, alios, fortémque Gyan, fortémque Cloanthum.*

Well (quoth *Æneas*) I ſee ſtill  
 Women and Fools muſt have their Will :  
 And thereupon, without more talking,  
 Enters before her proudly ſtalking.  
 Scarce were they got within the Doors,  
 But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,  
 And a great Coyl and Scolding kept,  
 Becauſe the Houſe was not clean ſwept.

<sup>2</sup> Then all in haſte away ſhe ſends  
 Viſtuals unto *Æneas*' Friends ;  
 Peaſe Porridge, Bacon, Pudding, Sowſe,  
 O'th' very beſt ſhe had i'th' Houſe :  
 Butter and Curds, and Cheeſes plenty,  
 To fill their Guts that were full empty.  
 Bidding them eat, and never ſave it,  
 But call for more, and they ſhould have it.

<sup>3</sup> This being done, the dainty Queen  
 Conducts the *Trojans* further in ;  
 Into a Parlour neat ſhe takes 'em,  
 And there moſt fairly welcome makes 'em :  
 She ſerv'd 'em Drink and Viſtuals up,  
 As long as they would eat or ſup ;  
 Whiſt each one there ſo play'd the Glutton,  
 That he was forced to unbutton.  
 No ſooner had the *Trojans* bold  
 Stuff'd their Guts full as they would hold ;

<sup>2</sup> *Nec minus interea ſociis ad litora mittit  
 Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum  
 Terga ſuum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos :*

<sup>3</sup> *At domus interior regali ſplendida luxu  
 Inſtruitur : mediisque parant convivium teſtis.*

But that *Aeneas* straight begun,

\* All to bethink him of his Son.

\* Now you must know that he had had

A Wench, and by that Wench a Lad :

The Lads *Creusa* had to Name,

Whom, (be it spokē to their Shame)

The *Greeks* when first they took *Troy* City,

Did thrust to Death, without all Pity :

First of that Sex sure, in fair Justing,

That ever suffer'd Death by thrusting.

† His Son *Ascanius* hight, a Page,

About some dozen Years of Age,

This Boy *Aeneas* sent *Achates*

To fetch (quoth he) since we feed *gratis*,

Why should not now my little Bastard,

(That I dare swear would prove no Dastard)

Come to Queen *Dido's* House, and feast,

As we have done, o'th' very best ?

Go fetch him then, † and let him bring's

Out of my Coffer those gay Things

I sav'd at *Troy* ; which for their Fineness

He shall present unto her Highness.

There is a Riding-hood and Safe-guard

Of yellow Lace, bound with a Brave-guard,

\* See *Servius* upon *Virgil*.

---

† *Omnis in Ascanio chari stat cura parentis.*

‡ *Aeneas—rapidum ad nares præmittit Achatem :  
Ascanio ferat hæc, ipsumque ad mœnia ducat.*

§ *Munera præterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis,  
Ferre jubet ; pallam signis, aurôque vigentem,  
Et circumtextum croceo velamen Acantho ;  
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ ; quos illa Mycenis,  
Pergama cum peteret, inconcessosque Hymenæos,  
Extulerat : ———*

Which *Helen* wore the very Day  
 That *Paris* stole her quite away.  
 7 Then there's a Distaff neatly wrought,  
 That *Paris* too for *Helen* bought,  
 For carved Works fit to be seen,  
 Betwixt the Legs of any Queen.  
 And then there is a fair great Ruff,  
 Made of a pure and costly Stuff,  
 To wear about her Highness' Neck,  
 Like Miss *Cocaneys* in the *Peak* ;  
 And last a Quoif, wrought gorgeously  
 With Tinsel, and *Blue Coventry* :  
 Then go as fast as th' canst, I prithee,  
 And bring him and these Presents with thee.  
 8 Away goes he, as he was bidden,  
 Running as fast as if h' had ridden ;  
 But *Venus* that same cunning Dame,  
 Had yet another Trick to play 'em.  
 9 She had no very good Opinion  
 Of your so smooth-tongu'd *Carthaginian* :  
 Nor knew she but the Queen might be  
 As full of Craft as Courtesy ;  
 1 And she was sure that *Juno* would  
 Do all the Mischief that she could ;

---

7 *Præterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim,  
 Maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile  
 Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auroque coronam.*

8 *Hæc celerans, iter ad naves tendebat Achates.  
 At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat  
 Consilia : —————*

9 *Quippe domum timet ambignam, Tyriósque bilingues.*

1 *Urit atrox Juno, —————*

Therefore

Therefore she in all haste did run  
T' a Boy call'd *Cupid* was her Son.  
This *Cupid* was a little Tiny,  
Cogging, Lying, Peevish Nyny;  
No bigger than a good Point Tag,  
But yet a vile unhappy Wag:  
He ne'er would go to School, but play  
The Truant ev'ry other Day:  
Run Men into the Breech with Pins,  
Throw Stones at Folks, and break their Shins;  
Kill People's Hens, and steal their Chicks,  
And do a thousand Roguy Tricks:  
But with a Bow the Shit-breech Elf  
Would shoot like *Robin Hood* himself;  
And had, I warrant, ev'ry Dart  
Poison'd with such a subtle Art,  
That where they hit, their Pow'r was so,  
It made Folks love, would they or no;  
And for this Trick the hopeful Youth  
Was call'd, *The God of Love*, forsooth.

To this young 'Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,  
As I (if you have not forgot it)  
Told you before, and thus begun  
To flatter up her graceless Søn:  
<sup>2</sup> My Goldy Locks (quoth she) my Joy,  
My pretty little tyny Boy;  
Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee  
T' implore thy little Deity.

---

<sup>2</sup> *Gnate, meæ vires, mea magna potentia solus,  
Gnate, Patr's summi, qui tela Typhœa tenet;  
Ad te confugio, & supplex tua numina posco.*

His Wings he from his Shoulders throws,  
Because they'd not go into's Clothes ;  
And drefs'd himſelf to ſuch a Wonder,  
That none could know the Lads aſunder.

<sup>1</sup> But *Venus* gave th' other a Sop,  
That made him ſleep like any Top ;  
And whiſt he taking was a Nap,  
She laid him neatly in her Lap,  
And carry'd him t'a Houſe that ſtood  
Upon a Hill near to a Wood :  
And when ſhe had the Urchin there,  
She laid him up in *Lavender*.

<sup>2</sup> In the mean time, Sir *Cupid* goes  
To th' Court in young *Iulus'* Clothes ;  
<sup>3</sup> Who ſhould he ſee, when he came there,  
But *Dido* ſitting in a Chair,  
I'th' midſt of all the *Trojan* Blades,  
Vap'ring and ſwearing at her Maids !  
Under her Feet a Cricket ſtood,  
Whereupon ſhe ſtamp'd as ſhe were Wood ;  
And likewise there was finely put  
A Cuſhion underneath her Scut.

<sup>1</sup> *At Venus Aſcanio placidam per membra quietem  
Irrigat ; & ſotum gremio Dea tollit in altos  
Idaliæ lucos : ubi mollis amaracus illum  
Floribus & dulci aſpirans complectitur umbrâ.*

<sup>2</sup> *Jamque ibat dicto parens, —————*

<sup>3</sup> *Cùm venit, aulæis jam ſe regina ſuperbis  
Auræâ compeſuit ſpondâ, mediâmq; locavit.  
Jam pater Aeneas, & jam Trojana juventus  
Conveniunt, ſtratôque ſuper diſcumbitur oſtro.*

There

There as ſhe ſat upon her Crupper,  
 4 She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,  
 And in they brought a thund'ring Meal,  
 Great Joints of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,  
 Hens, Geefe, and Turkies, Ducks, and Cuſtards,  
 And at the laſt, Fowls, Flawns, and Buſtards :  
 The *Trojans* eat and make good Cheer,  
 Tunning themſelves with Ale and Eeer ;  
 There was old Drinking then and Singing,  
 And all the while the Bell was ringing :  
 One would have thought, by the great Feaſt,  
 'T had been a Wedding at the leaſt.  
 Whilſt thus they Eat, and Drink, and Chat,  
 5 *Cupid*, that little cogging Brat,  
 So cunning was in counterfeiting,  
*Æneas* thought him on's own getting.  
 At laſt, Queen *Dido* in her Lap,  
 Sets me the Mountebanking Ape,  
 And kiſs'd his Lips all on a Lather,  
 And thus beſpeaks the new-made Father :  
 By th' Mack (quoſh ſhe) thou *Trojan* truſty,  
 Thou got'ſt this Boy when thou wert luſty ;  
 And any one that does but note him,  
 May ſoon know who it was begot him ;

4 *Quinquaginta intus famulæ, quibus ordine longo  
 Cura penum ſtruere, & flammis adolere Penates.  
 Centum aliæ, totidémque pares ætate miniſtri,  
 Qui dapibus menſas onerent, & pocula ponant.*  
 5 *Ille, ubi complexu Æneæ, collôque pependit,  
 Et magnum falſi implevit genitoris amorem,  
 Reginam petit ; hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto  
 Hæret : & interdum gremio fovet inſcia Dido,  
 Infideat quantus miſeræ Deus.* —————



I dare be sworn 'twas thou did'st get him,  
He's e'en as like thee as th' hadst spit him.

6 Whilst thus the Youth she kifs'd and dandl'd,  
*Cupid* had so the Matter handl'd,  
That she began, upon a sudden,  
To feel a longing for White Pudden.

7 When they had supp'd, and that the Waiters  
Had 'Trenchers ta'en away, and Platters ;

8 Up from her Chair Queen *Dido* starts,  
And takes a Mug that held two Quarts  
Of Drink, that she, with much forbearing,  
Had sav'd long since for her Sheep-shearing :  
And thus begins, Here, Sirs, here's to you,  
And, from my Heart, much good may do you :

9 *Aeneas*, here's a Health to thee,  
To ——— and to good Company ;  
And he that will not pledge me fairly,  
And name the Words as I do barely ;  
I do pronounce him to be no Man,  
And may he never tickle Woman.

10 With that she set it to her Nose,  
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes ;

6 ——— *At memor ille*

*Matris Acidaliæ, paulatim abolere Sichæum*

*Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore*

*Juvstidem refides animos ———*

7 *Postquam prima quies cœulis, mensæque remotæ ;*

*Crateras magnos statuunt, & vina coronant.*

8 *Hic Regina gravem gemmis, aurôque poposcit,*

*Inplevitque merc pateram : quem Belus, & omnes*

*A Belo feliti ———*

9 *Adsit lætitiæ Bacchus dator, & bona Juno*

*Et vos, ô cœtum, Tyrii, celebrate faventes.*

10 *Dixit, & in mensa laticum libavit honorem,*

*Primæque libato summo tenuis attigit ore.*

No Drops besides her Muzzle falling,  
 Until that she had supp'd it all in :  
 Then, turning't \* Topsey on her Thumb,  
 Says, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.

\* *Alias*  
*Kelty.*

*Aeneas*, as the Story tells,  
 And all the rest did blest themselves,  
 To see her troll off such a Pitcher,  
 And yet to have her Face no richer.  
 By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his Knuckles)  
 I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles :

But, Madam (says he) sweetly bowing,  
 I hope your Grace does not make \* Plowing :  
 For if you do at this large rate,  
 There will be many an aking Pate :  
 \* With that he took a lusty Swimmer.

\* *Ending*  
*one, and*  
*beginning*  
*another.*

Here, Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer,  
 In kind Return for our Protections,  
 Unto Queen *Dido's* best Affections.

3 Down went their Cups, and to't they fell,  
 Roaring and swaggering pell-mell,  
 4 Whilst a blind Harper did advance,  
 That wore Queen *Dido's* Cognizance,  
 A Minstrel that *Iopus* hight,  
 Who play'd and sung to them all Night :  
 He sung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,  
 Of Men's Devices, Women's Patches ;

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Ille impiger haufit*  
*Spumantem pateram, & pleno se proluit auro.*

<sup>3</sup> *Poft alii procures, ———*

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Citbarâ crinitus Iopas*  
*Personat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.*  
*Hic canit errantem Lunam, ———*

With ancient Songs of high Renown,  
 And even one they call *Troy-Town* :  
 At that *Æneas* ſhak'd his Noddle,  
 As one would do an empty Bottle :  
 (Quoth he) if he that wrote this Ditty  
 Had been with us i'th' midſt o'th' City,  
 When Faggot-fticks flew in Folks Chops,  
 And knock'd Men down as thick as Hops,  
 I do believe, for all's fine *Chiming*,  
 He would have had ſmall Mind of *Rhiming* :  
 Yet, for to give the Devil's Due,  
 Whoe'er it was, the Ballad's true.

5 From *Dido* then a Belch did fly,  
 'Tis thought ſhe meant it for a Sigh,  
 And Tears ran down her fair long Noſe ;  
 The Queen was *maudlin*, I ſuppoſe,

6 (Quoth ſhe) *Æneas*, out of Jeſting,  
 Thou needs muſt tell, at my Requeſting,  
 All the whole Tale of *Troy's* Condition,  
 Since firſt you troubled was with *Grecian* ;  
*Heſtor's* great Frights, and *Priam's* Speeches,  
 And eke deſcribe *Achilles'* Breeches,  
 How ſtrong he was when he did grapple,  
 And if *Tydides'* Horſe were dapple :  
 Tell me, I ſay, of *Paris'* Lech'ry,  
 The *Grecians* Quarrel, and their Treach'ry,

5 *Infelix Dido, longúmque bibebat amorem ;*

6 *Multa ſuper Priamo rogítans, ſuper Heſtore multa ;*

*Nunc, quibus Auroræ veniſſet filius armis ;*

*Nunc, quales Diomedis equi ; nunc, quantus Achilles :*

*Imo age, & à prima dic, hoſpes, origine nobis*

*Infidias, inquit, Danaúm, caſúsque tuorum,*

*Errorésque tuos : —————*

Your

ur Challenges, your Fights, and Battles,  
d how you loſt your Goods and Chattles,  
d to what Places you have wander'd,  
r ſince you were ſo baſely ſquander'd :  
theſe Things would I know moſt duly,  
en tell me ſpeedily and truly.

*The End of the firſt BOOK.*



S C A R.





# V I R G I L

## T . R A V E S T I E .

### The Fourth Book.

**I**N this Fourth Book we find it written,  
 That *Dido* Queen was deeply smitten ;  
 Much taken with the *Trojan's* Person,  
 Than which a properer was scarce one ;  
 Much of his Breeding did she reckon :  
 But that which stab'd her was his Weapon ;  
 For which she did so scald and burn,  
 That none but he could serve her turn.

<sup>2</sup> The Sun, that spruce light-headed Fellow,  
 With frizel Locks of sandy Yellow,

<sup>1</sup> *At Rêgina gravi jamdudum saucia curâ  
 Vulnus alit veris, & cæco carpitur igni.  
 Multa viri virtus animo, multûsque recurſat  
 Gentis honos, hærent infixi pectore vultus,  
 Verbaque ; nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.*  
<sup>2</sup> *Postera Phœbeâ lustrabat lampade terras,  
 Hi mentêmque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram ;  
 Cùm sic unanimem alloquitur malè sana sororem.*

The

The Windows crept by Radiation,  
 Like Son begot in Fornication,  
 When *Dido*, mad to go to Man,  
 Just thus bespoke her Sister *Nan'*:

<sup>3</sup> I've been all Night (quoth she) my *Nancy*,  
 So strangely troubl'd in my Fancy,  
 I could not rest till Morning-peep,  
 Odd Dreams have so disturb'd my Sleep:

<sup>4</sup> What a stout Stripling's this *Æneas*,  
 That thus has cross'd the Seas to us:

I do believe, nay, dare swear for him,  
 No mortal Woman ever bore him;

<sup>5</sup> But some Great Lady in the Sky,  
 That nurs'd him up with Furmity,

I hate a base cowardly Drone,  
 Worfe than a Rigil with one Stone:

But this bold *Trojan* I delight in,

<sup>6</sup> How bravely does he talk of Fighting!

I tell thee, *Nancy*, were't not that

Folks would be apt to talk and prate,

Should I so soon new Suitors have,

<sup>7</sup> My Husband yet scarce cold in's Grave;

<sup>3</sup> *Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent!*

<sup>4</sup> *Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes!*

*Quem sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore, & armis!*

<sup>5</sup> *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus esse Deorum.*

*Degeneres animos timor arguit.* <sup>6</sup> *Heu quibus ille*

*factatus fatis! Quæ bella exhausta canebat!*

<sup>7</sup> *Ne cui me vinc'lo vellem sociare jugali,*

*Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;*

*Si non pertæsum thalami, tedæque fuisset,*

*Huic uni forsau potui succumbere culpæ.*

And

And were I not with my firſt Honey  
Half tir'd as 'twere with Matrimony ;  
I could, with this ſame Youngſter tall,  
Find in my Heart to try a Fall.

<sup>2</sup> I muſt confeſs, ſince that ſad Season  
*Pygmalion* cut my Huſband's Weazon :  
This only (not to mince the Matter)  
Has made my Jiggambob to water :

<sup>3</sup> But may I firſt, I *Jove* implore,  
Sink thorough this my Chamber-floor,  
Down quick into the Cellar's Bottom,  
E'er I commit the Thing you wot on ;  
Or any Thing by Luſt's Suggestion,

<sup>1</sup> That my good Name may bring in queſtion.

<sup>2</sup> Which ſaid, ſhe wept in manner ampler,  
Than Girl new whipt for loſing Sampler.

*Nan* in her Answer was not long,  
For nimble Baggage of her Tongue  
She was, (as ſome would ſay that knew her)  
As was in that and next Town to her.

<sup>3</sup> O Siſter dearer to me far  
Than Sun-ſhine Days in Harveſt are :

<sup>2</sup> *Anna (fatebor enim) miſeri poſt fata Sichæi  
Conjugis, & ſparſos fraterna cæde Penates,  
Solus hic inflexit ſenſus, animûmque labantem  
Impulit ; agnoſco veteris veſtigia flammæ.*

<sup>3</sup> *Sed mihi vel tellus optem priûs ima dehifcat,  
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me ———*

<sup>1</sup> *Ante pudor quam te violem, aut tua jura reſolvam :*

<sup>2</sup> *Sic effata, ſinum lachrymis implevit obortis.*

<sup>3</sup> *Anna reſert ; ô luce magis dilecta ſorori,*



3 But you may make 'em, at Command,  
 As eas'ly slay as kifs your Hand.  
 4 Can you not tell 'em that the Weather  
 'S too cold or hot, (no Matter whether)  
 Their Scullers torn and shatter'd so,  
 That they must mend 'em e'er they go ;  
 And, in Conclusion, with good Reason,  
 Wish 'em to expect a better Season ?  
 5 With such-like Documents as these are,  
 Which the young Slut knew best would please her,  
 Nancy so tickl'd up her Grace,  
 That *Dido* scarce knew where she was.  
 Nay, some affirm a dangerous Matter,  
 She'd much ado to hold her Water ;  
 And counsel'd in that tempting Strain,  
 I wonder how she could contain ;  
 But certain 'tis, that this Advice  
 So wrought upon this Widow nice,  
 That she, who Maid, Widow, and Wife,  
 Had priz'd her Honour 'bove her Life ;  
 6 Now car'd no more for her good Name,  
 Than any common Trading Dame.  
 7 But to the Church (forsooth) anon,  
 That Matters might go better on,

3 *Tu modo* ———

*Indulge hospitio, causasque inneſte morandi :*

4 *Dum pelago deſcavit hyems, et equoſus Orion,  
 Quaffatæque rates, et non tractabile cælum.*

5 *His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore,  
 Spemque dedit dubiæ* 6 *menti, ſolvitque pudorem.*

7 *Principio Delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras  
 Exquirunt.* ———

(Like

(Like People o'th' Fanatick fry,  
Whose Sanctity's Hypocrify)  
They must, and slipping on their Pattens,  
They went, as who should say, to Mattens.

Thither now come, fair *Dido* squats  
Her Bum on Hassock made of Mats :  
For you must know, as Story says,  
Queens, like the Godly in these Days,  
In Manner insolent and slighty,  
Disdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.  
But *Anna*, who was but a Spinster,  
Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are !  
Their Eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their Bodies  
To this, and th' other God and Goddess,

8 To *Ceres*, *Phæbus*, and *Lyæus*,  
And twenty harder Names than \* *The'as*. \* *A Figure*  
9 But *Juno* had most Veneration, *so new, that*  
As she was Queen of Copulation. *modern Au-*  
Prayers being done, up *Dido* rose, *thors have*  
And to the Priest demurely goes ; *yet no Nanie*  
She gently pulls him by the Garment, *for it.*  
The rev'rend Type of his Preferment,  
And with most gracious Looks and Speeches,  
To borrow a Word or two beseeches.  
The Priest bow'd low, in aukward wise,  
As 'tis, you know, Sir *Roger's* Guise,  
And, in obsequious Manner, told her, 1  
Her Grace with him might make much bolder.

This Priest was held a mighty Clerk,  
In Mysteries profound and dark ;

---

8 *Legifera Cereri, Phœbôque, patrique Lyæo,*  
9 *Junoni ante omnes, cui vinc'la jugalia curæ.*  
*Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido, &c.*

1 Had Skill in Physick, and was able  
 'To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.  
 Him she conjures, intreats, and prays,  
 With all the Cunning that she has,  
 Greases his Fist; nay more, engages  
 'Thenceforth to mend his Quarter's-Wages,  
 If he would but resolve the Doubt  
 That she then came to him about.  
 But't had been vain, had he been wiser,  
 Or to instruct, or to advise her.

2 Alas, poor Priest! how fruitless is't  
 To judge by *Phys'nomny* or *Fist*?  
 Or what do Prophecies avail,  
 When Women have a Whisk i'th' Tail?  
*Dido*, for Love, in woeful wise,  
 Bubbles, and boils, and broils, and fries,  
 And in her am'rous Moods and Tenses,  
 Ev'n like one out of all her Senses;  
 About the Town she runs and reels,  
 With all the School-boys at her Heels:

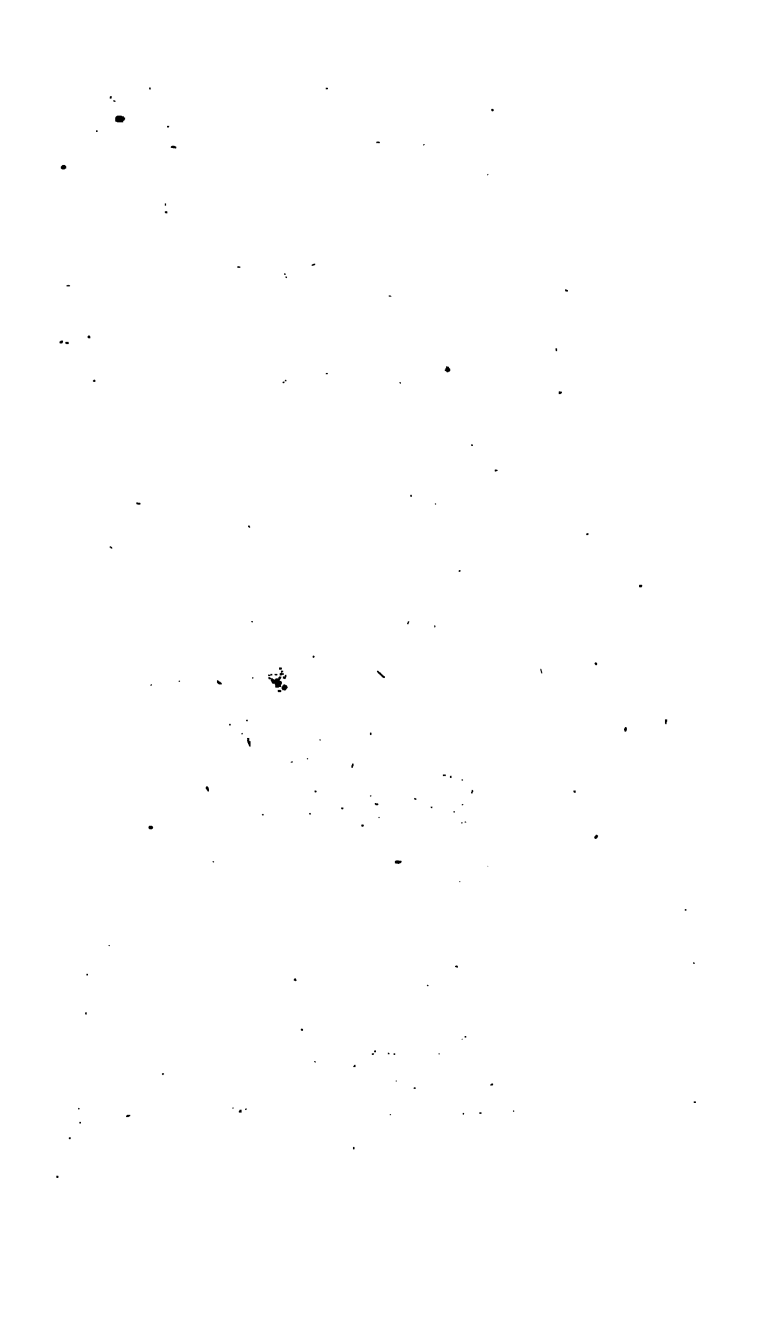
So I have seen in Pastures fair,  
 Where Cattle educated are,

4 'An Heifer young, when she doth itch,  
 With *Gad-bees* sticking in her Breech,  
 From shady Brake on sudden rise,  
 And with her Tail erect to th' Skies,

1 ——— *Spirantia consulit exta.*

2 *Heu, votum ignaræ mentes! quid vota furentem,  
 Quid delubra juvant? est mollis flamma medullas  
 Interea, & tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.*

3 *Uritur infelix Dido, totâque vagatur  
 Urbe furens. 4 Qualis conjectâ terrea sagittâ,  
 Quam procul ———.*





*J. Kneller del.*  
*Dido discovers her liking for Aeneas to her sister N.*  
*Juno discovers Venus about uniting Dido and A.*  
*contriveth an opportunity for them to make trial*

through the Fields with Frisks and Kicks,  
 as Capreols and Tricks,  
 safe, poor Thing, alas! to find;  
 and lo! the Sting sticks fast behind:  
 while she takes her 7 lusty Lover,  
 to try her Passion to discover;  
 she drives him out from Place to Place,  
 she shows him all that e'er she has;  
 she shows all her secret Wealth,  
 and, if *Jove* send Life and Health,  
 she (though simply there she stand)  
 make that Living as good Land,  
 continue but a while on't,  
 she lies within five Miles on't.  
 He <sup>s</sup> begins to mump and smatter,  
 and to break into the Matter,  
 on the Question, when (alas!)  
 how Things will come to pass.  
 The most fain would break her Mind,  
 her ner could by half break Wind,  
 speak a Word: Virtue forsooth,  
 modesty so stopp'd her Mouth;  
 and over then she treats  
 and his Mates, with fundry Meats,  
*Trojans* round besiege her Boards,  
 as *Greeks*, and drunk as Lords,

---

*Ille fuga sylvas saltusque peragrat.  
 Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.  
 media Ænean secum per mœnia ducit,  
 sique ostentat opes urbemque paratam.  
 it effari, mediâque in voce resistit,  
 eodem, labente die, convivia quærit;*

When, sure as e'er they sit at th' Table,  
 1 She calls again to hear *Troy's Fable* :  
 Nay, lov'd it so, that she, 'tis said,  
 The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.  
 We owe her for't, and let us pay't her ;  
 Who English'd it, was her Translator.  
 2 Now when, with raking up the Fire,  
 Each one departs to *Hedfordshire* ;  
 And Pillows all securely snort on,  
 Like Organists of fam'd *Hog's-norton* :  
 3 *Dido*, poor Queen, alone doth lie,  
 Dreaming on true Love's *Phys-nomy* ;  
 And in that Humour she the small  
 4 *Ascanius* takes, *Troy's Juvenal* ;  
 And in her Lap, on 'Tuft of Sorrel,  
 Laying the little wanton Gorrel,  
 Oft would she sighing say, *This Lad*,  
*O that he were but like his Dad !*

This Life the woeful *Dido* led,  
 Eke at her Board, and eke at Bed ;  
 5 Her Housewifery no more regarding,  
 Neither her Spinning nor her Carding :

1 *Iliacósque iterùm demens audire labores  
 Exposcit, pendétque iterùm narrantis ab ore.*

2 *Post, urbem digressi, luncónque obscura vicissim  
 Luna premit, suadéntque cadentia sydera somnos ;*

3 *Sola domo mæret vacua, stratisque relictis  
 Incubat* —————

4 *Aut gremio Ascanium genitoris imagine capta  
 Detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem.*

5 *Non cæptæ assurgunt turres ; non arma juvenus  
 Exercet, portúsque, aut præpugnacula bello  
 Tuta parant ; Pendent opera interrupta, minaque  
 Murmure ingentes, æquatâque machina cælo.*

*Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri*

But, like a Dame of Wits bereaven,  
 Let all Things go at six and seven.  
 Which when Queen *Juno* (for these two  
 Were Clove and Orange you must know)  
 Perceiv'd, and that, than blind Cheeks blinder,  
 She threw all Care and Shame behind her :  
 She *Venus* in these Words accosts,  
 6 You and your Son may make your Boasts,  
 With Shame enough, that God and Goddesses,  
 Like sublunary Busy-bodies,  
 To make a Woman light as Feather,  
 Do lay your learned Heads together.  
 7 'Twas not for nought that I was ever  
 Afraid of you two coming hither ;  
 You and your little blinking Urchin  
 Against this Town have still been lurching.  
 8 But when shall we give o'er this Pother,  
 And leave off vexing one another ?  
 Be thou but mine, I'll be thy Friend,  
 9 Let's marry 'em, and there's an End,  
 Thou hast thy Wish, thy little Archer  
 Has made our *Dido* mad as March-hare.

*Chara Jovis conjux, nec famam obstare furori ;  
 Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis :*

6 *Túque, púerque tuus : magnum, & memorabile nomen,  
 Una dolo divúm, si fœmina victa duorum est.*

7 *Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te mœnia nostra,  
 Suspectas habuisse domos Carthaginis altæ.*

8 *Sed quis erit modus ? aut quo nunc certamine tanto ?*

9 *Quin potius pacem æternam, pactósque Hymenæos  
 Exercemus ? habes, tota quod mente petísti.*

*Ardet amans Dido, traxitque per ossa furorem.  
 Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus  
 Auspiciis* —————



Then let us all old Quarrels quit,  
Leave being such a peevish Tit :

<sup>1</sup> *Troy Lads shall marry Tyrian Lasses,*  
And we will be as merry as passes.

<sup>2</sup> *Venus*, who knew she did but glaver,  
For all the fine smooth Words she gave her,  
And proffer'd Love's not worth a Cow-turd,  
(You know) if spoke but from Teeth outward,

<sup>3</sup> Like cunning Quean in Smiles array'd her,  
And in her own Coin thus she paid her :

O *Juno*, Queen, *Jove's* Bedfellow,  
Who here above, or who below,

<sup>4</sup> With thee would quarrel or contend,  
And not still rest thy loving Friend ?

I like the Motion well, but that

<sup>5</sup> There's one main Thing I stumble at ;

And that in downright Truth is this,  
(*Jove* pardon if I think amiss)

I am afraid (this Doubt I put ye,

Indeed, I'aw now, is something smutty)

But I the Scruple must not smother ;

Women, you know, to one another

May freely speak (and here be't said,

<sup>6</sup> Twixt you and me) I'm fore afraid,

My Son's so big, (which rarely falls)

About his ——— and Genitals,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Liceat Phrygio servire marito,  
Dotalisque tuæ Tyrios permittere dextræ.*

<sup>2</sup> *Olli (sensit enim simulata mente locutam)*

<sup>3</sup> *Sic contra est ingressa Venus ———*

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Quis talia demens*

*Abnuat ? aut tecum malit contendere bello ?*

<sup>5</sup> *Si modo, quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur :*

*Sed satis incerta feror ; Si Jupiter unam*

*Esse velit ———*

That I am half afraid lest he  
Should chance to spoil her Majesty,  
6 At that Queen *Juno* smil'd, and said,  
Of that (Wench) never be afraid,  
For if they once do come together,  
He'll find that *Dido's* reaching Leather :  
If then that *Dido* and his Son,  
To do as other Folks have done,  
7 Thou give Consent : (mark) and in few Words,  
Which shall be friendly Words and true Words ;  
I'll tell thee how I've cast about,  
And laid a Plot to bring 'em to't :  
8 To-morrow e're the Sun (Heav'n blefs him)  
Can see to rise, at least to dress him,  
*Aeneas* and the Queen have made,  
(The Queen and he, I should have said)  
A Match to go, after her Wonting,  
Into the Woods a Squirrel-hunting :  
Now I, whilst all on ev'ry Side  
The Thickets round are occupy'd,  
And eagerly their Game are following,  
As Hunters use, whooping and hollowing,  
9 Will cause big-bellied Clouds to pour  
Upon their Coxcombs such a Shower,

---

6 *Tum sic excepit Regia Juno,  
Mecum erit iste labor ;*

7 *Nunc, qua ratione, quod instat,  
Conferri possit, pariter (adverte) docebo.*

8 *Venatum Aeneas, unaque miserrima Dido,  
In nemus ire parant, ubi primus crastinus ortus  
Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem.*

9 *His ego nigrantem commissa grandine nimbum,  
Dum trepidant aë, saltusque indagine cingunt,  
Desuper infundam* —————

And will with Hail and Rain so clout 'em,  
 They'll not have one dry Thread about 'em.  
 9 Besides, such Thunder-claps shall burst out,  
 As some of 'em shall smell the worse for't.  
 1 *Trojans* and *Tyrians* helter-skelter,  
 Will then all run to seek for Shelter.  
 'Then each one there will shift for one,  
 And leave the Queen and him alone.  
 2 *Dido* and *Dildo*, in this Case,  
 Shall find a Cave, as fit a Place  
 For such an Use, so fine and dark,  
 'That, if *Æneas* be a Spark,  
 'They there, in spite of all foul Weather,  
 May take a gentle Touch together :  
 So each of other may have Proof,  
 3 And marry after time enough,  
     *Venus*, who very well could fathom  
 The Bottom of this subtle Madam,  
 Soon smelt her Practice, and her Art,  
 As strong as she had let a Fart :  
 Yet, that she might her Malice blind,  
 And fit the Lady in her kind,  
 4 She seems her free Consent to give,  
 And trips it laughing in her Sleeve.

————— 9 *Et tonitru cælum omne ciebo.*

1 *Diffugient comites, & nocte tegentur opacâ,*

2 *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem  
 Devenient : adero, &, tua si mihi certa voluntas,  
 Connubio jungam stabili, ———*

————— 3 *propriamque dicabo :*

*Hic Hymenæus erit ———*

————— 4 *Non ad-versata petenti  
 Annuit, atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.*

5 Mean

<sup>5</sup> Mean while the Sun, as it his Course is,  
 Got up to drefs and water's Horses;  
 When out the merry Hunters come,  
 With them a Fellow with a Drum \*, \* *A very ne-*  
 Your *Tyrian* Squirrels will not budge else, *cessary Instru-*  
 Well arm'd they were <sup>6</sup> with Staves and *ment in Squir-*  
 Cudgels; *rel-hunting.*

Tykes too they had of all Sorts, <sup>7</sup> Bandoes,  
 Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs.

<sup>8</sup> These, for the Queen expecting, tarry,  
 Who longer lay than ordinary;  
 For she at Night could take no Ease,  
 She had been bit so sore with Fleas.

<sup>9</sup> Her Mare well trapp'd, of her own spinning,  
 Ty'd to the Pails, stood likewise whinnying;  
 For why (as Poets sing the Fable)  
 Her Foal was bolted up i'th' Stable.

<sup>1</sup> At last she sallies from the House,  
 As fine and brisk as Body-louse.

<sup>2</sup> She Hood and Safeguard had bran new,  
 The Lace was yellow, Cloth was blue;

<sup>5</sup> *Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit :*  
*It portis, jubare exorto, delecta juventus.*

*Retia rara, plagæ ———*

———— <sup>6</sup> *Lato venabula ferro,*

———— <sup>7</sup> *odora canum vis.*

<sup>8</sup> *Reginam Thalamo cunctantem, ad limina primi*  
*Pænorum expectant, ———*

———— <sup>9</sup> *Ostróque insignis & auro*  
*Stat sonipes, ac fræna ferox spumantia mandit.*

<sup>1</sup> *Tandem progreditur ———*

<sup>2</sup> *Sidoniam pictæ chlamydem circumdata limbo :*

Fast to her Girdle ty'd with Thong,  
 3 A Bunch of Keys compleatly hung :  
 For why, well knew the thrifty Queen,  
 That Servants still have slipp'ry been :  
 Which made her careful of her Pelf,  
 Evermore keep the Keys herself.  
 4 With her *Iulus* came, that Stripling,  
 A youth e'en spoil'd for want of Whipping ;  
 For's Father, and his foolish Grannam  
 Had ever made a Wanton on him :  
 5 But when his Sire appear'd in play,  
 Mounted upon his Galloway,  
 'Tis said by some that better knew him,  
 The rest look'd like Tooth-drawers to him :  
 6 No sprightly Groom so trim and trick is,  
 That just upon Preferment's Prick is,  
 7 As was *Æneas*, *Stories* say,  
 When clad in Clothes of Holy-day,  
 His Breeches, sav'd from *Troy's* Combustion,  
 Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fustian ;

3 Cui pharetra ex auro ———

*Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.*

————— 4 Et latus *Iulus*,

————— 5 ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes

*Infert se socium Æneas* ———

6 Qualis, ubi bybernam *Lyciam*, *Xanthique* fluentis

*Deserit, ad Dilectam maternam inuasisse Apollo,*

*Instauratque cheros ;*

————— 7 Mollique fluentem

*Fronde premit. crinem fugans, atque implicat auro :*

————— *Haud illo segnior ibat.*

*Æneas : tantum egregia decus omnesq. oris.*

Pink'd with most admirable Grace,  
 And richly laid with green Silk-lace.  
 \* Athwart his brawny Shoulders came  
 A Buldrick made, and trimm'd with th' same;  
 Where Twibil hung, with Basket-hilt,  
 Grown rusty now, but had been gilt;  
 Or guilty else of many a Thwack,  
 With Dudgeon Dagger at his Back.  
 Upon his Head he wore a Hat,  
 Instead of Sattin, fac'd with Fat,  
 Which, being limber grown, we find  
 Most swashingly pinn'd up behind;  
 With Brooch as gaudy and as tall  
 As ev'ry foremost Horse of all.

In best Apparel thus array'd,  
 They now begin their Cavalcade  
 Towards the Woods, † where be'ng e're long,  
 Arriv'd, (for 'twas not past a Furlong  
 From *Cartbage*, as the Learn'd compute it,  
 And let who has been there confute it),  
 They ev'ry way disperse themselves,  
 To watch the little nimble Elves;  
 As who should say, Come this, or that Way,  
 T'other, or any Way, have at ye.

The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,  
 And all the People fell a shouting,  
 Such Peals they gave of Men and Boys,  
 A Man could hardly hear for Noise;  
 Nay, *Dido* Queen, they swore that heard it,  
 Shouted as loud as any there did.

\* *Tela sonant humeris* ———

† *Postquam altos ventum in montes, atque invia saxa,  
 Ecce seræ saxi dejectæ vertice* ———

<sup>1</sup> The frighted Squirrels Stumps belabor,  
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabor;  
Skipping and leaping in their Dances  
From Tree to Tree o'er Boughs and Branches,  
Now on the utmost Top, and then  
At one Leap at the Root agen.

<sup>2</sup> But young *Ascanius*, Hopes o'th' House,  
Car'd not for Squirreling a Louse;  
For he's, whilst they are at their Chase,  
Playing at *Hide and seek*, or *Base*,  
Among his Mates, and wishes rather  
(And so the Stripling told his Father)  
For naughty Vermin that would bite him,  
Or Throttle Nest, though't did ———

<sup>3</sup> Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,  
And to pour down whole Pails of Water;  
The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,

<sup>4</sup> And Hail-stones, bigger than one's Thumb,  
Came pelting down. Then all, to save 'em,  
Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'em;

<sup>1</sup> *Decurrere jugis; alia de parte patentes  
Transmittunt cursu campos, atque agmina cervi  
Pulverulenta fuga glomerant, montesque relinquunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri  
Gaudet equo, jamque hos cursu, jam præterit illos:  
Spumantemque dari (pecora inter inertia) votis  
Optat aprum aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.*

<sup>3</sup> *Interea magno misceri murmure cælum  
Incipit: ———*

———— <sup>4</sup> *Insequitur commissa grandine nimbus  
Et Tyrii comites passim, & Trojana juvenus,  
Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros  
Tecta metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes  
———— fulsere ignes ———*

Whilst young *Ascanius* and his Mates  
 Were wash'd and dash'd like Water-rats.  
 Fair *Dido* then; for all her Hoops,  
 Bang'd her old Mare about the Stoops,  
 And jogg'd her Buttocks, though a Queen,  
 For fear of being wet to th' Skin;  
 Nay, e'en *Aeneas*' self, forgetting  
 His Reputation, shrunk i'th' wetting,  
 And ran, or would have done at least,  
 But that his Horse, a sober Beast,  
 Proceeded slow, with Motion grave,  
 And crav'd the Spur, in Care to save  
 His Master's Neck, as some suppose,  
 Though his Care was to save his Cloaths;  
 He spurr'd, nor yet was *Dido* idle,  
 For gingle gingle went her Bridle,  
 5 Till Fortune, or Dame *Juno* rather,  
 Clapp'd 'em into a Cave together.  
 The Cave so darksome was, that I do  
 Think *Joan* had been as good as *Dido*:  
 But so it was, in that Hole, they  
 Grew intimate, as one may say:  
 The Queen was blithe as Bird in Tree,  
 And bill'd as wantonly, whilst he  
 6 By Hindlock seizing fast Occasion,  
 Slipp'd into *Dido*'s Conversation:  
 And, in that very Place and Season,  
 'Tis thought *Aeneas* did her Reason.

5 *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem  
 Deveniunt; prima & Tellus, & pronuba Juno  
 Dant signum* ———

6 ——— *Consciis æther  
 Connubii*



7 This Sport of Mischief much was Cause,  
 For sweet Meat will have sowre Sauce;  
 And they their Time in Cave so spending,  
 Beginning was of *Dido's* Ending.  
 Her Majesty now no more nice is;  
 8 Nor seeks she now, by fine Devices,  
 To hide her Shame; but leads a Life,  
 As if they had been 9 Man and Wife.  
 1 At this a Wench, call'd *Fame*, flew out  
 To all the good Towns round about.  
 This *Fame* was Daughter to a Cryer,  
 That whilom liv'd in *Carthage-shire*,  
 2 A little prating Slut, no higher,  
 When *Dido* first arriv'd at *Tyre*,  
 Than this ——— But, in a few Years Space  
 Grown up a lusty strapping Lads.  
 A long and lazy Queen I ween  
 She was brought up to sow nor spin,  
 Nor any kind of Housewifery,  
 To get an honest Living by;  
 3 But saunter'd idly up and down,  
 From House to House, and Town to Town,

7 *Ille dies primus lethi, primusque malorum*  
*Causa fuit* ———

——— 8 *Neque enim specie, famæve movetur,*  
*Nec jam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem.*

9 *Conjugium vocat: hoc præcepit nomine cultam.*

1 *Extemplo Lybiæ magnas it fama per urbes,*  
*Fama* ———

2 *Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,*  
*Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.*  
*Mobilitate viget, virésque acquirit eundem.*

——— 3 *Pedibus celerum, & pernicibus alis;*

——— Cui ——— tot vigiles oculi ———

To

To spy and listen after News,  
Which she so mischievously brews,  
That still what'er she sees or hears,  
Set Folks together by the Ears.  
4 This Baggage that still took a Pride to  
Slander and backbite poor Queen *Dido* ;  
Because the Queen once, on Detection,  
Sent her to th' Mansion of Correction.  
5 Glad she had got this Tale by th' End,  
Runs me about to Foe and Friend ;  
6 And tells them that a Fellow came  
From *Troy*, or such a Kind of Name,  
To *Tyre*, about a Fortnight since,  
Whom *Dido* feasted like a Prince ;  
Was with her always, Day and Night,  
Nor could endure him from her Sight,  
And that 'twas thought she meant to marry him.  
7 At this rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd Carrion !  
8 At last she does t<sup>r</sup> *Iarbas* go,  
9 She never in such Things was slow ;

---

4 *Monstrum horrendum ingens ;*  
5 *Hæc cum multiplici populos sermone replebat*  
*Gaudens, ———*  
6 *Venisse Æneam Trojano à sanguine cretum ;*  
*Cui se pulchra viro dignatur jungere Dido.*  
*Nunc hyemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere,*  
*Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.*  
7 *Hæc passim dea sæda virum diffundit in ora.*  
8 *Protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarbam :*  
9 *Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.*  
*Hic Ammone satus — —*  
*Centum ara posuit ———*  
*——— Pecudumque cruore*  
*Pinguè solum, & variis florentia limina sertis.*

And tells him all. Now this *Iarbas*,  
For *Dido's* Love, was in a hard Case,  
And had been long. Oft did he woe her,  
And did the best he could do to her ;  
But still in vain he broke his Mind,  
'Twas throwing Stones against the Wind ;  
For though she wise and healthy knew him,  
*Dido* had nothing to say to him.  
'Tis true, the Field he had great Flocks on,  
Sheep, Goats and Cows, Horses and Oxen ;  
With Money Store, and other Riches :  
But one foul Flaw he had in's Breeches  
Spoil'd all ; for she had heard the Thing,  
One Time as she was gossiping.  
As in such Matters, while you live,  
Women will be inquisitive :  
Which was that he (as Story tells)  
A Rupture had in's Testicles.  
Which was enough to make her hate him,  
Nay, e'en as it were abominate him.  
When *Fame* had told him of the *Trojan*,  
\* *Iarbas* took it in such Dudgeon,  
Such high Abuse, and evil Part,  
He almost could have found in's Heart  
T'ave ta'en his Knife, and in that Passion  
Whipp'd off his Tools of Generation,  
And thought to have don't ; but did not yet,  
Like one that had in's Anger Wit :  
But since to curse it was no boot,  
Would try if Praying would not do't.

---

\* *Isque amens animi, & rumore accensus amaro,*

2 And therefore thus, in heavy Ghear,  
Made his Case known to *Jupiter* :  
3 O *Jupiter*, most great and able,  
Whose Health I ev'ry Day at Table  
Drink once or twice ! Dost thou (O where is  
Thy Sight !) not see, what Doings here is ;  
4 Shall we, when thou thunder'st, dost think,  
So as to sower all our Drink ;  
And when the Clouds in Storms do burst,  
Not care, but bid thee do thy worst ?  
5 A wand'ring Woman that had scarce  
A Rag to hang upon her ——  
When she came hither first, and wou'd  
Have then been glad to —— for Food ;  
Is now, forsooth, so proud (what else !  
And stands so on her Pantables,  
6 That she has said me Nay most slighty.  
And (on the very nonce to spite me)  
Has marry'd a spruce Youth, they say,  
(Whom some ill Wind blew that away)  
One 'Squire *Aeneas*, a great Kelf,  
Some wand'ring Hangman like herself :

2 *Dicitur ante aras ——*

*Multa Jovem manibus supplex orâsse supinis ;*

3 *Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis*

*Gens epulata toris, Lenæum libat honorem,*

*Adspicis hæc ? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques,  
Nequicquam horremus ?*

——— 4 *Cæcique in nubibus ignes*

*Terrificant animos, & inania murmura miscent :*

5 *Fæmina, quæ nostris errans in sinibus ——*

——— 6 *Connubia nostra*

*Reppulit, ac dominum Ænean in regna recepit.*

7 And now this Swabber, by the Maskins,  
Thunders up *Dido's* Gally-Gaskins,  
Whilst I (for still thou deafish art to't)  
May pray, and pray, and pray my Heart out.

8 Thus woefully *Iarbas* pray'd,  
Whilst *Jove* heard every Word he said ;  
And turning straight his Eyes to *Tyre*,  
'To look for *Dido* and her Squire,  
All in a Chamber finely matted,  
He very fairly spy'd 'em at it.  
At which, as't were, somewhat in Fury,  
He calls his nimble Youth *Mercury*,  
9 And thus bespoke him : Sirrah, hear ye,  
Put on the Wings that use to bear ye,  
And cut away to *Carthage* quickly,  
Where th' *Trojan* does with the great — lie.  
1 Tell him from me that his smug Mother  
Did pass her Word that he another  
Manner of Life and Conversation  
Should lead, and leave this Occupation.

---

7 Et nunc ille Paris ———

——— Rapto potitur ; nos munera templis  
Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.

8 Talibus errantem dictis, arásque tenentem  
Audiit omnipotens, oculosque ad mœnia torfit  
Regia, & oblitos famæ melioris amantes.

9 Tunc sic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat :  
Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, & labere pennis,  
Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Carthagine qui nunc  
Expectat ———

Alloquere, & celeres defer mea dicta per auras.

1 Non illum nobis genitrix pulcherrimam talem  
Promisit ———

2 Or twice the *Græcian* Cavaliers  
 Had beaten's Brain's about his Ears,  
 E're this : And tell him more, 3 that he  
 Who means to conquer *Italy*,  
 Must with his Work go thorough Stitches,  
 And not run hunting after Bitches ;  
 4 But if he will not venture's Pate,  
 A Rap or two for an Estate, .  
 As by his Pranks it doth appear,  
 5 Methinks tho' he might do't for's Heir ;  
 6 Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,  
 To spend his Time thus among Queans ;  
 Not minding Mischiefs, or Mishaps,  
 Nor fearing *Dido's* After-claps.  
 7 Bid him be trudging, he were best :  
 If I come to him, I protest,  
 I'll fend him packing else, such New-ways,  
 He shall remember me these two Days.  
 8 This said, *Jove* need not bid him twice,  
 Away he trips it in a Trice,

---

—— 2 *Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis.*

3 *Sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis, belloque frementem  
 Italiam regeret, genus alto à sanguine Teucri  
 Proderet, & totum sub legas mitteret orbem.*

4 *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,  
 Nec super ipse suâ molitur laude laborem.*

5 *Ascanione pater Romanas invidet arces ?  
 Nec prolem Ausoniam, & Lavinia respicit arva ?*

6 *Quid struit ; aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur ?*

7 *Naviget : hæc summa est, hic nostri nuncius esto.*

8 *Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat  
 Imperio. ———*

9 To make them ready to be gone :  
 And first his Pumps he fasten'd on ;  
 Which being neatly pink'd and cut,  
 And finely fitted on his Foot :  
 Had Wings ty'd on with Thongs of Leather,  
 Or tacking Ends, I know not whether,  
 Which he could fly withal as well,  
 As he'd been brought up to't from the Shell.  
 1 Then in his Hand he takes a thick Bat,  
 With which he us'd to play at Kit-Cat,  
 To beat Men's Apples from their Trees,  
 With twenty other Rogueries ;  
 Besides (as Rake-hells will abuse Days)  
 To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Tuesdays*.

2 Thus dight, he likè a Partridge springs,  
 Cutting the Air with nimble Wings :  
 'Twas well his Care had ty'd 'em fast,  
 Else ten to one he'd flown his last :  
 No Swallow could have overgone him,  
 He flew as if a Hawk had flown him,  
 Until he saw a very high Hill,  
 A higher Hill by far than my Hill ;  
 3 *Atlas* 'twas call'd, so high a one  
 That *Pen-men-maure's* a Cherry-stone

---

9 — *Et primum pedibus talaria nectit  
 Aurea : quæ sublimem alis, sive æquora supra,  
 Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.*

1 *Tum virgam capit ; hac animas ille evocat Orco  
 Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit,  
 Dat somnos, adimittique, & lumina morte resignat.*

2 *Illa fretus agit ventos, & turbida tranat  
 Nubila* —————

3 *Jamque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernit  
 Atlantis duri* —————

Compar'd

Compar'd : You could not thrust a Knife  
 'Twixt Heav'n and it, to save your Life ;  
 4 It props the Sky, as *Virgil* marks,  
 Or else 'tis thought we should have Larks :  
 5 Here first did *Mercury* alight,  
 To bait and rest him after's Flight ;  
 Where having prun'd his Heels a little,  
 And smooth'd his Plumes with \* fasting Spittle,  
 6 From thence he took another Freak, \* 'Tis con-  
 As if he meant to break his Neck. ceived he did  
 7 Even as a Hawk herself doth carry that before he  
 From Kill-ducks Place to stop her Quarry : baited.  
 So *Mercury*, to mortal View,  
 Himself from *Atlas* headlong threw.  
 Stones cast by fam'd *Parisian* Slinger,  
 Compar'd to him, would seem to linger ;  
 And Arrows loos'd from *Grub-street* Bow  
 In *Finbury*, to him are slow :  
 Nay, Lightning darted from above,  
 With flaming Tail from angry *Jove*,  
 Would in Comparison appear  
 To creep like lazy Loiterer.

8 The first Place, after this Vagary,  
 He lighted on, was *Dido's Dairy* :

——— 4 *Cælum qui vertice fulcit.*

5 *Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis  
 Constitit ;* 6 *Hinc toto præceps se corpore ad undas  
 Misit ;* 7 *Avi similis, quæ circum litora, circum  
 Piscos scopulos, humilis volat æquora juxta :  
 Haud aliter terras inter cælumque volabat,  
 Litus arenosum Libyæ, ventosque secabat.*

8 *Ut primum alatis tetigit Magalia plantis ;  
 Æneam fundantem arces, ac tecta novantem  
 Conspicit* —————



5 He thinks, though, thou might'st take some care  
Of him that is thy Son and Heir,  
And not thrash here like Boor unworthy,  
When he has made Provision for thee.

6 *Mercury* vanish'd, having spoke as  
Y'have heard; like any *Hocus-pocus*;  
And homeward did forthwith aspire,  
Nor ever stay'd to drink at *Tyre*.

7 But Don *Æneas*, at the Vision,  
Was in a very sad Condition;  
He could not speak to Foe or Friend,  
And eke his Hair did stand an End,  
So stiff, it thrust his Hat so far  
Above his Head into the Air,  
That a great Turkey might have flown  
Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown.

Half-frighted out on's little Wit,  
8 He now had Eggs (i'faith) o'th' Spit,  
Till he was gone: 9 But how (alas)  
To break the Matter to her Grace,  
He knew no more, the bashful Groom,  
Than did the furthest Man of *Rome*,

5 *Ascanium surgentem, & spes hæredis Iûli,*  
*Respice cui regnum Italiæ, Romanæque tellus*  
*Debentur* ———

6 *Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,*  
*Mortales visus medio sermone relinquit,*  
*Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.*

7 *At verò Æneas aspectu obmutuit amens,*  
*Arrestæque horrore comæ, & vox faucibus hæsit.*

8 *Ardet abire fuga* ———

9 *Heu! quid agat?*

\* Nor could he frame him to begin,  
 T' appease that loving Soul the Queen,  
 For nought more vexes Womens Bloods,  
 Than to be left so in the Suds.  
 In this Quandary, scorching's Pate,  
 After a penfive long Debate,  
 He calls, at last, his Fellow Rake-hells,  
 † And bids 'em get their Tools and Tackles  
 Aboard their Wherries, and be heedful  
 To lay in all Things that were needful,  
 Especially good Meat: ‡ but stow it  
 So secretly, that none might know it;  
 That, on Occasion, in a Trice, Sir,  
 They might be gone, and none the wiser:  
 And since he humbly did conceive,  
 To steal away, and take no Leave,  
 Would be uncivil, and enough  
 To tear a Heart though made of Buff;  
 He was resolv'd to take the Queen,  
 § When set upon some merry Pin,  
 And tell her plain, with Vows most fervent,  
 He was her Grace's humble Servant.

— † *Quo nunc Reginam ambire furentem  
 Audeat affatu? quæ prima exordia sumat?  
 Atque animam nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,  
 In partésque rapit varias* —

‡ *Classem aptent taciti, socios ad litora cogant,  
 Arma parent,* —

— § *Et quæ sit rebus causa novandis,  
 Dissimulent; sese interea, quando optima Dido  
 Nesciat,* —

— § *Et quæ mollissima fandi  
 Tempora; quis rebus dexter modus* —

5 But *Dido*, *Carthage* Queen (for who  
 Can think to cheat a Woman so ?)  
 Was soon, I warrant you, aware  
 O'th' slippery Trick he meant to play her.  
 'Tis true, she ever had been jealous  
 Of all such vagrant Kind of Fellows,  
 And kept her Things safe under Lock,  
 E'er since the stealing of her Smock ;  
 But now, to add unto her Fear,  
 She had it buzz'd into her Ear,  
 6 By that mischievous prating Whore,  
*Fame*, that I told you of before ;  
 7 Not, as they say, out of good Will,  
 But to be brewing Mischief still ;  
 That he, for all his fair Pretences,  
 8 Had greas'd his Boots, and wash'd his Benches ;  
 And now was ready set on Wheels,  
 To shew a nimble Pair of Heels.  
 9 This sudden News, I do assure ye,  
 Put *Dido* in a desp'rate Fury,  
 And made her frisk about and gad,  
 That all her People thought her mad ;  
 Whilst she from House to House did fly,  
 As she had run with *Hue and Cry*.

5 *At regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?)*

6 *Præsenfit, motûsque extepit prima futuros,  
 Omnia tuta timens* ———

—— 7 *Eadem impia fama furenti  
 Detulit* ———

—— 8 *Armari classem, cursumque parari.*

9 *Sævit inops animi, totâmque incensa per urbem  
 Bacchatur* ———

<sup>1</sup> Ev'n as a Filly never ridden,  
When by the Jocky first bestridden,  
If naughty Boy do thrust a Nettle  
Under her Dock, to try her Mettle,  
Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick,  
Enough to break her Rider's Neck;  
Ev'n so Queen *Dido*, at that Tide,  
Laying all Majesty aside,  
Play'd such mad Freaks, that well were they  
Could farthest get out of her Way.  
Thus flinging round from Place to Place,  
At last, to make it short, her Grace  
Finds me, amongst a Crew of Mad-caps,  
*Aeneas*, at one Mother *Red-Cap's*.

Well overta'n (quoth she) half weeping,

<sup>2</sup> *Aeneas*, thou'rt a precious Pippin,

To think to' steel so sily from me,

When thou hast had thy foul Will o'me.

<sup>3</sup> Could not my Love (thou Knave) have staid thee,

Nor yet the Promise thou hast made me :

Nor that thou know'st, if thou wert gone,

My Work would all be left undone ?

But that thou'lt flink away, thou Varlet,

And leave me like forsaken Harlot ?

————— <sup>1</sup> *Qualis commotis excipit sacris*  
*Thyas, ubi audito stimulant Triclerica Baccho*  
*Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cythæron.*

<sup>2</sup> *Tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro ;*

<sup>3</sup> *Diffimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum*  
*Posse nefas, tutiusque meâ decedere terrâ ?*  
*Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam*

*Tenet ?*

4 In Winter too, o'er blust'ring Seas,  
 When it 'twixt two, a Béd doth freeze {  
 5 What though thou hadst, as thou hast none,  
 A House to go to, of thine own,  
 Coud'st find yet in thy Heart to 'reave me  
 Of thy dear Company, and leave me ?  
 6 By this salt Rheum thou feest, that wets  
 My Cheeks, and by thy Hand that sweats,  
 That bawdy Fist, that has been laid  
 So oft, where now shall not be said ;  
 I'm brief, by the whole Matter's Carriage,  
 And by the Earnest of our Marriage ;  
 And by those sweet Delights we stole,  
 When the Rain drové me into th' Hole ;  
 7 If that Bout pleas'd thee, or since any,  
 Which (*Jove* forgive us) have been many,  
 I do beseech thee, *Trojan* fine,  
 Not to undo both me and mine.  
 8 For thy sweet Sake the knavish *Lybians*,  
 The *Tyrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,

---

4 *Quin etiam hyberno moliris sydere classem,  
 Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum,  
 Crudelis ?* 5 *Quid, si non arva aliena, domosque  
 Ignoras peteres ?* —————  
*Mene fugis ?* 6 *Per ego has lacrymas, dextramque tuam, te,  
 Per Connubia nostra, per inceptos Hymenæos.*  
 7 *Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam  
 Dulce meum ; miserere domus habentis ;* —————  
*Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus,* —————  
 8 *Te propter Libycæ gentes, Normadumque Tyranni  
 Odere, infensi Tyrii ; te propter eundem  
 Extinctus pudor,* —————

In the Midst of which is my Abode,  
 Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.  
 For thee I first forewent all Shame,  
 \* And that I liv'd by my good Name;  
 And wilt thou, having spent thy Ardor,  
 And eat me out of House and Harbor,  
 \* So basely to my Foes betray me,  
 And neither stay with me, nor pay me ?  
 † No sooner shall thy Back be turn'd,  
 But all my Buildings shall be burn'd,  
 That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,  
 Or else *Iarbas* here will ta' me ;  
 If (as we oft have ventur'd it,  
 I had but a big Belly yes)  
 A little *Trojan* coming on,  
 To play withal when thou art gone,  
 Then let the Rogues do what they durst do,  
 I should have something yet to trust to.  
*Æneas*, ta'en thus basely tardy,  
 † Turn'd pale, and like a sick'd Pig star'd y ;  
 He could not stand upright, but lean,  
 One might have sell'd him with a Bean ;

——— \* *Et, quâ solâ fidera adibam,*  
*Fama prior :*

——— \* *Cui me moribundam deseris, hospes ?*  
 † *Quid moror ? an mea Pygmalion dum moria frater*  
*Destruat ? aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas ?*  
*Saltem, siquâ mihi de te suscepta fuisset*  
*Ante fugam socules, siquis mihi parvulus anulâ*  
*Luderet Æneas, ———*

*Non equidem omnino capta, aut deserta viderer.*

——— † *Ille Jovis monitis immota tenebat*  
*Lumina, & obnixus curam sub corde premebat.*

Nay, he was struck so at her Speeches,  
 Some say he did defile his Breeches,  
 His Bowels did so yearn upon her ;  
 But, being that may wound his Honour,  
 I'll not affirm it, but proceed,  
 To tell you what he said and did ;  
 Much was he mov'd at *Dido's* Words,  
 Which stabb'd him through and through like Swords :  
 Much griev'd to see her weep and sob so,  
 To throw about her Snot, and throb so :  
 But, *Merc'ry's* Message more prevailing  
 Than her Colloquing or her Railing,  
 After a many fine Good-morrows,  
 \* He thus began to salve her Sorrows :  
     Should I (quoth he) O Queen, deny,  
 That thou'rt the Flow'r of Courtesy ;  
 Or any Slanders vile contrive,  
 I were the basest Knave alive.  
 I must confess, that thou, O Queen,  
 To me, and to us all, have been  
 More like a Mother than a Friend,  
 So much I'll say, and there's an End ;  
 \* And if I ever do forget ye,  
 Or fail to drink a Health to *Betty*,  
 Let me be hang'd as high, or higher  
 Than Top of *Carthage* Steeple-Spire :

---

\* *Tandem pauca refert : Ego te, quæ plurima fando  
 Enumerare vales, nunquam, Regina, negabo  
 Promeritam :*

———— \* *Nec me meminisse pigebit Elisæ,  
 Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.*

3 Few Words are best ; if you'll be civil,  
 I'll tell the Truth, and shame the Devil.  
 4 I ne'er had Thought, much less Desire,  
 Basely to build a Sconce at *Tyre* ;  
 And steal away from thee, my Honey.  
 5 But for the Thing call'd Matrimony,  
 Although I did the Thing you wot,  
*Jove* be my Judge, I meant it not ;  
 Indeed I took it for a Kindness,  
 To be familiar with your Highness :  
 But if I ever thought of other,  
 Than one good Turn requires another ;  
 Or on such Terms e'er gave my Fist,  
 I'm th'arrantest Rogue that ever pist.  
 6 I must confess, that if it lay  
 In my own Power, as one may say,  
 That I had some good Bargain made,  
 And bound my Son here to a Trade,  
 Plac'd all my Followers, and therefore  
 Had no one but myself to care for ;  
 I would as willing match with you,  
 As any Woman that I know :  
 7 But, as Things stand, I needs must follow  
 The Counsel of my Friend *Apollo*,

3 *Pro re pauca loquar* ———

————— 4 *Nec ego hanc abscondere furto  
Speravi (ne finge) fugam* ———

————— 5 *nec conjugis unquam*

*Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.*

6 *Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam  
Auspiciis, & sponte meâ componere curas :*

7 *Sed nunc Italiam magnam Grynæus Apollo,  
Italiam Lyciæ jussere capeßere sortes :*

*Hic amor, hæc patria est* ———



Who sends me Word I must convey me  
To *Lycia* with all speed that may be,  
Where, by a dainty River's Side,  
A Farm lies ready cut and dry'd,  
Will hold both me and all my Meany,  
And cheap as forty Eggs a Penny,  
There then, in downright Truth, do I  
Intend to live and occupy.

8 And if so be that you, who are sage,  
Delight so in your Town of *Carthage*;  
Why should it be in us so great Sin,  
Who have no House to thrust our Pates in,  
To travel to a Foreign Nation,  
For some convenient Habitation?

9 I can no sooner go o'Nights  
To Bed (*Jove* bleſs us all from Sprights)  
But that, e're I can frame to ſnore,  
My Father's Ghost comes through the Door,  
Though shut as ſure as Hands can make it,  
And leads me ſuch a fearful Racket;  
I ſlew all night in my own Greafe,  
So that your Maids may, if they pleaſe,  
Wring from the Sheet wherein I wallow,  
Each Morning-tide as much good Tallow,  
As well would liquor all their Sandals,  
And make beſide fix Pound of Candles.

8 *ſi te Carthaginiſ arces  
Phœniſſam, Libycæque aſpectus deſinet urbis;  
Quæ tandem, Auſoniâ Ténoras conſidere terræ,  
Invidia eſt? Et nos ſas extera quærere Regna.*  
9 *Me Patris Anchifæ, quoties humanitibus umbris  
Nox operit terras, quoties aſtra ignea ſurgunt,  
Admonet in ſomnis; Et turbida terret Imago;  
Me puer Aſcanius, —————*

And

And all this is to have me gone,  
 And not stay here t' undo my Son :  
<sup>1</sup> Besides, not past an Hour ago,  
 Jove sent his Lacquey to me too ;  
 I saw him fly, I'll <sup>2</sup> take my Oath,  
 (And Man has but his Faith and Troth)  
 As plainly o'er your Dairy-Top,  
 As e'er I saw him on the Rope ;  
 And heard him speak as plain but e'en now,  
 As I hear you, or you hear me now :  
<sup>3</sup> Then let me be so much beholding  
 Unto your Grace to leave your Scolding ;  
 For I this Voyage undertake,  
 Even like a Bear that's drawn to th' Stake.

<sup>4</sup> This said, the Queen in wrathful wise,  
 Rowling about her goggle Eyes,  
 As she would throw 'um in his Face,  
 Unto her Fury thus gave Place :

Stinkard (quoth she) now thy false Heart  
 Shews what a cheating Knave thou art,  
 The Symptoms of a Rogue thou hast all,  
 Thou a true Trojan, thou a Rascal !

<sup>1</sup> *Nunc etiam interpres divum, Jove missus ab ipso,  
 Celeres mandata per auras*

*Detulit : ———*

<sup>2</sup> *Tector utrumque caput ———*

*——— Ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi  
 Intranssem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi.*

<sup>3</sup> *Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis ;  
 Italiam non sponte sequor. ———*

<sup>4</sup> *Talia dicentem jamdudam averſa tuetur,  
 Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat  
 Luminibus tacitis, & sic accensa profatur :*

5 No Man or Woman of good Fashion,  
 E'er coupled for thy Procreation ;  
 But whelp'd thou wert of Tinker's Bitch,  
 Under some Hedge, or in some Ditch :  
 Nay, I'll not balk you, Sir ; nor care,  
 For all you look so big, and stare :  
 Let thy foul Hide with Malice burst,  
 I do defy thee, do thy worst.  
 6 Instead of sighing, in this Case,  
 Full sowre thou belchest in my Face ;  
 And thou so stubborn a.t and canker'd,  
 Thou shed'st no Tears, but Tears o'th' Tankard.  
 Had'st thou but counterfeited Passion,  
 To signify Commiseration,  
 Or offer'd but a sowre Face, it  
 Had been a Sign of some small Grace yet :  
 But, like a Logger-headed Lubber,  
 Thou grinning stand'st, and seest me blubber ;  
 7 And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for aught I see,  
 Will neither of 'em both chastise thee.  
 8 There's no Truth in this Age we live in :  
 A wand'ring Beggar hither driven ;  
 Who had, when weak as he could crawl,  
 No Cross to bless himself withal ;

5 *Nec tibi diua parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,  
 Præfide : sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens  
 Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera Tigres.  
 Nam quid diff:mulo ?*

6 *Num fetu ingemuit nostro ? num lumina flexit ?  
 Num lachrymus victus dedit ? aut miseratus amantem est ?*

7 *Famjam nec maxima Juno,  
 Nec Saturnius hæc oculis pater aspicit æquis.*

8 *Nusquam tuta fides. Ejectum litore, egentem  
 Excepi,*

I have

I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,  
 Feasted and clad him like a Lord,  
 ° And (like a simple hair-brain'd Jade)  
 This Youth hail Fellow with me made;  
 And now, forsooth, he cannot stay,  
*Apollo* bids him run away;  
 \* Nay, though I have, in friendly wise,  
 Cur'd his Men's Scabs, and kill'd their Lice;  
 † Yet having now fallen to his Lot,  
 A good rich Farm lies piping hot,  
 Should he stay here, it would undo him,  
 And *Jove* has sent his Footman to him:  
 As if the Deities were so  
 Concern'd, they'd nothing else to do,  
 But send their Lacqueys and their Pages,  
 To him on How-d'ye's and Messages.

But I'll waste on thee no more Breath,  
 For whom the Wind, that fumes beneath,  
 Is far too sweet: Avaunt, thou Slave!  
 Thou lying Coney-catching Knave,  
 Be moving, do as thou hast told me!  
 † No-body here intends to hold thee!  
 || Go: seek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be  
 I'th' very Bottom of the Sea:

———— ° *Et regni demens in parte locavi:*

———— *Nunc augur Apollo.*

\* *Amisſam claſſem, ſocios à morte reduxi.*

† *Nunc Lyciæ ſortes, nunc & Jove miſſus ab ipſo  
 Interpres Divûm fert horrida juffa per auras;  
 Scilicet in ſuperis labor eſt; ea cura quietos  
 Sollicitas* —————

† *I ſequere Italiani ventis,* —————

———— *Neque te teneo* —————

———— || *Pete regna per undas:*

*Spero equidem mediis,* —————

*Supplicia hauſurum ſcopulis* ————— E 6

But

But should thou 'scape, and not in Dike lie,  
 Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,  
 Since in the Proverb old 'tis found,  
*Who's born to hang, will ne'er be drown'd :*  
 Yet should'st thou not be much the nigher ;  
 ' I'll haunt thee like a going Fire,  
 As soon as I can turn t'a Ghost,  
 Which will be in a Week at most :  
 Then in the midnight Sleep I'll wake thee,  
 And ride thee worse than any Hackney.  
 I'll terrify thee Day and Night ;  
 Nay, if thou dost but go to ———  
 There will I stand with flaming Taper,  
 To fizzle thy Tail instead of Paper.  
 ' I'll make thee rue the Time that e'er  
 Thou cam'st to play thy Knave's Tricks here.  
 ' In Middle of this wrathful Speech,  
 Down drops Queen *Dido* on her Breech :  
 Her Mouth was stopp'd, and on the Ground  
 She Silent lay in doleful Swoond :  
 Shut were her Eyes ; nor had she Hearing  
 For what *Aeneas* was <sup>4</sup> preparing,  
 Upon this pitiful Occasion,  
 To say in's own Justification.

———— <sup>1</sup> *Sequar atris ignibus absens :*  
*Et, cum frigida mors animâ seduxerit artus,*  
*Omnibus umbra locis adero, ———*

———— <sup>2</sup> *Dabis improbe, pœnas,*  
<sup>3</sup> *His medium dictis sermonem abruptit, & auras*  
*Ægra fugit. ———*

<sup>4</sup> *Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem*  
*Dicere. ———*

In haste the *Tyrians* all advance  
To 'wake her Grace out of a Trance ;  
They try'd to raise her in such sort  
As when Men cry, *Le Corps est mort* :  
But here the Charm would not prevail,  
They could not raise her from her Tail :  
For though full light when her own Woman,  
Yet, in this heavy Dump, was no Man  
Could raise her up, though ne'er so mighty,  
Sorrow had made her Bum so weighty :

5 At last a Crew of strapping Jades,  
That were or should have been her Maids,  
Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,  
And having in her own Bed laid her,  
With Rugs they bolster'd her about,  
To try if she could sweat it out.

6 *Aeneas*, though 'twas his Desire  
Something t'have said might pacify her,  
And though his Heart did bleed within him,  
To think of what had pass'd between 'um,

7 Yet, because *Jove* so loud did threaten,  
He sooner durst his Nails have eaten,  
Having so terribly been chidden,  
Than not t'have done as he was bidden :  
Therefore in hade his Hostess beck'ning,  
To come and bring 'um in a Reck'ning,

— 5 *Suspiciunt famulae, collapsaque membra  
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratisque reponant.*

6 *At pius Aeneas, quanquam lenire dolentem  
Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas ;  
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore :  
7 Jusa tamen divum exequitur, —*

Straight

The brawling Rascals egg him on,  
 And make him madder to be gone.  
 Had I once dreamt the *Tearing Devil*  
 Could ever have been so uncivil,  
 Thus, like a Jade, to break his Tether,  
 I should have kept my Legs together;  
 Or have made bold t'have ty'd him faster,  
 To the due Limits of his Pasture :  
 6 But since he holds me at a Distance,  
 I beg thy sisterly Assistance :  
 Thou know'st the Temper of the Block-head,  
 And to a Hair canst fit his Pocket :  
 Therefore (dear *Nancy*) I implore thee,  
 If e'er thou'lt do any Thing for me,  
 7 Run to the Wharf with Might and Main,  
 And try to bring him back again :  
 I promise thee, and if I break  
 My Word, pray *Jove* I break my Neck,  
 8 If thou canst bring him to my Bow,  
 I'll give thee for thy Pains a Cow.  
 9 Tell him, I e'er had more Discretion,  
 Than to join Issues with the *Grecian* :

— 6 *Soror* — *miseræ hoc tamen unum*  
*Exequere, Anna, mihi; solam nam perfidus ille*  
*Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus.*  
*Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora nōras.*  
 7 *I, soror, atque hostem supplex affare superbum.*  
 8 *Extremam hanc ero veniam (miserere sororis)*  
*Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulata morte relinquam.*  
 9 *Non ego cum Dānais Trojanam excindere gentem*  
*Aulide juravi, classe nūc ad Pergama misi :*  
*Nec patris Anchisæ cineres, manē sive revelli.*  
*Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?*

# Book IV. VIRGIL Travestie.

143

I neither did meddle nor make,  
 But as they brew'd, so let them bake:  
 Nor did I e'er make Skittle Pin-bones,  
 Or Bobbins, of *Anchises'* Shin-bones:  
 Why should he then, without all Sense,  
 Thus use me like a Kitchin-Wench?  
 1 I would but beg one Kindness from him:  
 2 I will no more claim Promise on him:  
 But only that he'll tarry here,  
 Half, or a Quarter of a Year;  
 Whereby I may, before he go,  
 3 Wean myself from a Bed-fellow:  
 Or (if my Constitution can  
 Not well subsist without a Man)  
 Until I can myself supply,  
 With one to do my Drudgery:  
 I'll ask no further Obligation,  
 4 But let him to his Navigation;  
 He may to *Latium* then address,  
 And swim or sink, all's one to *Ras*.  
 5 Scarce had the woeful *Dido* done,  
 When *Nan* prepar'd her to be gone;  
 She tucks her Coats about her Haunches,  
 And to the Water-side advances;  
 She tripp'd so neatly to the Pier,  
 It would have done one good to see her:  
 One would have thought she'd gone in haste  
 Midwife to fetch, she went so fast.

---

1 *Extremum hoc miseræ det munus amanti.*

2 *Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, ara;  
 Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque.*

3 *Dum mea me vitam doceat fortuna dolore.*

4 *Nec pulchro ut Latio careat, regnumque relinquat.*

5 *Talibus orabat, talisque miserima fletus*

*Ferique, refertque soror.*

At



At last she came unto the Place  
 Where *Dido's* dear *Æneas* was ;  
 She found him set amongst his Mates,  
 The rest o'th' *Trojan* Runagates,  
 Puff'd like a Foot-ball with Vain-glory,  
 Roaring and drinking tory-rory ;  
 Like one that knew a Pot i'th' Pate  
 Would be a Mile or two o'th' Gate ;

The *Trojan* had no sooner spy'd her,  
 But: though he could not well abide her,  
 Yet, 'cause he would part fairly with her,  
 He ask'd what Wind had blown her thither.

She, putting Finger in the Eye,  
 (As Women when they list can cry)  
 Told him in what a sad Condition  
 Her Sister was ; her last Petition ;  
 And pray'd him, as he was a true Man,  
 Not to undo a proper Woman.

<sup>6</sup> But she might e'en have sav'd her Juice,  
 And kept her Tears for better Use.

<sup>7</sup> His Resolution still opposes,  
 He would go, 'spite of all their Noses ;

<sup>8</sup> And like to Hemp, which, as I take it,  
 The more you twist, you strongest make it :

———— <sup>6</sup> *Sed nullis ille movetur  
 Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.*

———— *Lachrymæ voluntur inanes,*

<sup>7</sup> *Fata obstant, &c.*

<sup>8</sup> *Ac veluti annosam valido cum robore quercum  
 Alpini Boreæ nunc hinc, nunc flatibus illinc,  
 Eruere inter se certant, &c.* ———

*Ipsa hæret scopulis, &c.*

*Haud secus assiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros  
 Tunditur, ———*

*Mens immota manet, ———*

Ev'n

Ev'n ſo, the more ſhe try'd to twine him,  
She ſtill more obſtinate did find him.

9 Then *Dido* madder grew and madder,  
No Friends ſhe had could now perſuade her;  
She ſtamp'd and ſta'd, as ſhe were Wood,  
And in her melancholy Mood,  
Calling to Mind, in woeful wiſe,  
*Aeneas* and his Treacheries,  
How often he had ſtabb'd her Honour,  
That Men would now make Ballads on her;  
She was reſolv'd, without Delay,  
\* Fairly to make herſelf away,  
And meant to put her Reſolution  
Into moſt tragick Execution.

She had, alas! too juſt Incitement  
Thus to prefer her own Indictment;  
And Reaſon good, by all Relation,  
Thus to proceed to Condemnation:  
For ſuch Portents, and dire Preſages,  
As ſtill have been Diſaſter's Pages,  
Foretold her Overthrow ſo plainly,  
She ſaw t'oppose it would in vain be.

† She call'd to waſh, and do you think?  
The Water turn'd as black as Ink;  
And that by chance, being Churning-day,  
Her Cream moſt ſtrangely turn'd to Whey!

9 *Tum vero infelix fatiſ exterrita Dido*  
\* *Mortem orat: lædet cœli convexa tueri.*  
*Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucemque relinquat,*  
† *Vidit, thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,*  
*Horrendum dictu! latices nigreſcere ſacros;*  
*Fuſſaque in obſcœnum ſe vertere vîna cruorem.*  
*Hoc viſum nulli, non ipſi effata ſorori.*

This

7 Nancy (quoth she) I've found at last,  
 A Way, for all *Aneas'* Haste,  
 If thou in the Exploit wilt join,  
 Shall pay him back in his own Coin,  
 And bring him back by our Contriving,  
 Since he's so goodly, dead or living.  
 Seeing the Rogue my Love disgraces,  
 I'll spoil his Sport in other Places.

\* A Mile from hence, or such a Space,  
 Down in a Bottom of a Place,  
 Far out of all Highways and Roads,  
 Where nothing breeds but Frogs and Toads,  
 Snakes, Adders, and such wicked Vermin,  
 That (can they catch 'em) will not spare Men:  
 There, in a Cave, lies an old ♀ Wretch,  
 An ugly, rotten, toothless Witch,  
 So old, that one would think she were  
 The eldest Devil's Grandmother.

\* Now this old Beldam can do Wonders;  
 If she but say the Word, it Thunders,

7 *Inveni, germana, viam (gratare sorori)*  
*Quæ mihi reddat eum, vel eo me solvat amantem.*

8 *Oceani finem juxta, solémque cadentem,*  
*Ultimus Æthiopum locus est ubi maximus Atlas*  
*Axem humero torquet, ———*

9 *Hinc mihi Massylæ gentis monstrata sacerdos,*  
*Hesperidum templi custos, epulæque draconi*  
*Quæ dabat, ———*

*Spargens humida mella, saporiferumque papaver.*

\* *Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes*  
*Quas velit; ast aliis duras immittere curas:*  
*Sistere aquam fluviiis, &vertere sidera retrò;*  
*Nocturnosque ciet manes. Mugire videbis*  
*Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus ornos.*

Lightens,

Lightens, or Rains, or Hails, or Snows,  
 Or any-Weather you'll suppose;  
 She'll make a Cowl-staff, by her Spelling,  
 Amble like any double Gelding;  
 And, in the deep o'th' Night, the bafe Hag  
 Can of a Cudgel make a Race-Nag;  
 A Walnut she to Sea can rig out,  
 And of an Egg she'll make a Frigot;  
 Nay, in a Thimble stem the Flood,  
 Provide the Thimble be of Wood.  
 She can, where she does owe a Spight,  
 Spoil any Bridegroom's Wedding-night,  
 And the Bride's Longing disappoint,  
 By virtue of a Cod-piece point.  
 She can make People love or hate,  
 Ev'n whom she please, or at what rate;  
 And by her Magick and her Spells,  
 Make Folks, or hang, or drown themselves.  
 In short, there's nothing that has Ill in't,  
 But she has admirable Skill in't,  
 And does her Mischiefs too as quick  
 As any Juggler does a Trick.  
 I take the Gods to witness, Sister,  
 I'm led into this Course sinister,  
 Out of no End Men wicked call;  
 But only for Revenge, that's all;  
 And, since I am so basely cross'd,  
 I'll have this Hag, or it shall cost  
 More than I'll speak of; she perchance  
 May lead my *Trojan* such a Dance,

---

*I Testor, chara, Deos, & te, germana, tuumque  
 Dulce caput, magicas invitam attingier artes.*

Shall

Shall make him glad, as fast as may be,  
 To come again, and cry *Paccavi* ;  
 Or make him hang himself at least,  
 For an Example to the rest  
 O'th' Tribe of false-dissembling Yeomen,  
 That take a Pride to ruin Women :  
 And now, by good Luck, she's now hard by here,  
 Come not an Hour ago to *Fyre*,  
 Sent for, it seems, about no ill Deed,  
 To bless a Sow that lies in Childbed ;  
 And I'll go fetch her, by her Favour,  
 With a *Subpatna*, but I'll have her.  
 2 In the mean time go thou and tie  
 Fast to the great Beam, where I lie,  
 The best new Halter thou canst choose,  
 And make a dainty running Noose ;  
 Like that fell to the Fellow's Share,  
 That made a Woman of a Mare.  
 3 Then take me out *Aeneas*' Raiment,  
 All I have left in Part of Payment :  
 His greasy Doublet, and his Trowles,  
 Where many a wand'ring *Trojan* Louse is :  
 The Treasure he has left behind him ;  
 In the great standing Press you'll find 'nm ;  
 Stuff me 'um up with Straw or Litter,  
 The worse the Stuffing is, the fitter ;  
 And ram the Tatters with a Vengeance,  
 As People use to ram their Engines ;  
 Make haste and do as I have bid ye ;  
 I'll hang the Rascal in Effigie :

---

2 *Tu secreta Pyram telto interiore sub auras  
 Erige.* 3 *Et arma viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit  
 Impius, exuviasque omnes, lectumque jugalem,  
 Quo perii, superimponas :*

dvis'd to do, and so,  
 to serve him, if I blow ;  
 though I cannot wreak my Teen, it  
 the Stomach of my Spleen yet.  
 having said, the Queen chang'd Colour,  
 it could e'er look pitifuller :  
 ald have thought, by her Dejection,  
 her woeful wan Complexion,  
 been going, just o'th' sudden,  
 , and give the Crow a Pudden.

(although she saw the Queen  
 o burst her Hoops for Teen)  
 ll enough mark'd how she look'd too,  
 her fine Pretence, was rook'd so,  
 no further on't consider,  
 ent about what she had bid her ;  
 ing no more than her last Even,  
 l been so leudly given.

erefore my Lafs does trot,  
 esently an Halter got,  
 f the best strong hempen Seer,  
 re a Cat could lick her Ear,  
 d it up with so much Art,  
 himself could do for's Heart :  
 pe, and say t'was got o'th' sudden,  
 ve so prime a special good one,  
 with fair Usage, it might come  
 ; up Carthage all and some.

---

*Abolere nefandi  
 viri monimenta jubet, monstrátque sacerdos.  
 ffata filet ; pallor simul occupat ora.  
 amen Anna novis prætexere funera sacris  
 um credit : nec tantos mente furores  
 , aut graviora timet, ————  
 iussa parat,*

For aught I know, of her own making,  
By her much Stirring and Pains-taking.

(9) A red Heart-breaker next she mow'd off,  
A Wart that *Dido* was full proud of,  
And burnt it for a strong Perfume,  
And pow'rful Spell to make him come.  
Then Hand in Hand to dance they fall,  
And grave and solemn Magick brawl,  
In such hard Figures none could tread 'em,  
But the old hobbling Hag that led 'em;  
Poor *Dido* too, alas! made one,  
Although her Dancing Days were done;  
And, though oppress'd with Woe and Care, cut  
Capers, and Tricotee'd it \* barefoot;  
† Imploring all the Deities,  
At every Step, both he's and she's,  
To turn *Aeneas* back, and make him  
Follow the Work she'd undertaken;  
Or, if he would not turn, t'afford  
The Grace to turn him over-board,  
Thus to her Footing the poor Jade,  
Out of all Measure curs'd and pray'd  
Against her Love had so offended,  
Till Dance and Charm together ended.

---

9 *Quæritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus,  
Et matri præreptus amor.*

\* *Unum exuta pedem vinclis, ———  
Testatur moritura Deos, ———*

——† *Tum, si quod non æquo fœdere amantes  
Curæ numen habet, justumque, memorque, precatur.*

is now the Time when Candles are  
 v'd by the Extinguisher ;  
 'ry Thing to sleep down lies,  
 n their Kennels, Hogs in Sties ;  
 ten and Women rest their Heads  
 eels, on Flocks, or Feather-beds.  
 ven and Fishes, Birds and Beast,  
 very thing was laid to rest ;  
 out the woeful Queen (alas !)  
 ow was brought unto that Pass,  
 with her Love, and what with Spight,  
 ould not sleep one Wink all Night.  
 omach was now piping hot,  
 oil'd and bubbled like a Pot,  
 id so strong a Wambling keep,  
 ater was to spew than sleep.  
 e not you seen an Animal  
 d an Horse, when in his Stall,  
 otts, that terrible Disease,  
 on his tender Bowels seize,  
 Groans he fetches, and what Pranks  
 ling plays upon the Planks ?  
 to, cross'd in her Amours,  
 led away her sleeping Hours,

---

*erat, & placidum carpebant fessa soporem  
 a per terras ; silvæque, & sæva quierant  
 ra :—*

*acet omnis ager, pecudes, piæque volucres,  
 e lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis  
 tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti  
 nt curas, —*

*non infelix animi Phœnissa, nec unquam  
 er in somnis, oculisve, aut pectore noctem  
 :*

*— 3 Magnôque irarum fluctuat æstu.*

F 3

Now



Now on her Back, and in such Fashion,  
 As if she lay for Consolation ;  
 Now on her Belly, now her Side,  
 All Postures and all Ways she try'd ;  
 But all in vain, nothing would do,  
 4 Her Heart was so oppress'd with Woe,  
 And Love within her did so rumble,  
 She could do nought but tofs and tumble :  
 At last, in Midst of Agitation,  
 5 She thus broke out into a Passion ;  
 Which Way, poor *Dido*, should'st thou turn thee,  
 Whilst cruel Love does thus Heart-burn thee ?  
 Thou now of Hope hast not one Spark left,  
 Th' hast brought thy Hogs to a fair Market,  
 Not one poor Dram of Consolation,  
 O Woman vile in Desperation !  
 What shall I do in this Condition,  
 To keep me from the World's Derision ?  
 6 Shall I invite to be my Spouse,  
 Some one I have forbid my House ?  
 Some saucy proud *Numidian* Jack,  
 And humbly beg of him to take  
 7 *Æneas*' Leavings, or, like Trull here,  
 Run away basely with this Sculler ?

———— 4 *Ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens*  
*Sævit amor,* ———

5 *Sic adèò infistit, secùmque ità corde volutat !*  
*En quid agam ?* ———

———— 6 *Rursusne procos irrita priores*  
*Experiar ? Nomadùmque petam connubia supplex,*  
*Quos ego sum toties jam dedignata maritos ?*  
 7 *Iliacas igitur classes, atque ultima Teucrùm*  
*Fussa sequar ?* ———

———— *Sola fugà nautas comitabor orantes ?*

8 Or shall I raise the Town in Swarms,  
And bring him back by Force of Arms?  
Alas, I fear it is no Boot!  
Foul Means would never bring him to't.  
9 No, no, I'll die; this Halter yet,  
When all Trades fail, shall do the Feat.  
\* Ah! Sister, Sister, had'st not thou  
Play'd Mistress *Quickly's* Office so,  
And sooth'd me up till I grew jolly,  
I never had committed Folly:  
No, had I made the least Resistance,  
And kept the saucy Knave at Distance,  
I might have us'd him as my list,  
And ne'er been brought to this I wist.  
\*\* Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,  
*Nan*, Fortune, and her Lover rating;  
† Whilst he Dram-full with his Potation,  
Ne'er dreaming of the doleful Passion  
He had most vilely lost his Drab in,  
Lay drunk and snoring in his Cabbin.  
‡ But *Merc'ry*, though he slept profoundly,  
|| Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly.

8 *An Tyriis, omnique manu stipata meorum  
Insequar?* —————

9 *Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque avertē dolorem.*

————— \* *Tu prima furentem*

*His, germana, malis oneras,* —————

\*\* *Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus.*

† *Æneas celsā in puppi,* —————

*Carpebat somnos* —————

‡ *Huic se forma Dei* —————

*Obtulit in somnis* —————

*Omnia Mercurio similis,*

————— || *Rursusque ita visa monere est;*

*Nate Deā* —————

And thus 'gan rattle him : Thou lousy,  
 Mangy, carclefs, drunken, drowsy  
 Coxcomb ! how oft must I be sent  
 Hither from *Jove* to compliment  
 Your Worship to a rev'rent Care  
 Of the young Bastard here, your Heir ?  
 Whil'st thou ly'st tippled, or tipping;  
 Nor car'st what Danger the poor Stripling  
 Lies open to.   <sup>1</sup> Y'ad best snore on,  
 Some-body will be here anon :  
 Take t'other Nap, do, till the Queen come,  
 She'll reckon with you for your In-come :  
 She'll rouze ye, Faith ! and (Goodman Letcher)  
 'Tis ten to one, with a good Stretcher  
 About your Ears : Therefore my loving  
 Acquaintance, you were best be <sup>2</sup> moving ;  
 Upon my Word th' Advice is wholsome,  
 Stay not until the angry Soul come ;  
 For if thou dost, mark what what I say,  
 And be'st not gone before't be Day,  
<sup>3</sup> If *Carthage* ben't about your Ears,  
 As soon as ever Day appears,  
 And do not thrash your Back and Side,  
 Far worse than *Agamemnon* did

—— <sup>1</sup> *Potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos ?*  
*Nec, quæ circumstent te deinde pericula, cernis ;*  
*Demens !* ———

*Illa dolos* ——— *in pectore versat.*

<sup>2</sup> *Non fugis hinc præceps, dum præcipitare potestas ?*  
*Eia age, rumpe moras :* ———

<sup>3</sup> *Jam mare turbari trabibus, sævâsque videbis*  
*Collucere faces, &c.* ———

*Si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.*

Thof

Thoſe of your Women-stealing Rabble,  
Give me but Six-pence, if thou'rt able,  
And here's my Hand, I do not ſport,  
I'll give thee twenty Shillings for't.  
\* Thus having ſaid, away he flies,  
E're Toſs-pot could unglue his Eyes,  
Which were ſo cemented in that Caſe,  
The Page was got as far as *Atlas*  
Back on his Way, e're he could free 'em  
From Gowl and Matter fit to ſee him :  
But having ſtreak'd and yawn'd a while,  
Snorted, and kept the uſual Coil  
That Drunkards uſe in ſuch-like Caſes,  
And made ſome dozen Devil's Faces ;  
At laſt he got his Eyes unglew'd  
Into a pretty Magnitude,  
He ſtar'd about to ſee the Viſion  
Had giv'n that courteous Admonition ;  
But 'was ſo dark, as well it might,  
Being 'twixt twelve and one at Night ;  
That had the nimble Courier  
In Kindneſs ſtaid his Leiſure there,  
Tho' clad in *Falſtaff's Kendal Green*,  
He could not poſſibly be ſeen.  
† *Aeneas* troubled herewithal,  
Seeing he could not ſee at all,  
Starts from the Tilt where he had lain,  
And calls upon his Mates amain.

---

— \* *Sic fatus, nocti ſe immiſcuit atræ.*

† *Tum vero Aeneas, ſubitis exterritus umbris,  
Corripit è ſomno corpus, ſociòſque fatigat.*

6 Rise, Sirs, quoth he, and look about ye,  
 7 I've had from *Jove*. another How d'ye.  
 His Man was here, and calls to go still,  
 His sweaty Pumps are in my Nose still.  
 He swears, and offers to lay odds on't,  
 And, if he say't, I'll lay my — on't,  
 That if we do not leave the Dock,  
 And get us hence by Four o' Clock,  
 We shall be murder'd, if we were  
 Ten times as many as we are :

Therefore I think it not amiss for's  
 To launch, for there are Rods in Pifs for's.  
 Let us but ply our Oars like tall Men,  
 Till we be got clear out of all Ken ;  
 Then, if they have a mind to lace us,  
 Let *Carthage*, if they can, come trace us.  
 \* And thou, O *Jove*, (top of my Kin !)  
 Who hitherto so kind hast been,  
 9 If now thou stick, and do not fail's,  
 Let *Dido* whistle in our Tails.

Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,  
 \* Forthwith he drew his doubty Blade,  
 And at one Slash, to all Men's Wonder,  
 Cut the Boat's triple Cord asunder :

6 *Præcipites vigilate, viri, —*

— 7 *Deus æthere missus ab alto,  
 Festinare fugam, tortósque incidere funes  
 Ecce iterum stimulat. —*

— 8 *Sequimur te, sancte Deorum,*

*Quisquis es, —*

9 *Adfis, O, placidúsque juves, & fidera cælo  
 Dextra feras !*

— \* *Dixit ; vaginâque eripit ensem  
 Fulmineum, stricôque ferit retinacula ferro.*

At which the Gang, spurr'd by so ample,  
So mighty and renown'd Example,  
Cut all the'rest, nor Staying Brooks,  
But let the Devil take the Hooks,  
And, shipping Oars, to work they fell,  
Like Men that row'd for good and all.  
Had it been Day, no doubt one might  
Have then beheld a gallant Sight.

*Neptune's* great Whiskers had not been  
So neatly <sup>2</sup> brush'd as they were then  
Of many a Year : Crabs, that did nest  
Full deep therein, could take no rest.

<sup>3</sup> They lather'd him in the great Bason,  
So admirably well, that *Jason*,  
Although he shav'd the Golden Fleece,  
■ Ne'er wash'd him half so well as these.

<sup>4</sup> *Aurora* now, who, I must tell ye,  
Was grip'd with Dolours in her Belly,  
Starts from her Couch, and o'er her Head  
Slipping on Petticoat of Red,  
Forth of the Morning Doors she goes,  
In hasty wife to pluck a Rose ;  
When *Dido*, who was broad awake,  
Hearing the rusty Hinges creak,  
Ran to her <sup>5</sup> Peeping-hole, to spy  
What was become o'th' *Trojan*'ry.

<sup>1</sup> *Idem omnes simul ardor habet : —*

— *Rapiuntque, ruuntque :*

*Litora deseruere :*

— <sup>2</sup> *Et cœrula verrunt.*

<sup>3</sup> *Adnixa torquent spumas,*

<sup>4</sup> *Et jam prima nova spargebat lumine terras*  
*Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile ;*

<sup>5</sup> *Regina è speculis, ut primum albescere lucem*

But out, alas! 7 The devil a Sail  
 Was left i'th' Port; bare as my Nail  
 The Dock was ſtripp'd; while far from Shore  
 They row'd as they ne'er row'd before.  
 At which ſad Sight, in Wrath (God bleſs us!)  
 8 Tearing her dainty yellow Treſſes,  
 She fighting ſaid, Was ever ſeen  
 So pitiful an undone Queen!  
 And ſhall this filthy *Trojan* Royſter,  
 Undo, as one would do an Oyſter,  
 Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,  
 Maugre what I can do or ſay!  
 Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave  
 Bounces and volts from Wave to Wave,  
 As he were making Ducks and Drakes,  
 With Wherries upon *Neptune's* Lakes!  
 The Devil ſure farts in his Poop.  
 And puffs his kicking Sculler up;  
 Or elſe ſome dirty Suburb-Drab  
 Has help'd the Raſcal to a Clap,  
 And ſent a running Nag to Sea,  
 He could not elſe make ſo much Way.  
 9 Cannot I burn, or ſink their Floats,  
 A loufy Fleet of rotten Boats!  
 Yes, I'm a Queen: To Sea, my People,  
 Let none remember he's a Cripple:

7 *Vidit, & æquatis claſſem procedere velis,  
 Litoraque, & vacuos ſenſit ſine remige portus.*

8 *Flaventisque abſciſſa comas, Proh! Jupiter! ibit  
 Hic, ait, & noſtris illuſerit advena regnis?*

9 *Non arma expedient? totaque ex urbe ſequentur?*  
 ————— *ite;*

*Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.*

But

But run and row, ſound and unſound,  
And thoſe you kill not, bring Home bound.

<sup>1</sup> But tarry here, goody Magiſtrate,  
Your big Commands come now too late.  
Poor *Dido*, Sorrow makes thee giddy,  
They're got to Sea five Leagues already.

<sup>2</sup> Queen, thou art mortal, and muſt die  
A Sacrifice to Lechery.  
Time was thou might'ſt have ſomething done,  
But now farewell Dominion.

<sup>3</sup> This was our huffing *Trojan* Captain,  
That his fair Mother's Smock was lapp'd in.  
Of twenty *Greeks* this was the *Cob*,  
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,  
And through the Fire, a-pick-a-pack,  
Bore the old Sinner on his Back,  
Bed-rid *Anchiſes* ; this was he  
Made the brave Voyage o'er the Sea.  
This was your truſty *Trojan*, this :  
Now he ſhews what a Man he is !

<sup>4</sup> Whiſt he was here, why did I not  
Cut the falſe Rogue's devouring Throat ?

<sup>5</sup> Or of his Baſtard make a Pye,  
And being bak'd in Paſte of Rye,

<sup>1</sup> *Quid loquor ? aut ubi ſum ? Quæ mentem inſania mutat ?*  
*Infelix Dido !* —————

————— <sup>2</sup> *Nunc te facta impia tangunt ?*

*Tum decuit, cum ſceptra dabas.* <sup>3</sup> *En dextra, fidẽſque !*

*Quem ſecum patrios aiunt portare Penates :*

*Quem ſubiiſſe humeris conſectum ætate parentem.*

<sup>4</sup> *Non potui abreptum diſvellere corpus, & undis*  
*Spargere ?* —————

————— <sup>5</sup> *Non ipſum abſumere furro*

*Aſcanium* —————

<sup>6</sup> Make



6 Make the good Trencher-man, his nasty  
 Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton-Pasty !  
 Why did I not, e're this Disgrace,  
 Kill him, and all his treach'rous 7 Race ?  
 I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I  
 Shall now depart most sneakingly.  
 8 Thou, *Sol*, who didst in pimping Sort,  
 Because thou would'st not spoil our Sport,  
 Creep into Clouds, that rainy Weather ;  
 And you that brought young Folks together,  
 9 Procurefs *Juno*, *Jove* and all  
 Ye Members of *Olympus'* Hall ;  
 I charge ye, as y're Folks of Fashion,  
 Grant this my latest \* Supplication.  
 If nothing can the Rogue withstand,  
 But that he must get safe to † Land,  
 Let it be such a Land as he  
 Had better far, upon the Sea,  
 With all his Comrogues have been drown'd,  
 Than such a wretched Place have found.  
 May he, where he expects his Leases,  
 Ne'er know what such a Thing as Peace is :

———— 6 *Patriisque epulandum apponere mensis ?*

———— 7 *Natumque, patremque,*

*Cum genere extinxem ; mecum super ipsa dedissem.*

8 *Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras :*

9 *Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conscia Juno,*  
*Nocturnisque Hecate* ———

*Et diræ ultrices, &c.* ———

———— \* *Nestras audite preces* ———

———— † *Si tangere portus*

*Infandum caput, ac terris adnare necesse est.*



*after weeping over Aeneas in Effigie hangs herself*



<sup>1</sup> But be drubb'd daily Back and Side,  
 Till his Bones rattle in his Hide.  
 May he ne'er sleep an Hour in quiet,  
 But be disturb'd with Rout and Riot;  
 Black be his Days, and may his Nights  
 Swarm with Hobgoblins, Ghosts, and Sprights;  
 May Strangers daunt him with Bravado's;  
<sup>2</sup> And spirit's Son to the *Barbado's*;  
 May he at last fall worse than Sea-sick,  
 And find no Quack to give him Physick:  
<sup>3</sup> No Help for Money, or for Love found,  
 But let him die and rot above Ground;  
 May none give House-room to the Mungril;  
 But let him perish on some <sup>4</sup> Dunghil.  
 And, when his treach'rous Soul's departed,  
 Let his foul Carcass be deserted,  
 As Traytors Quarters Men expose  
 To Hogs, and Dogs, and Kites, and Crows.  
<sup>5</sup> This my last Pray'r is, hear it then,  
 I shall ne'er trouble you again.  
 And be't your Care, ye *Tyrian* <sup>6</sup> Nation,  
 To plague this wicked Generation.

——— <sup>1</sup> *Bello audacis populi vexatus, & armis,  
 Finibus extorris* ———

——— <sup>2</sup> *Complexu avulsus Iuli,*

<sup>3</sup> *Auxilium imploret,* ———

——— <sup>4</sup> *Videátque indigna suorum  
 Funera :* ———

— *Mediâque inhumatus arenâ.*

<sup>5</sup> *Hæc precor, hanc vocem extremam—fundo.*

<sup>6</sup> *Tum vos, O Tyrii, stirpem & genus omne futurum  
 Exercete odiis, cinerique hæc mittite nostro  
 Munera :*

Kill 'em like Rats, that I may have  
Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o'er my Grave.

7 And may those Children that are yet  
To bear, and those that are to get,  
Torment them still by Land and Water,  
And still may those that follow after,  
Hate worse and worse, that so it fall,  
The last may hate them worst of all.

8 This said, she let a Groan, and sigh'd  
A doleful Sigh, that prophesy'd  
The Thread was spun, and that the *Parcæ*  
Would shortly cut it without Mercy.

9 In Mind she weigh'd, as she sat crying,  
What kind of Death was best to die in.  
Poison she thought would not be quick,  
And, which was worse, would make her sick;  
That being therefore wav'd, she thought,  
That neatly cutting her own Throat  
Might serve to do her Business for her:  
But that she thought upon with Horror,  
Because 'twould hurt her; neither cou'd  
She well endure to see her Blood.  
The next came in her Thoughts was Drowning,  
That Way she thought 'twould be a done Thing  
Soon, and with some Delight; for why  
Sorrow had made her Grace a-dry.

7 *Pugnent ipsique nepotes.*

*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*

Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera sunt.

8 *Hæc ait*

9 *Et par.es animum versabat in omnes,  
Invisam quærens quamprimum abrumpere lucem.*

But then again she fell a thinking,  
 She should be somewhat long a sinking,  
 Having been ever light of Members ;  
 And, to dissuade her more, remembers,  
 'Twould spoil the Cloaths might do some one  
 Credit when she was dead and gone.  
 On these mature Deliberations,  
 She lik'd none of these dying Fashions :  
 But looking up, and seeing the Rope  
 Ty'd to the Beam i'th' Chamber-Top,  
 With neat alluring Noose, her sick Grace  
 E'en long'd to wear it for a Necklace :  
 And in that Circle, in Conclusion,  
 She prick'd the Point of Resolution.  
<sup>1</sup> But an old Woman being by her,  
 One of her Chattles brought from *Tyre*,  
 An ancient Heir-loom to the Queen,  
 'Cause she her Husband's Nurse had been ;  
 She meant to send her first away,  
 On sleeveless Errand (as we say)  
 That she might have her Swing alone,  
 To do her Execution.

<sup>2</sup> *Cicely* (quoth she) go to my Sister,  
 Bid her tie up her Head, and wish her  
 To wash her Hands in Bran or Flour,  
 And do you in like Manner scour  
 Your dirty Golls ; for I intend to  
 Make a good Cheese, and for a Friend too,

<sup>1</sup> *Tum breviter Barcen nutricem affata Sichæi ;*

<sup>2</sup> *Annam, chara mihi nutrix, huc sis sororem :*

*Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lymphâ,*

—— *Tūque ipsa piâ tege tempora vittâ.*

O'th' Morning's Milk, let it be her Care  
 To take the great brass Pan i'th' Larder,  
 And fill the Milk into't: And hear ye?  
 Take you the large Cheese-Fat i'th' Dairy,  
 And scour it clean with Sand; bid *Joan* too  
 Get on the Pot, that she may come to;  
 And, when the Cheese is come, but break it,  
 And call; for I'll come help to make it.

<sup>3</sup> The hobbling Trot limps down the Stairs,

And now the desp'rate Queen prepares,

<sup>4</sup> Although her woeful Heart did pantle,

To make herself a sad Example.

<sup>5</sup> Towards the fatal String she moves

With tardy Pace, as it behoves

Those who, by *Nich'las* led astray,

Wilfully make themselves away.

When she came underneath the Halter,

The Colour in her Face did alter;

Whilst down her Cheeks round Liquor rowls,

As if her Eyes had been at Bowls.

First she beholds, with trickling Eyes,

<sup>6</sup> *Aeneas* his most dear Disguise;

And as the Trowles she survey'd,

Reflecting how she'ad been betray'd:

Sighing, cry'd out, <sup>7</sup> O thou who wert

The Joy and Comfort of my Heart,

——— <sup>3</sup> *Illa gradum studio celerabat anili.*

<sup>4</sup> *At trepida* ——— *Et pallida morte futurâ*

<sup>5</sup> *Interiora domûs irrupit limina, Et altos*  
*Conscendit furibunda rogos,*

——— *paulum lachrymis, Et mente morata,*

<sup>6</sup> *Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes, notumque cubile*  
*Conspexit,* ———

<sup>7</sup> *Dulces exuviae, dum fata, Deusque fiesbant;*

——— *Dixitque novissima verba.*

Whilst Casket to my dearest Jewel ;  
But, since the Fates have been so cruel,  
My Grief and Shame, farewell for ever ;  
And here I prophesy that never,  
Whoever may hereafter wear thee,  
Shall mortal *Bilbo* e'er come near thee.  
Farewell, my latest Leave I take,  
And kifs the Cafe for Ho-Boy's sake.

Thus having said, she mounts the Table,  
Because, though tall, she was not able  
To reach the Halter that must tye  
Her fast to doleful Destiny ;  
And having, like too apt a Scholar,  
Thrust her plump Neck into the Collar,  
As 'tis, you know, the hanging Fashion,  
She thus began her last Oration :

\* That I have liv'd, quoth she, and how,  
I doubt, alas ! too many know ;  
But that I now will die, is known  
To no one but myself alone ;  
And if I Nature's Debt do pay,  
And hang myself before my Day,  
The censuring World can say but this,  
That I'm the better Pay-mistress ;  
And though I die a Death, they say,  
Makes Sufferers themselves bewray,  
And die uncleanly Corpse ; yet I  
Shall leave, although I purging die,  
And go out strong as Candle-snuff,  
A Fame shall favour sweet enough.

---

\* *VIXI, &c, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi.*



8 For murther'd Spouse I've made Amends yet,  
 As far as Stealing could revenge it,  
 And made *Pygmalion*, that undid us,  
 Pay Sauce for making People Widows.  
 And, at my proper Costs and Charges,  
 A Village built, which for its Largeness,  
 9 In a few Years might well have grown  
 To be a pretty Market-Town,  
 Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come  
 T' undo what all my Care had done.

Then going to turn off: \* But must  
 I go, quoth she, and is it just,  
 I die like Felon vile, or Traytor,  
 Sans Vengeance on this Fornicator;  
 † And whilst the Stallion proudly stalks it,  
 Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?  
 Yes, die, 'as 'twas foretold thee long since,  
 If but to trouble the Knave's Conscience:  
 Then 'cause she would, to part the sweeter,  
 A Portion have of *Hopkins'* Meeter,  
 As People use at Execution,  
 For the *Decorum* of Conclusion,  
 Being too sad to sing, she says,

---

Which, with a Grace like his that penn'd it,  
 To her great Comfort, being ended,

---

8 *Urbem præclaram statui; mea mœnia vidi;  
 Ulta virum, pœnas inimico à fratre recepi.*

9 *Felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum  
 Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostræ carinæ!*

\* *Sed moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

† *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto  
 Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat omina mortis.*

And

And Ceremonies now compleat,  
Proceeding to the final Feat ;  
Thus, thus, (quoth she) to Shades of Night  
I go, and thus I take my Flight.

<sup>1</sup> With that she from the Table swung,  
And happy 'was the Rope was strong  
Enough, in such a Swing, to stop her,  
Her Grace might else have broke her Crupper ;

<sup>2</sup> So have I seen in Forest tall,  
From Friendly Cup the Acorn fall,  
And Bullace tumble from the Tree,  
As ripe for Hanging, down fell she,  
She caper'd twice or thrice most finely ;  
But th' Rope embrac'd her Neck so kindly,  
Till at the last in mortal Trance,  
She did conclude the dismal Dance :

A yellow aromatick Matter  
Dropp'd from her Heels, commix'd with Water,  
Which, sinking through the Chamber-floor.

<sup>3</sup> Set all the House in sad Uproar,  
All at the first that they amiss thought,  
Was that her Grace had miss'd the Piss-pot ;  
And when the Stairs they had ascended,  
And saw her Majesty suspended ;

<sup>1</sup> *Dixerat ; atque illam media inter talia* ———

<sup>2</sup> *Non aliter, quam si immixtis ruat hostibus omnis  
Carthago,* ———

<sup>3</sup> *It clamor ad alta  
Atria ; concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,*

The Servants, frighted paſt their Senſes,  
Tumble o'er Buffets, Forms, and Benches,  
And ran to all the next Abidings,  
With open Cry to tell the Tidings.

4 Ev'n like unto the diſmal Yowl,  
When triſtful Dogs at Midnight howl;  
Or like the Dirges that, through Noſe,  
Hum out to daunt their *Pagan* Foes,  
When holy Round-heads go to Battle;  
With ſuch a Yell did *Carthage* rattle:

5 At the firſt News poor *Nancy* shrieks,  
And tearing Hair, and ſcratching Cheeks,  
Ran up the Stairs, and, like a Fell-shrew,  
Made all, that ſtopp'd her, feel her Elbow;  
Till having jolted all Oppoſers,  
And thruſt ſome twenty on their Noſes;  
At laſt the Place ſhe ſet her Feet on,  
Where *Dido* hung to dry or ſweeten:

6 Was it for this, ah Siſter, Siſter,  
That I was ſent to Gaffer *Twifter*  
To buy a Robe! 7 Was this, quoth ſhe,  
Your fine Device to cozen me!

Could none a Halter elſe prepare ye,  
But I muſt be made acceſſary!

Why knew I not thy dire Intent, as  
I ſtill thy chiefeſt Confident was!

4 *Lamentis, gemituque, & fœmineo ululatu  
Teſta fremunt; reſonat magnis plangoribus æther;  
Non aliter, quam ſi, &c.* ———

5 *Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita curſu  
Unguibus ora ſoror ſœdans, & pectora pugnis,  
Per medios ruit,* ———

6 *Hoc illud, germana, fuit?* ———

——— 7 *Me fraude petebas?*

*Hoc roguſ iſte mihi, hoc ignes, aræque parabant?*

8 What

8 What did'st thou know, but kindly I  
Might e'en have hang'd for Company ?  
But, in thy Ruin, I and all  
The People suffer, great and small ;  
And, in this wilful Woman-slaughter,  
9 Th'ast hang'd up *Carthage* Son and Daughter,  
\* But stay, methinks I am not hasty  
To close those Eyes that stare so ghastly :  
† Which said, her Buttocks on the Board  
She tofs'd, that all the Chamber roar'd ;  
And, being an active Lass, and light,  
At one Jump more stood bolt upright.  
‡ Thrice in her Arms did *Nancy* catch her,  
Thrice thump'd her Bosom to dispatch her,  
And thrice her latest Breath did roar,  
In hollow Sound at Postern-door.

|| Then *Juno*, who had ever been  
As 'twere sworn Sister to the Queen ;  
Hearing the lamentable Cries  
That from her Village pierc'd the Skies,  
Down towards *Carthage* bent her Looks,  
Where seeing all Things off the Hooks,

—— 8 *Comitêmq; sororem*

*Sprevisti moriens ? eadem me ad fata vocâsses :*

*Idem ambas ferro dolor, &c. ———*

9 *Extincti me, tēque, soror, populūmq; patrēsque*  
*Sidonios, urbēmq; tuam ; date, vulnera lymphis*

\* *Abluam, ———*

—— † *Sic fata, gradus evaserat altos,*

‡ *Semianimēmq; sinu germanam amplexa fovebat*  
*Cum gemitu, &c. ———*

*Ter sese attollens ———*

*Ter revoluta toro est, ———*

|| *Tum Juno ———*

And

\* Which said, and tossing high her Blade  
 With great Dexterity, the Maid,  
 † O wonderful ! ev'n at one Side-blow,  
 Spoil'd a good Rope, and down dropp'd *Dido*.

---

\* *Sic ait* \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ † *Et dextrâ crinem secat : omnis & unâ  
 Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos. vita recessit.*

---

*The End of the Fourth BOOK.*

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*Eurlesque*

*Burlesque upon Burlesque :*

O R, T H E

SCOFFER SCOFF'D.

Being some of

L U C I A N's

D I A L O G U E S

Newly put into

*English* Fustian,

For the Consolation of those who had  
rather *Laugh and be Merry*, than be  
*Merry and Wise*.

---

By CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

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The SEVENTH EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M.DCC.LXV.



*J. Goupy del.*

*Mercury & Vulcan nailing Prometheus*



# P R O L O G U E.

**G**entiles, Behold a Rural Muse,  
In home-spun Robes, and clouted Shoes,  
Presents you old, but now translated News.

*We in the Country do not scorn  
Our Walls with Ballads to adorn,  
Of Patient Grizell, and the Lord of Lorne:*

*Old Tales, old Songs, and an old Jest,  
Our Stomachs easily'st digest;  
And, of all Plays, Hieronymo's the best.*

*We bring you here a Fustian-piece,  
Writ by a merry Wag of Greece,  
Which yet the Learned say's not much amiss.*

*And, if 'gainst Style except you shall,  
We must acquaint you once for all,  
'Tis but Burlesque in the Original.*

*The Subject is without Offence,  
Do but some smutty Word dispense,  
We'll make amends with Rhime, if not with Sense.*



*Besides, you must not take a Picque,,  
If he sometimes speak plain and gleek ;  
Without that License he could be no Greek.*

*But we ourselves Jo hate Prophaners,  
And all Corrupters of good Manners,  
He's qualified for all Entertainers :*

*And is so well reform'd from Riot,  
His Book is made so wholesome Diet,  
Virgins and Boys can run no Danger by it.*

*But why a Prologue you will say,  
To what nor is, nor's like a Play?  
That I expect you in my Dish should lay.*

*Why, though this Antick new-vamp'd Wit  
With no such vain Design was writ,  
That it should either Gall'ry, Box, or Pit:*

*Yet my renowned Author says,  
These Scenes with those may pass for Plays  
Were writ i'th' Dutchess of ——— Days.*

*But she is gone (I speak it quaking,  
The sleeping Lioness for waking)  
To write in a new World of her own making.*

*And, now that she has shut the Pit,  
You even must contented sit,  
And take such homely Fare as you can get.*

*For This, the Rhimer says that penn'd it,  
For a fine Piece 'twas not intended,  
Since in a Month 'twas both begun and ended.*

*Some Favour he expects therefore,  
And does your Mercies (Sirs) implore  
On one that never troubled you before.*

*But yet he bid me, e're I went hence,  
To tell you, that, whate'er's your Sentence,  
It shall not cost him half an Hour's Repentance.*





## Prometheus, or Caucasus.

**T**HE Author, (who, no doubt, had Wit).

*This Piece of Railery then writ,  
When Paganism was in Fashion :  
By this ridiculous Narration  
To beat into the Brains o'th' rude  
And logger-headed Multitude,  
That what the wanton Poets feign,  
Of one Prometheus, is vain,  
And fit to be (here be it said)  
By none but Coxcombs credited:  
Wherein his Meaning further is  
To take away th' Authorities  
Of Lyes and Fables, which did pigeon  
The Rabble into false Religion.  
Which also was his Drift ('tis odds)  
In th' other Dialogues o'th' Gods;  
Of which, this here plac'd first of all  
Seems to be Captain-General.*



# DIALOGUE.

VULCAN, MERCURY, and PROMETHEUS.

*Merc.* SO, now to *Caucasus* we're got;  
Come, *Vulcan*, let us look about  
For some good *Rock*, where we may fall  
To nailing fast the *Criminal*.  
'Tis more than Time that we had done it:  
But let's chuse one has no Snow on it;  
That of both *Manacle* and *Gieve*  
The Nails we to the Head may drive;  
And one that also on each Side  
Does open lie to be descry'd,  
That *Passengers* may be aware on't,  
And the *Rogue's* Shame the more apparent.

*Vulcan.* Content; but we must nail him so,  
That he may neither hang so low,  
That *Mortals*, soon as they shall spy him,  
May presently come and untye him;  
Nor must we fasten him so high,  
As to be out of Reach of Eye:  
The Torment then would be unknown,  
That's meant an exemplary one.  
Therefore be rul'd by my Advice,  
We'll hang him on this *Precipice*  
I'th' middle of the Mountain there,  
Chaining one Hand to this Rock here,

154 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

T'other to that that's opposite,  
And there he will hang fair in fight;  
Where *Friend* and *Fee* at Ease may view him,  
But the *grand Devil* can't get to him.

*Merc.* I like thy Reasons wond'rous well;  
They both are inaccessible.

Come (Sir *Prometheus*) if you please,  
And mount a Step for your own Ease;  
Nay, never *hang an Arse* for th' Matter,  
It is in vain to cog and flatter:  
Come on, I say, and ne'er draw back for't,  
Or those large Lugs of yours will crack for't;  
Why when, I say! come mount apace,  
And hang, Man, with a handsome Grace.

*Prom.* Haul me not, prithee, on this Fashion,  
But take some small Commiseration  
Upon a *paovre Diable*,  
Unjustly made thus miserable.

*Merc.* What! I believe thou art so kind  
(Thou bear'st a very loving Mind)  
'To have us truss'd up in thy room  
For disobeying great *Jove's* Doom!  
Do'st think this *Caucasus* to be  
Too little to hold all us three?  
Or would it Comfort be to thee  
T'have Fellows in thy Misery?  
*Your Scrwant, Sir*, we thank you kindly,  
And in Return we mean to bind ye,  
Where any Friend you have may find ye.  
Come (Sir) your Right-hand; *Vulcan*, drive:  
Well driven, *as I hope to live!*  
Such Things I see thou hast an Art in;  
'That Hand I warrant's *fast for starting*,  
Come (Sir) your left; here, strike again,  
And drive this Home *with might and main*.

Ha!

Ha ! ha ! old *Smutty-face*, well said,  
*Th'haft bit the Nail (i'faith) o'th' Head.*  
 Here, here, now take me this right *Leg*,  
 And drive me here another *Peg*.  
 Well said ! here make me this fast too,  
 And then there is no more to do.  
 'Zlid, thou hast *done it to a Hair* :  
 So, now (*Sir*) you may take the *Air*,  
 And may contemplate all alone ;  
 'The *Vulture* will come down anon  
 To prey upon your *Entrails, Don* ;  
 A *Recompence*, a worthy one,  
 For your most fine *Invention*.

}

*Prom.* O gentle Mother *Earth* that bore me,  
 And in thy *Throws* didst loud groan for me ;  
 Thou *Saturn*, and *Japetus* too,  
*Alas the Day*, what shall I do ?  
 What ! must I undergo this *Woe-thing*,  
 And suffer thus for doing nothing ?

*Merc.* No ! call'st it nothing (*wicked Beast*)  
 To cheat great *Jove* at a great *Feast* !  
 To give him *Bones* (a *Trick* that new is)  
 Smear'd over with a little *Brewis*,  
 And keep the best o'th' *Meat* (forsooth)  
 For your own *Worship's dainty Tooth* !  
 Besides, I wonder much (*Wife-aker*)  
 Who 'twas that made you a *Man-maker* !  
 That subtle crafty *Animal* ;  
 And *Woman* too, the worst of all !  
 And then to steal the *Fire* from *Heaven*,  
 Which only to the *Gods* was given ;  
 And that they prize above all measure  
 Much more than all their other *Treasure* ;

156 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

After all which, hast thou a Face,  
So varnish'd, nay, so vamp'd with Brass;  
Or rather steel'd with Impudence,  
To preach to us thy Innocence!  
And to complain thou hast wrong done thee!  
Thou *wicked Rogue*, now out upon thee!

*Prom.* Hast thou the stony Heart to rate  
And use me thus in this Estate?

And to reproach me for things here,  
For which, by all the Gods I swear,  
And all of them to Witness call

That dine and sup in *Yow'* fair Hall,  
I deserve rather, than this Doom,

A Pension i'th' \* *Prytonium*.

And if thou would'st but give me Leisure,

*In Sadness*, I could take a Pleasure,

(For all, I know, thou must do glory

In thy renowned Oratory)

Now with thee to dispute the Case,

And argue't with thee *Face to Face*;

To baffle in thy Person here

Thy mighty Master *Jupiter*.

Take then upon thee his Defence

With ~~all thy~~ mighty Eloquence,

And make't appear that he has Reason

To chain me here this bitter Season,

In Prospect of the *Caspian Ports*,

To which the trading World resorts,

To all those Crowds of Men to be

A Spectacle of Misery;

Yea (and what's more) of Horror, ev'n

To *Scythians*, to whom is giv'n,

By all that have been hither \* driv'n,

The Name of bloody't under Heav'n.

*Necessity of Trading, as well as by the Winds*

\* *The Ex-  
chequer of  
Athens.*

} \* *The Au-  
thor means  
driven by*

*Merc.* Faith, thy Defence comes now too late ;  
But, if thou hast a mind to prate,  
We'll give thee Hearing, and we may ;  
For we are here enjoin'd to stay  
Until we see the \* *Pigeon-driver* \* *The Vul.*  
Come down to prey upon thy Liver. *ture.*  
In the mean time we'll shew our Breeding  
In our Attention to thy Pleading ;  
Make use of Time then, and be quick  
In pouring out thy Rhetorick,  
'Twill doubtless ravish ; for I hear  
Thou art a mighty *Sophister*.

*Prom.* Nay, to speak first it is thy Part,  
Because thou my Accuser art ;  
And, in so doing, take heed, pray,  
You don't your Master's Cause betray :  
*Smug* here shall stand by, and be mute,  
And be the *Judge* of our Dispute.

*Vulc.* Who, I be *Judge* against my *Father* !  
Thy Peacher and thy Hangman rather,  
For having my own Forge bereaven  
Of Heat, by stealing Fire from Heaven.

*Prom.* Why then I'll tell you what to do,  
Your Accusations split in two ;  
\* *Thou* of the *Best* to speak hadst best, \* *Speaking*  
And let *him* handle *all the rest* ; *to Vulcan.*  
T'other Offerers leave to him :  
And also it would ill beseem  
The *God of Thieves*, in open Session,  
To speak against *his own Profession*.

*Vulc.* No, no, to meddle I am loth,  
*Mercury* here shall speak for's both ;  
He is a *Clerk* of better Reading,  
For my Part, I've no Skill in Pleading :



158 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

He has been bred to't, I was ne'er  
Cut out to be a *Barriſter* ;  
My Head too heavy was and logger,  
Ever to make a *Petifogger* ;  
I'll ne'er deny it, I've more Art  
In clouting of a crazy Cart :  
But *be* by Hawling, 'tis well known,  
Has gotten many a good Half-Crown ;  
And by *that Trade* has got his Living,  
(For all thy Talk) as well as *Thieving*.

*Merc.* It would require a tedious Time  
Piecemeal to handle ev'ry Crime  
Of which thou, lousy, mangy, filthy,  
Abominable *Knave*, art guilty :  
Nor is't enough, in running Faſhion,  
Barely to name each *Accuſation* :  
But, ſince my *Gentleman* confeſſes,  
Nay glories in his *Wickedneſſes*,  
My Task by that ſo much the leſs is.  
And it great Folly were to babble  
A great long tedious Ribble-rabble  
Of Crimes would load a Council-Table,  
And go about, with grave Sentences,  
To prove a *Bead-Roll* of Offences,  
Of which, without being ſo ſtrict,  
He is by his own Mouth convict ;  
And therefore I ſhall ſay but this,  
That undeniably it is  
The greateſt Injury can be  
To *Jupiter's* great Clemency  
So often to relapſe into  
Crimes (*Sir*) for which, you full well knew  
The Gallows were long ſince your Due ;

And,

And, in Defiance still of Heaven,  
To sin as often as forgiven.

*Prom.* A great Case in few Words laid open ;  
Learnedly has your *Worship* spoken :  
Good *Master Serjeant*, y'ave undone  
The *Lawyers* ev'ry Mother's Son :  
'Tis Pity but you had held on,  
It was so pithy an *Oration*.

But now how wise your Accusation  
Is in the Substance, would be known,  
And that (*Sir*) we shall see anon.  
But since you think ye've said enough,  
Without one Syllable of Proof,  
I'll enter into my Defence,  
To answer your great Eloquence.  
And, first and foremost, here I all  
The *Gods* in *Heav'n* to witness call,  
It pities me to th' Heart to see  
That the great *Jupiter* should be  
So out of humour, and so grum,  
As to pronounce this heavy Doom,  
Not only on a Man, but even  
A *God* who has a Right in *Heaven*,  
One of the merriest of *hoon Blades*,  
And one too of his old *Comrades*,  
Nay, one that sometime (much Good do him)  
Has been full serviceable to him :  
And all this only for a Jest  
I put upon him at a Feast !  
But, had I thought he'd been so loddan  
Of his bak'd, fry'd, boil'd, roast, and sodden,  
I should (I am not such a *Noddy*)  
Have jested with some other Body.

Thou

160 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

Thou know'st what Liberty of jesting  
 Every one takes when they are feasting,  
 Where we throw Cushions, Chairs, and Stools,  
 And none but Children, or mere Fools,  
 Any Thing ever do take ill,  
 Let a Man do whate'er he will:  
 But evermore the better Sort  
 Turn all to Railery and Sport.  
 But for one, of the State that his is,  
 To let such a poor Thing as this is,  
 (Scarcely the Shadow of Wrong)  
 Lie fest'ring in his Heart so long,  
 And to this damnable Degree  
 To wreak his Anger as you see,  
*In my poor Judgment*, is a Part  
 So much below the gen'rous Heart  
 Not only of a God to do,  
 And of all Gods the Sov'reign too;  
 But even of a Gentleman,  
 A civil and a well-bred Man:  
 For if such honest Liberties,  
 Such Pastimes, and such Tricks as these,  
 Must banish'd be from merry Meetings,  
 I fain would know what at such Sitings  
 There will be left to do, but fill  
 One's Guts like Brutes, so munch and swill?  
 Which is unfit, (if I am able  
 To judge) of any civil Table.  
 I did not then, I swear, imagine  
 He would have taken't in such dudin';  
 Or that he'd had so little Wit,  
 As the next Day to think of it;  
 Much less he would have been so canker'd,  
 So false a *Brother of the Tankard*,

As to have plagu'd me in this sort  
For what I only did in Sport.  
What if in Play I made one Melf  
Than others something worse and less,  
And offer'd 'em to his refusing,  
Only to try his Wit in chusing ?  
Was that so heinous an Offence,  
He must bear Malice ever since,  
And nourish such a damn'd Malignity,  
As if the uttermost Indignity,  
Both to his Person and his Crown,  
I offer'd had that e'er was known ?  
But come now, at the *worst let's take it,*  
*And mak't as ill as ill can make it :*  
Suppose, more than thou didst at first,  
Not only that his Share was worst,  
But that he'd had no Part at all,  
Must he for this make all this Brawl ?  
And must he (as th'old Saying is),  
For such a trivial Toy as this,  
(A Thing indeed not worth a Feather)  
*Shuffle both Heaven and Earth together ?*  
And, of one Meal for the great Losses,  
Of nothing talk but Stocks and Crosses,  
Racks, Gibbets, and these new Devices  
Of Vultures, Rocks, and Precipices !  
Let him take heed, when this is bruited,  
That this Proceeding ben't imputed  
To an Unworthiness of Spirit :  
I promise you I greatly fear it ;  
For a great Thing I fain would know,  
What would this *Thund'rer* stick to do,  
Who makes this strange unheard-of Clutter  
For loosing of his Bread and Butter ?

162 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

How many *Men* would scorn this odd,  
 This strange Proceeding of a *God*!  
 Does any *History* relate,  
 That ever Man of any State  
 So greedy was, or passionate,  
 To *make*, or *put* his Cook away,  
 For licking of his Fingers, pray?  
 Or if a *Tripe*, or so, he rifles,  
 One ne'er regards such pretty *Trifles*;  
 Or, if one do chastise him for it,  
 'Tis only with a *Kick*, or *Whirret*:  
 But, for so small a *Peccadil*,  
 To send a Man up *Holborn-Hill*  
 An Act is of an odious Dye,  
 And an unheard-of Cruelty!

Thus much to say I've ta'en Occasion  
 To th' first Point of my Accusation;  
 Wherein so pitiful's the Matter  
 Which does my Innocence bespatter,  
 That (though I do not often use it)  
 I almost blush'd but to excuse it;  
 They then may sure blush well enough,  
 Who charge me with such *wretched Stuff*.

Let's now to the next *Charge* proceed,  
 And that's a heinous one indeed,  
*The making Man*; wherein I am  
 To seek 'gainst what you would declaim:  
 Whether the Thing a Crime you call  
 Consist in *making Man at all*;  
 Or that it only is *the Fashion*  
 That wants your Worship's Approbation?  
 But we'll examine *both*, that's fair:  
 And to the *first*, I do declare,  
 The Gods so far from losing are

Any thing by this new Creation,  
That (if they would be Folks of Fashion,  
And with their Neighbours would be quiet)  
They're infinitely Gainers by it :  
And (though they will be so outrageous)  
For them 'tis much more advantageous,  
That there be Men, tho' they be evil,  
Deform'd, and wicked as the *Devil*,  
And good, or bad, or low, or tall,  
Than that there should be none at all.  
And (back into past Time to go)  
In the Beginning, you must know,  
The *World*, which now no Tenants wants,  
Save *Gods*, had no *Inhabitants*.  
At which good Time the *Earth* (alas !)  
Nought but a vast wild *Desart* was,  
All overgrown with Trees and *Bushes*,  
Mansions for *Blackbirds*, *Jays*, and *Thrushes*,  
Where there no Riding was, but Walking,  
Good store of *Game*, but no good *Hawking* ;  
Where Herds and Deer did graze and fill 'em,  
But no-body to hunt and kill 'em,  
From whence (Sir *Merc'ry*) by your Leave,  
Do you in your wise Head conceive  
Come all those goodly well-till'd Fields,  
That so good *Wheat* and *Barley* yield ;  
Whence these fine *Gardens* with their Flowers,  
The *Temples* with their stately *Towers*,  
Of *Altars* all this mighty Store,  
And *Statues* which the World adore,  
And several Things that I could mention,  
But from Man's Labour and Invention ?  
Therefore as I, who from a *Groom*,  
No bigger than a *Miller's Thumb*,

Have

164 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

Have still been taking daily Pains,  
 And *rudgeling* about my Brains  
 To find Inventions out that shou'd  
 Conduce unto the publick Good,  
 Was musing after my old rate,  
 And meditating this and that,      ¶  
 An old *Diogenes* in Tub-like,  
 For something useful to the Publick ;  
 As Poets sing, without delay  
 I took some Water and some Clay,  
 And, temp'ring them together \* thus,      • 1  
 E'en made a Man like one of us,      his  
 Wherein *Minerva* was an Actress,      an  
 (I'll not conceal my Benefactress)      Th  
 And this is all, *as I am civil*,  
 That I committed have of Evil,  
 A mighty Matter (without doubt)      ¶  
 For *Jove* to keep this Stir about !  
 But what complain the Gods of, trow ?  
 What is it that offends them so ?  
 Do not my *Creatures* them adore ?  
 Are they less Gods now, than before  
 I undertook this *Puppets* Trade,  
 And Male and Female *Babies* made ?  
 For but to see how *Jupiter*  
 Does fret, and fume, and stamp, and stare,  
 Threaten and huff, and swear and swagger.  
 And clap his Hand on Dudgeon Dagger,  
 A Man would think that he had lost  
 The half of his Estate almost,  
 At least his Grandfather's Seal-Ring,  
 Or some most dearly-beloved Thing.  
 What ? is his Majesty afraid  
 Those dapper Fellows I have made,      1

Against his Pow'r should rant and roar,  
As did the Giants heretofore !  
Or, if they should turn *Mutineers*,  
Which yet they dare not for their Ears,  
As he, who could the Sons of *Titan*  
For all their Huffing) make be—— 'em,  
Much more reduce them all to Reason,  
Grown feebler *now*, than at *that Season* ?  
The Gods then, by my fine Device,  
Sustain no kind of Prejudice ;  
But, to shew forth and make it plain,  
That they by my Invention gain,  
Do but behold the Earth which was  
In former Days a barren Place,  
With Thorns and Brambles over-spread ;  
But now improv'd and husbanded,  
Affording Things innumerable  
To cloath Man's Back, and store his Table ;  
For of itself it nought produces  
But Crabs, and Fruits of sowre Juices :  
Nay, e'en the Sea is in some Fashion  
Appeas'd and tam'd by Navigation.  
The Islands are inhabited,  
The World's round Face with *Cities* spread,  
Where Men do sacrifice, and pray  
On many a merry *Holy-day*.  
In short (as the small Poet says)  
Temples, Towns, Streets, nay, the High-ways,  
(As oft as People travel there)  
Are all brim-full of *Jupiter*.  
Again, if one could make a Story  
That I had aim'd at my own Glory  
In doing this, it something were ;  
But it does contrary appear.

For,



166 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

For, 'mongst so many Fanes that rise  
 To such a *Crew* of *Deities*,  
 Of any one didst hear't related  
 Unto *Prometheus* dedicated?  
 Which does sufficiently declare,  
 That I my own particular  
 Honour and Interest have neglected,  
 And, but the Publick, nought respected.  
 Consider further (*Mercury*)  
 That that we call Felicity,  
 Without a Witness looking on,  
 Can be but an imperfect one;  
 And that, if Mortals there were none  
 To see this great Creation,  
 The World would be but a dead Mass,  
 And our Advantages much less,  
 (Tho' the strange Fabrick will require it)  
 In having no one to admire it,  
 Again, as Things to us are known  
 But only by Comparison;  
 So, if unhappy Men were none,  
 Our Happiness would be unknown;  
 And for such Benefits as these,  
 Instead of giving me large Fees,  
 At least great Honour for Reward,  
 You crucify me, which goes hard;  
 That Smart unto my feeling Sense  
 Must be my Virtue's Recompence.  
 But what! there are Adulterers,  
 Murtherers, Robbers, Ravishers,  
 Perhaps you'll argue, amongst *Men*:  
 Why, if there are, I pray what then?  
 Are there not amongst *Us* the same,  
 As void of Honesty and Shame?

An

yet for this we don't condemn  
Heav'n and Earth that nourish'd them.  
You will add, perhaps, this more,  
we've more Trouble than before,  
are put to't to find Supplies  
many more Necessities ;

ever heard, I know would fain,  
shepherd of his Flock complain  
fruitfulness, tho' they year'd double,  
if they help'd him to more Trouble :  
useful 'tis, 'tis profitable,

pleasant too, and honourable ;  
his Advantage brings with't too,  
it is us something still to do ;  
as we otherwise should go

Hands in Pockets ev'ry Day,  
nothing have to do but play ;  
will and guttle ev'ry Day,

*Nectar and Ambrosia.*

that at which most vex'd I am,  
hear those the most exclaim

men, who least can be without 'em,

if they Women meet, do rout 'em,  
the fine Knacks they wear about 'em.  
though they keep this mighty Pother.  
love them more than any other.

and each Day to thousand Shapes  
transform themselves to act their Rapes,  
not contented (as they say)

like a *Snatch*, and so away :

that they may stick longer to't,  
make them *Goddeses* to boot.

Some may say, that I had Reason,  
that *Man-making* was no Treason,

Only

168      *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

Only it should not have been thus,  
To make him like to one of *Us*.  
And could I in ingenious *Noddle*  
Have chosen out a fitter Model  
Whereby my Art might be express'd,  
Than that I knew was perfectest?  
Had I begun my Making-Trade  
With Four-legg'd Beasts, and Brutes had made,  
Perhaps it would have been no Sin,  
And I no Criminal had been:  
But from such *Creatures* of mere Sense,  
Devoid of all Intelligence,  
With Faces prone, and Looks dejected,  
What Service could you have expected?  
The Gods had been, without Dispute,  
Most rarely-worship'd by a Brute:  
A great *Bull* would have been, I fear,  
But an obstrep'rous Worshipper,  
And bellowing Prayers, I'm afraid,  
Great *Jupiter* would have dismay'd.  
An *Ass* or *Horse*, in senseless wise,  
Would *bray* or *whinny* Liturgies.  
To hear (Sir *Merc'ry*) it would fear ye,  
A Wolf brawl out a *Miserere*;  
And t'hear a Lion, worse than that,  
Roaring out a *Magnificat*.  
Come, come (*my Masters*) say I must  
That you are horribly unjust,  
You stick not far as *Egypt* roam  
Only to snuff a *Hecatomb*,  
And him the Cause, your Malice dooms,  
You *Altars* have and *Hecatombs*;  
But come, enough of this! Let's on  
To my last Accusation,

*zing Fire.* And first, have I  
crish'd any Deity,  
ing given it to Men ?  
e you now less Fire, than when  
herewith inspir'd no Creature ?  
it not the proper Nature  
t warm Element to dart  
ys and Heats to ev'ry Part,  
t still to continue Fire,  
g its Virtue still entire ?  
what a vain Objection's this,  
*Fetch, and a meer Caprice,*  
and unbecfitting all  
oets *Benefactors* call !  
s, had I purloined ev'n  
e last Spark of Fire in *Heav'n*,  
not wrong'd the Gods a Bit ;  
boil no Pot, nor turn no Spit :  
ur *Ambrosia* does not need  
or *hash'd*, or *fricasy'd*.  
t may there forget his Trade,  
nor *Pottage*, nor *Ooglio's* made ;  
as poor Men, contrariwise,  
it for their Necessities,  
no other Use at all  
sacrifice to you withal.  
u not love to smell the Roast  
good Rammish Holocaust ?  
t 'tis plain (for all Pretences)  
peak against your Consciences.  
der (hang me if I don't)  
this is such a great Affront,  
of your Fire since you're so wary,  
a'nt forbid *Don Luminary*

170 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

T'impart his Light, which is, I'm sure,  
A Fire more glorious and more pure ;  
And that, t' o'erthrow the Use of Dial,  
You do not bring him to his Trial,  
For having thus, without all Measure,  
Profusely squander'd out your Treasure,  
And, like a treach'rous Trust-breaker,  
Leudly embezzel'd your Exchequer.

This is (you Pair of *Jove's Bumbailiffs*,  
Or *Hangmen rather*) *Sum totalis*  
Of what I'd for myself to say ;  
If you confute me can, you may ;  
But (for I ever lov'd Pain-dealing)  
(O *Mercury*, thou God of Stealing)  
'To tell thee the plain Truth o'th' Story,  
'Tis past, I doubt, thy Oratory ;  
But do me right, *pledge and 'twere Water* ;  
Reply, altho' not much to th' Matter.

*Merc.* It is not easy (I confess)  
To baffle such a Plate of Brass ;  
For, in my Days, I ne'er did hear  
So impudent a *Sophister*.  
And well's thee *Jupiter's* not near thee,  
Who, had he chanc'd to over-hear thee,  
I confidently do assure thee,  
Thou would'st have so provok'd his Fury,  
By stand'ring him under Pretence  
Of pleading in thy own Defence ;  
So vilely stand'ring him, that he,  
For such a grand Indignity,  
Would, in his burning Indignation,  
Have sent thee down, instead of one,  
A dozen *Vultures* of a Feather  
To prey upon thy Lungs together,

But

But tell me why thou, being a *Prophet*,  
{For surely thou knew'st nothing of it} ;  
Hadst not the Knowledge to foresee  
The Evil was to fall to thee ?

*Prom.* Oh (*Mercury*) hold thee content ;  
One may foresee, but not prevent.  
I did foresee it well enough ;  
Of which, to give thee further Proof,  
Know, that I likewise did foresee  
A \* *Theban* should deliver me,  
One of thy old Acquaintance, and  
A proper Fellow of his Hand,  
Who, with a lusty Bolt and Tiller,  
Will come and be my *Vulture's* Killer.

\* *Hercules.*

*Merc.* I wish he were already come,  
And that in *Jove's* great Dining-Room  
We were, with each one a good Thwittle,  
Again set down to swill and vittle,  
Provided (*Seignior*) do you see,  
That you should not the Carver be,  
Especially (my Friend) for me.

}

*Prom.* Why thou wilt see me there agen,  
Marry, I cannot just say when :  
But I will tell thee, 'twixt us two,  
I shall so rare a Service do  
For *Jupiter*, that for my Labour  
He will restore me to his Favour.

*Merc.* What Service is it that so great is ?

*Prom.* Thou know'st a Lais call'd *Madam Thetis*,  
A pretty little wanton *Drab* :  
But I a Secret will not blab,  
That is to purchase and advance  
My Peace and my Deliverance.

172      *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

*Merc.* If it be so, thou dost full well,  
Yea, and full wisely, not to tell :  
But, *Vulcan*, come, we must away,  
For yonder is the *Bird of Prey*,  
I see him in a *Kill-duck* Place,  
Ready to make a Stoop : Alas !  
Beware thy Liver now, I'm sorry  
(*Prometheus*) very sorry for ye,  
And wish the *Liberator* were  
As ready, as the Danger's near,





THE  
DIALOGUES  
OF THE  
G O D S.

PROMETHEUS *and* JUPITER.

P. OH, *Jupiter* ! I'm glad to see thee ;  
And now thou'rt here, take pity, prithee,  
Upon a poor old *Cinque* and *Quater*,  
Has paid for playing the Creator.  
In truth, I've suffer'd out of Reason,  
And eke withal so long a Season,  
That, if thou would'st be good-condition'd,  
Thoud'st think that that were e'en sufficient  
For a far greater Fault than mine is,  
And to my Torments put a *Finis*.  
Never was *Man* tormented thus !  
Hang me if this same *Caucasus*  
Be not the coldest Habitation,  
I think, in all the whole Creation ;  
And 'twixt the *Vulture* and the Weather,  
The Cold, the Kite, or both together ;

H 3

Altho'



Altho' I do not eat a jot,  
*(Sav'ing thy Presence)* I have got  
 So damn'd a Griping in my Guts,  
 That, as I'd surfeited of Nuts,  
 I've thirty Stools a Day at least ;  
 Then prithee let me be releas'd ;  
 For I have purg'd so wond'rous sore,  
 That, truly, I can do no more.

*Jup.* Who, I release thee ?  
 Release a Rogue, release a Pudden !  
 I would thou could'st persuade me to it :  
 For what, I prithee, should I do it ?  
 For which of these fine Pranks th'ast play'd ?  
 The pretty Fellows thou hast made,  
 Have caus'd such Mischief 'mong the *Gods*,  
 That we'er since have been at odds ?  
 Or, for thy filching Fire from Heaven,  
 To animate the uncouth Leaven ?  
 Or, which of Crimes is not the least,  
 Cheating thy Master at a Feast ?  
 When, like a saucy ill-bred Waiter,  
 Thou, for thyself, the Flesh couldst cater,  
 And trait'rously, and for the nones,  
 Mad'st me thy *Dog*, to pick thy Bones ?  
 For which, *Sir Sauce-box*, dost thou see,  
 Since thoult make Men, I'll unmake thee ;  
 And I have hung your Worship there  
 In this convenient nipping Air,  
 As I conceive it did require,  
 To cool thee after stealing Fire :  
 And as to those thy Belly-gripes,  
 Know, *Rogue*, my *Vulture* loves fat *Tripes*,

And

And I will feed him upon ~~up~~ thine,  
Because thou once defeatedst mine.

*Prom.* But for these Faults, and for a Score  
Greater than these, nay Twenty more,  
Have I not suffer'd full enough ?  
For, though my Hide be well and tough,  
Thou know'st it is not made of Buff,  
And neither Frost, nor *Vulture*-proof.  
Besides, this *Vulture*, by this Light,  
Is the plain *Devil* of a *Kite*,  
His hooked, black, deformed Beak,  
I think, thro' *Mars* his Shield would peck ;  
His Feet, wherewith my Sides he tickles,  
Have *Talons* more like Scythes than Sickles :  
When he's in's Place high in the Air,  
He seems as big as *Cassioare*,  
Where some Time lying on his Wings,  
After a few preparing Rings,  
He makes his Stoop, and down he comes,  
(Whilst Fear my very Heart benums)  
With such a Whirldwind and a Powder,  
That, tho' thy Thunder may be louder,  
Thy Lightning is not half so quick,  
Nor does it make one half so sick ;  
And gives my Liver such a Thump,  
That the Blow ecchoes at my Rump.  
Then, fast'ning in my Ribs his Pounces,  
He tears my Stomach out by Ounces,  
Preys on my Liver, Lights, and Lungs,  
And in my Paunch his Beak bedungs.  
So that by Even Yesternight,  
Coming to take his supping Flight,

}

176 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

As in my Bowels he was tugging,  
 He lights upon a Master-pudding,  
 Which, as he pull'd still, still did follow,  
 So much more fast than he could swallow,  
 That had I not (upon my Word)  
 Because I know thou lov'st the *Bird*,  
 With my Teeth caught him by the *Train*,  
 He'd ne'er on Carrion prey'd again.  
 Therefore, if all the Miseries  
 I have endur'd will not suffice.  
 Yet let this one good Office do't,  
 And ease me at my humble Suit.

*Jup.* Were th' Pains, whereof thou dost complain,  
 As many and as great again ;  
 Yet were they not the Hundredth Part  
 Of what is justly thy Desert.  
 Thou should'st be by *Caucasus*, thou *Scab*,  
 Be crush'd as flat as Verjuice-Crab,  
 And not be only ty'd unto it  
 'To choak a *Spar-bawt* with thy Suet.  
 Nay, thou art such a Malefactor,  
 And in all Ill so vile an Actor,  
 As should not only have thy Liver  
 Prey'd on by twenty Kites together ;  
 But yet moreover have thine Eyes  
 Pick'd out, to pay thy Treacheries.  
 And even thy felonious Heart,  
 Hadst thou but half of thy Desert.

*Prom.* Well, thou may'st follow thine own Will,  
 And, if thou wilt, torment me still :  
 But, but if thou wouldst but be contented  
 'To pardon me, thou'dst ne'er repent it :

For

For I shall such a Caution give thee,  
Will make thee glad thou didst reprieve me.

*Jup.* What, I perceive thou now wouldst fain  
Be loose, to gull me once again.

*Prom.* Prithee, by that what should I get?  
Canst thou Mount *Caucasus* forget?  
Or, if there yet were no such Place,  
Hast thou not thousand other Ways,  
Whose Pow'r's so uncontroul'd and ample,  
To make me a most sad *Example*?

*Jup.* Come, come, I cannot stay to prattle,  
Nor hear thy idle *Tittle-Tattle*.  
What (for no more thou now shalt dorre me)  
If I release thee, wilt do for me?  
Come, leave thy Wheedling and thy Cogging,  
And tell me, for I must be jogging.

*Prom.* Wilt thou not take it, *Jove*, in dudging,  
If I now tell thee where thou'rt trudging?  
And wilt thou henceforth now believe me,  
And in thy Heart that Credit give me,  
If I tell Truth unto a *Tittle*,  
That I can prophesy a *little*?

*Jup.* What else?

*Prom.* Why then, to cure thy Itching,  
*Jove*, thou now art going a Bitching,  
And so immoderate thy Heat is,  
As none can quench but *Nereid Thetis*.

*Jup.* Well, if I should play such a Feat,  
What Issue shall we two beget?

*Prom.* What Issue! marry out upon her!  
By no means meddle with that *Spawner*;  
For, if thou dost, I'll tell thee what,  
A graceless Child will be begot,

178 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

Betwixt thee and that *bluc-ey'd Slattern*,  
Will thee depose, as thou didst *Saturn*;  
At least so threat the Destinies:  
And therefore, if thou wilt be wise,  
Let her alone, and come not at her,  
But, elsewhere, lead thy *Nag* to water.

*Jup.* Well, since tho'ast *hit th' Nail o'th' Head*,  
I'll once by thy Advice be led;  
And, for thy Counsel's Recompence,  
*Vulcan* shall come and loose thee hence.  
For all past Faults I quit thee clear.

*Prom.* Why then I thank thee, *Jupiter*.





# D I A L O G U E.

JUPITER and CUPID.

*Cup.* **A**H *Jupiter*, I prithee hear,  
For thine own sake, good *Jupiter*,  
If I am guilty of a Crime,  
Do but forgive me this one time,  
And, if I e'er do so again,  
Then whip me till the Blood do spin.  
What! will not *Jove* be reconcil'd  
But still bear Malice to a Child?

*Jup.* A Child, thou little *Rakehell* thou!  
A pretty Child, thou art I trow!  
Older than *Japhet*, little *Hang-string*,  
Tho' one might wear thee in his *Band-string*;  
And then, for Art and Subtlety,  
*Prometheus* is an Ass to thee.

*Cup.* That *Painters* best and *Poets* know,  
Whoever represent me so?  
And unto them I do refer it,  
Who, if they are put to't, will swear it:  
But, were I what thou'dst have me be,  
What Mischief have I done to thee,  
That ought t'engage thine Indignation  
To use me on this cruel Fashion?

*Jup.* What dost thou ask me, *Ne'er-be good*;  
When thou hast so inflam'd my Blood,

180 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

That, as I Philtres swallow'd had,  
I ev'ry Day run whinnying mad  
For every Woman that I see,  
And yet thou mak'st not one love me:  
So that each Day, to screen my Vices,  
I'm put to pump for new Devices,  
And to put on a thousand Shapes,  
'The better to commit my *Rapes*.

*Cup.* That is, because the Women fear thee,  
And therefore tremble to come near thee.

*Jup.* And yet the ill-condition'd *Toads*  
Can love, forsooth, the other Gods:  
*Apollo* he can have his Joys  
Both with the Wenches and the Boys.

*Cup.* The Cause of that is quickly guess'd,  
He's handsome, and goes sprucely dress'd:  
And yet for all his powder'd Locks,  
His *Songs* and *Sonnets* with a *Pex*,  
And that he goes so fine and trim,  
*Daphne* could never fancy him;  
Nor could he e'er her Liking move,  
So absolutely free is Love.  
But wouldst thou spend each Day and Hour  
In Dressing, and not look so sowre,  
Which (in plain Truth) doth mainly fright 'em,  
make no Question but thou'dst smite 'em.

But then it will be requisite,  
If thou wilt turn a *Carpet-Knight*,  
'To lay those by all Women dread,  
Thy *Thunder* and thy *Gorgon's Head*.

*Jup.* What, *Rogue*, wouldst thou have me to lay by  
The Ensigns of my *Deity*?

That's

*The Scoffer scoff'd.*

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That's pleasant Counsel, faith ; but yet  
I think I shall not follow it :

No, Sirrah, I shall more prefer

The Dignity of *Jupiter*.

*Cup.* Then thou must Women let alone.

*Jup.* No, I shall wench still, ten to one ;

And yet (for all thy Haste) not bate

One Inch or Tittle of my State.

Howe'er, since thou so well hast prated,

My Anger is for once abated,

And I forgive thee all old Grutches.

*Cup.* I'm glad I'm got out of his Clutches.



G 3

D I A





## D I A L O G U E.

MERCURY *and* JUPITER.*Jup.* DOST thou know *Io*, *Mercury* ?*Merc.* *Io*, yes surely, — let me see —  
Oh, *Inachus's* pretty Daughter !

*Jup.* The same, thou know'st I long have sought her ; }  
 And, now at last that I have caught her,  
 Dost think but *Juno*, my curs'd *Vrow*,  
 Has turn'd the *Girl* into a *Cow*,  
 Out of pure Jealousy to cheat me,  
 And of my Pleasure to defeat me ;  
 And has deliver'd her to keep  
 T'a *Monster* that does never sleep ;  
 But having Eyes in every Place,  
 Ev'n in his Arse as well as Face,  
 A hundred spread all o'er his Parts,  
 Both where he speaks and where he farts,  
 Whilst some of them a Nap do take,  
 Others are evermore awake.  
 So that, unless I had a Spell  
 To bull my *Cow* invifible,  
 I ne'er can think to take him napping,  
 And from his Sight there's no escaping.  
 But Thou, I know, a Way canst tell  
 To rid me of this *Centinel* :

Thou

Thou Wit and Courage hast enough ;  
Prithee now put them both to Proof.  
Go then to the *Nemean Grove*,  
Where the foul Monster guards my Love,  
And, for my sake, take so much Pains,  
As fairly to knock out his Brains.  
When, having batter'd his thick Skull,  
To *Ægypt* drive my lovely *Mull*,  
Where they shall pay her Sacrifices  
Under th' adored Name of *Isis* :  
There she shall sway the Winds and Waves,  
And be the Queen of *Galley-slaves*.

*Merc.* I go, and, if I find him once,  
With my *Battoon* I'll bang his Sconce  
So pretty well, as shall suffice  
To put out all his hundred Eyes.



Besides, what have I done, I pray,  
Should make thee spirit me away ?  
Who knows but now, whilst I'm in *Heaven*,  
My Flock being left at *six and seven*,  
The *Wolf's* among them *breaking's Fast*,  
Nay, perhaps worr'ing up the last ?

*Jup.* Why, let the *Wolf* e'en play the *Glutton*,  
'Tis but a *little rotten Mutton*.

Fie, what a Whimp'ring dost thou keep  
For a few mangy lousy Sheep !  
'Thou must forget such Things (my *Lad*)  
Why; thou art now immortal made,  
Fellow to th' *Gods*, and therefore now  
Must think no more of Things below.

*Gan.* What then I warrant, *Jupiter*,  
Thou dost intend to keep me here,  
And wilt not deign to make a Stoop  
To set me where thou took'st me up.

*Jup.* I think I shall not (my small Friend)  
For, if I do, I lose my End ;  
And all that I-by that should gain,  
Would be my *Labour for my Pain*.

*Gan.* Ay, but my *Sire* will angry be,  
So angry when he misses me,  
That he will fondly *firk my Dock*  
For thus abandoning his Flock.

*Jup.* For that (my pretty Boy) ne'er fear ;  
For thou shalt always tarry here.

*Gan.* Nay but I *wonnot*, so I *wonnot*,  
Nor you shan't keep me, no you *shannot* :  
*Spite of your Nose, and will ye, nill ye,*  
I will go Home again, that will I.

But, if thou would so far befriend me,  
As set me down where thou didst find me ;  
I'll sacrifice (I do not mock)  
To thee the fairest *Tup* i'th' Flock.

*Jup.* Thou'rt simple, and a Child indeed,  
To think that I such Off'rings need !

*Tup-mutton's t'me the worst of Meat ;*  
And thou too must these Things forget  
Thou'rt now in *Heaven* fit to do  
Thy *Father Good* and *Country* too ;  
Nor needst thou now his Anger fear,  
His Arm's too short to reach thee here ;  
Nor shalt thou henceforth dread the *Rod*,  
Thou no more *Boy* art, but a *God* ;  
Far better Fare thou shalt find here,  
Than that same sowre-sauc'd *Whipping-cheer* ;  
Far better here thou shalt be fed,  
Than with hard Crusts of dry *brown Bread*,  
*Sowre-Milk*, *salt Butter*, and *hard Cheese* :  
No, thou shalt feed, instead of these,  
Or your *Slip-slap* of *Curds* and *Whey*,  
On *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.

And, if thou'lt do as thou shouldst do,  
Shalt see the *Constellation* too  
Shine brighter, and in higher Place  
Than all the rest the Sky that grace.

*Gan.* Ay, but when I've a mind to play,  
What *Play-fellows* are here, I pray ?  
For ev'ry Day (excepting *Friday*)  
I'd *Play-fellows ding-dong* on *Ida*.

*Jup.* Why *Cupid* shall attend thy Call,  
To play at *Cat*, or *Trap*, or *Ball*,

*Dust-point, Span-counter, Skittle-pins,*  
And thou no more shalt play for Pins :

But have a care, the little *Guts*  
Will be too hard for thee at *Butts*.  
Thou'lt have thy Belly full of Sport,  
I give thee here my Promise for't,  
And brave Sport too ; but then (I trow)  
Thou must forget the Things below.

*Gan.* Well, but thou hast not told me yet  
What I must do to earn my Meat ?  
Hast thou here any Flocks of Sheep  
To send me out a-Days to keep.

*Jup.* No, thou a Life shalt have much fairer ;  
Thou to the *Gods* shalt be *Cup-bearer*,  
And purest *Nectar* to them fill,  
Whilst at their merry Feasts they swill.

*Gan.* Is that same *Nectar* which they drink  
Better than *Red-Cows Milk*, dost think ?

*Jup.* Thou'dst ne'er drink other whilst Life lasted,  
Hadst thou but once that Liquor tasted.

*Gan.* But then where must I lie a-nights ?  
For I am monstrous 'fraid of *Sprights* ;  
I hope, in hot and in cold Weather,  
*Cupid* and I must lie together.

*Jup.* No (Sirrah) thou shalt lie with me,  
For therefore did I spirit thee.

*Gan.* Why art not thou, poor little one,  
Old enough yet to lie alone ?

*Jup.* Yes ; but there is a certain Joy  
In lying with a pretty Boy.

*Gan.* A pretty Boy ! that's better yet.  
What's Beauty when one cannot see't ?  
When one is fast asleep (I wis)  
One little cares for Prettiness.

*Jup.*

*Jup.* That's true ; but Dreams proceed from it,  
Which are so tickling and so sweet.

*Gan.* But, when I pigg'd with my own *Dad*,  
I us'd to make him hopping mad ;  
Who, as he lay a-Bed, would grumble,  
That I did nought but tofs and tumble,  
Talk in my Sleep, and paw't, and kick  
His Sides and Paunch so hard and thick,  
He could not sleep one Wink all Night :  
For which, so soon as e'er 'twas light,  
He pack'd me to my Mother duly.  
Seeing then in Bed I'm so unruly,  
If thou didst only bring me hither  
That thou and I may lie together,  
Thou may'st e'en set me down again,  
For I shall certain be thy Bane.

*Jup.* Why, kick thy worst, my little *Brat*,  
I like thee ne'er the worse for that :  
'Tis better far than lying still.  
But I can kiss thee there my Fill.

*Gan.* Why *each one as he likes* (you know)  
*Quoth' good Man when he kiss'd his Cow ;*  
You may do what you will, but I  
Shall sleep the while most certainly.

*Jup.* Well, well ! for that as Time shall try :  
In the mean time, you, *Mercury*,  
Here take and make my pretty Page  
Drink the immortal Beverage,  
That after I may him prefer  
To be my chiefest *Cup-bearer* :  
But, e're to wait you bring him up,  
First teach him to present the Cup.



## D I A L O G U E.

JUNO and JUPITER.

*Jun.* WHY, what a strange Life dost thou lead !  
 Since thou hast got this *Ganymede*,  
 I, who have been thy faithful Wife,  
 Can't get a Kiss to save my Life :  
 But thou dost look so strangely on me,  
 As if till now thou ne'er hast known me.

*Jup.* What will not, Wife, thy jealous Pate,  
 To vex thyself and me, create ?  
 Was such a Jealousy e'er known  
 To that degree of Frenzy grown,  
 As to run Supposition-mad  
 Of a poor silly harmless *Lad* !  
 I thought none but the Female Kind  
 Could raise such Whimsies in thy Mind.

*Jun.* Nay, faith, thou'rt excellent at both Trades,  
 Both at thine *Ingles* and thy *Jades*.  
 And 'all my Chiding's to no end ;  
 I think *thou art too old to mend* :  
 Else, maugre thy bad Inclination,  
 Thou'dst tender more thy Reputation.  
 Does't fit the *King of Gods*, I pray,  
 To *masquerade* it ev'ry Day,  
 And to transform himself one while  
 To *Gold*, a Virgin to beguile ;

Another

er while into a *Bull*,  
like another *Maid* a *Trull*;  
hen into a *Swan*, to try  
eading Way of *Lechery*;  
o put on all these strange Shapes,  
er to adult'rous Rapes?  
et, for all thy Pranks on Earth,  
ting far thy Place and Birth)  
hitherto hast ever yet  
ither so much Grace or Wit,  
ers, or Shame, or altogether,  
t to bring thy *Trollops* hither,  
ou hast done this *Dandiprat*  
the *Gods* to titter at:  
l under Pretence the Youth  
oe your *Cup-bearer* forsooth;  
the *Gods* inhabit here  
rthy of the *Office* were;  
my Daughter *Hebe* was,  
lean weary of the Place;  
y of the *Gods*, indeed,  
not perform it for a *Need*.  
en, which more does vex me still,  
ver does the *Goblet* fill,  
eady with it waiting stand,  
e're thou tak'st it at his Hand,  
fall'st a kissing him 'fore all  
ods in the *Olympick-Hall*;  
a thou dost too with so much Passion,  
fter such immodest Fashion,  
the *Boy's* Kisses, one would think,  
sweeter than the *Heav'nly Drink*.

Nay,



Nay, thou full oft for Drink dost call,  
 When th'ast no List to drink at all,  
 No more than thou hadst need to piss,  
 Only a mere Pretence to kifs.  
 Sometimes thou mak'st him drink to thee,  
 A kind of flav'ring *Lechery*,  
 Of which the Meaning's only this  
 To place thy Mouth where he did his,  
 Which ravishes thee whilst thou think'st,  
 Thou kissest all the while thou drink'st.  
 'Twas a fine Sight last Day to see  
 Thy little *Catamite* and thee  
 Playing at *Nine-pegs* with such Heat,  
 That mighty *Jupiter* did sweat  
 In *Querpo*, to th' Beholders Wonder,  
 Divested of his *Shield* and *Thunder* ;  
 I both know all thy Pranks and thee,  
 Think not to make a Fool of me.

*Jup.* Hey ! whirr ! I think our *Dame's* grown wi  
 What Harm's in kissing a fine *Child*,  
 And adding that Delight to *Nectar*,  
 That I must have this *Curtain-Lecture* ?  
 If thou but tasted hadst the Blissess  
 Are wrapp'd up in his luscious Kisses,  
 Thou wouldst be of another Mind,  
 And not reproach me in this kind.

*Jun.* I thought that I should trap thee soon :  
 Thou now speak'st perfect, *Bougeroon*.  
 I should have little Wit (I trow)  
 And very little Virtue too,  
 Should I defile my Lips so much,  
 As such an *Urchin* once to touch.

*Jup.* That *Urchin* thou dost so despise,  
And speak'st of in such taunting wise,  
'leaves me more (my haughty *Dame*)  
Than some *Body* I will not name.  
Urge me not to't, thou wer't not best,  
And cease my Pleasure to contest.

*Jun.* Not I, I shall not be so rash :  
No, prithee, marry thy *Bardach*  
To spite me worse. Go hug thy *Chit* ;  
But yet withal do not forget  
How thou dost use me on the Score  
Of this thy little *stripling Whore*.

*Jup.* I know what 'tis, thou'dst have thy *Cripple*  
Wait here, and fill me out my *Tipple*,  
When he comes with his dirty *Golls*  
From raking up his smutty Coals,  
Sweating and stinking from his *Forge*,  
Enough to make one to disgorge ;  
And in this cleanly Plight, I know,  
Thou fain wouldst have me kiss him too ;  
Ev'n when he does so nasty seem,  
That thou, his *Mother*, keck'st at him.  
It would be wisely done (no doubt  
For such a foul unseemly *Lout*  
To put away my *Ganymede*,  
So sweet a *Boy*, so finely bred,  
And (which thy Mind does more molest  
A hundred times than all the rest)  
Whose every delicious Kiss  
Is sweeter far than *Nectar* is.

*Jun.* Ay, ay, my Son thou dost abhor,  
Now thou hast this trim *Servitor* :

200      *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

*Jup.* Should he do such a Thing as that,  
I'd teach the *Rascal* how to prate;  
And, if he needs must kiss and tell,  
I'll kick him headlong into Hell,  
Where to a Wheel he shall be bound  
And, like a *Mill-horse*, still turn round,  
And never have a Moment's Rest,  
Nor thence shall ever be releas'd.

*Jun.* If he do prove so damn'd a *Dog*,  
'Twill be but Justice on the *Rogue*.



## D I A L O G U E.

VULCAN and APOLLO.

*Ap.* GOOD speed, of Fire thou sooty King,  
I ever hear thy Anvil ring:  
Thy Smoak still mounts from *Ætna* Hill;  
I think thy Bellows ne'er lie still:  
Surely it costs thee much in Leathers,  
For thou dost blow and strike all Weathers,

*Fulc.* Good-den, *Apollo*, and well met,  
Hast seen the little *Merc'ry* yet,  
How fine a Child, how sweet a Face,  
And what a smiling Count'nance 't has?  
Which plainly does (methinks) presage  
Something when he shall come to Age,

That

That is extraord'nary and great,  
Tho' he is but an Infant yet.

*Apollo.* A pretty Infant, questionless!  
Old *Japhet's* Sire in Wickedness.

*Vulc.* What Harm can he have done; I trow,  
That came into the World but now?

*Apollo.* Go, and ask *Neptune* that, I pray,  
Whose *Trident* he hath stole away.  
Or *Mars*, that Question can decide,  
Whose Sword he pilfer'd from his Side;  
To whom myself I too could join,  
Whose *Bow* and *Shafts* he did purloin.

*Vulc.* What, such a nazardly *Pigwiggan*,  
A little *Hang-strings* in a *Biggin*?  
Away, away, *Apollo* flouts!  
What a *Filou* in Swathing-clouts?

*Apollo.* Well, think so; but, if this *Filou*  
Come here, thou'lt see what he can do.

*Vulc.* H'as been already here To-day.

*Apollo.* Well; and is nothing missing, pray?

*Vulc.* Not that I know of.

*Apollo.* That may be;  
But prithee look about and see.

*Vulc.* I cannot see my Pincers tho'.

*Apollo.* O cry you Mercy, can't you see?  
There's one Cast of his Office now.  
Now dare I venture twenty Pound:  
They'll be amongst his *Trinkets* found.

*Vulc.* Faith, and assure thyself I'll try.  
Is the young Thief indeed so sly?  
Such lucky *Chucks* there's so great need on;  
We'll keep this hopeful Youth to breed on.

202 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

A precious *Pepin*, and a trim,  
A right *Archbird*, I'll warrant him.  
In *Infant* quota ! marry hang him,  
If he were mine, I would so bang him.  
What, were my Tongs so hot, I trow,  
To stick to your small Fingers so ?  
I'll make a Burn-mark with a T,  
To fist you with, Sir *Mercury*.  
But I'm astonish'd at the Lad,  
How he so soon could learn his Trade ;  
He learn'd (to be a *Rogue* so pure)  
To steal in's Mother's Belly fure.

*Apollo*. These are his Recreations, these ;  
But he has other *Qualities*.  
Mark but that nimble Tongue of his,  
What a pert prating *Urchin* 'tis :  
His Mouth will one Day be a Spout :  
Of Eloquence, without all doubt :  
He'll be an *Orator*, I warrant,  
And, if he be not, let me hear on't ;  
And a prime Wrestler as e'er tript,  
E'er gave the *Cornish-bug*, or *hipt* ;  
Or I am much mistaken in him ;  
Any one would say't had seen him :  
For he already has at first.  
Put *Monsieur Cupid* to the worst,  
And gave him such a dreadful Fall,  
I thought had broke his Bones withal,  
In troth I ne'er saw such another,  
But *Love* went puling to his *Mother* ;  
Which as the *Gods* were laughing at,  
And *Venus* went to moan her *Brat*,

Whil

Whilst she was kissing the small *Archer*,  
And drying's Tears with Lawn-handkercher,  
In comes that crafty Youth, and fly,  
That little filching *Mercury*,  
And in a Twinkling (I protest)  
Whips me away her am'rous *Cest*;  
Nay, and *Jove's Thunder* too had got;  
But 'twas too heavy and too hot;  
But yet his *Scepter* went to pot.

*Vulc.* By *Jupiter* a hardy Youth!

*Apol.* Nay he's a Minstrel too.

*Vulc.* In truth!

*Apol.* Yes, faith, a better never plaid;  
Nay, and the little *Rogue* has made  
A *Fiddle* of a *Tortoise-shell*,  
On which he plays so rarely well,  
That he puts fair to put down me,  
Who am the *God* of *Harmony*.  
His *Mothers* troubled at his Ways,  
He never sleeps a-nights, she says;  
But goes, for all that she can say,  
As far as *Hell* to seek for Prey;  
And he has got; by Sleight of Hand,  
A most incomparable Wand,  
Of so strange Virtue, that 'tis said,  
It with a Waft does raise the Dead,  
And both the Dead from *Death* can save,  
And send the Living to the *Grave*.

*Vulc.* Nay, nay, of that I must acquit him,  
For I to play withal did gi't him.

*Apol.* That's well, and he in recompence  
Has stol'n away thy Pincers hence.

*Jup.* With all my Heart, I give her free;  
 But thou'lt ne'er make her marry thee:  
 For she will never be a *Wife*,  
 But live a *Virgin* all her Life.  
 Therefore ne'er offer to persuade her;  
 For thou art sure to lose thy thy Labour.

*Vulc.* Well, well, for that let me alone;  
 I'll make her coming, ten to one;  
 I have been in my Days a Blade  
 At winning of a pretty *Maid*,  
 And can bring this to my Command,  
*As easily as kiss my Hand*,  
 Provided I have thy Consent.

*Jup.* Why thou mayst try, but thou'lt repent.



## D I A L O G U E.

NEPTUNE *and* MERCURY.

*Nept.* **H**ARK, Cousin *Mercury*, dost hear,,  
 Could not one speak with *Jupiter*?

*Merc.* No, save thy Labour, and be gone,  
 He's busy, and will speak with none.

*Nept.* But prithee, let him know 'tis I.

*Merc.* I tell thee, he'll see no-body,  
 And therefore, prithee, go thy way;  
 For he'll be seen of none To-Day.

*Nept.* Are he and's Wife, if one may axe,  
 Making the *Beast* with the two Backs?

*Merc.*

*Merc.* Could'st thou no other Question find ?  
They two but seldom are so kind.

*Nept.* Then *Ganymede* and he're together.

*Merc.* No truly, Seignior *Neptune*, neither.

*Nept.* What then ? I'll know, spite of thy Nose.

*Merc.* You'll ask me leave first, I suppose.  
But he's not well, will that suffice ?

*Nept.* Not well ! where is it his Grief lies ?

*Merc.* Why, I'm asham'd to tell thee where.

*Nept.* What a \* Relation so near !      \* Brother-  
Leave Fooling (*Cox.*) I prithee, now,      to *Jupiter*.  
And tell me, for I long to know.

*Merc.* Why, since I see thou'lt not be sed,  
Know, that he's lately brought to Bed.

*Nept.* How ! that is monstrous by this Light !  
What is he an *Hermaphrodite* ?  
I ne'er perceiv'd his Belly rise  
Above the ordinary Size.

*Merc.* That's likely ; neither, I must tell ye,  
Was he deliver'd from his Belly.

*Nept.* From what Part then ? Was't from his Head,  
As when he his *Minerva* bred ?  
Is that deliver'd once again ?  
He has a wond'rous fruitful Brain.

*Merc.* No, this Birth issu'd from his Thigh.

*Nept.* Go, Sirrah, now I know you lye.  
What would'st thou have me such a *Noddy*,  
To think he spawns all o'er his Body.

*Merc.* Well, but there is more in't than so,  
And thou the Truth of all shalt know.

*Juno*, whose spiteful Jealousy  
Thou know'st, I'm sure, as well as I,



In Malice, *Semele* persuades  
 (One of his best beloved *Jades*)  
 Since *Jupiter* did her so honour,  
 As Children to beget upon her ;  
 She so much Kindness had for her,  
 That she no longer should incur  
 A Common *Emman's* Imputation :  
 But, for her Better Reputation,  
 No more with him in private lie :  
 But make him own her publickly.  
 Therefore, my *Semele* (quoth she)  
 Prithee, for once be rul'd by me,  
 And, if he have true Kindness for ye,  
 Make him come next in all his Glory ;  
 Not sneaking in a mean Disguise,  
 Like Rogues, to midnight Lecheries :  
 But, like himself, rob'd round with Wonder,  
 And with his *Lightning* and his *Thunder* :  
 So all will honour and adore thee,  
 Who now despise thee, and abhor thee..  
 The *Girl*, thus tickled in her Ear,  
 And proud herself as *Lucifer*,  
 So order'd it with this great *King*,  
 Whom Whores can make do any Thing,  
 That he came next in this Attire :  
 But then, before he could come nigh her,  
 His *Lightning* set the Room on fire,  
 And, with its all-consuming Flashes,  
 Reduc'd the Room and House to Ashes..  
 In which Case, all that we could do  
 Was but to save the *Embryo* :  
 (For she was then with Child, be't known,  
 By *Jupiter*, and sev'n Months gone).

Which,

Which, ripping from her Belly, I  
Put warm into thy Brother's Thigh,  
There to compleat the Term requir'd ;  
Which being but just now expir'd,  
He's *brought to Bed*, and Truth to speak,  
With his hard Labour very weak.

*Nept.* And where is this same twice-born *Chit* ?

*Merc.* To *Nysa* I have carry'd it,  
By the *Nymphs* there to be brought up,  
Who, know'ng he will be giv'n to th' *Cup*,  
And in hard Drinking very vicious,  
Have aptly nam'd him \* *Diomysus*, \* Διονυσος.

*Nept.* Then of this Child he's *Sire* and *Dam*,  
And it may call him *Dad* and *Mam* ?

*Merc.* Yes truly, it is even so,  
He any of these may answer to :  
But I can't stay to tell thee more ;  
For I should have been gone before,  
And in this Stay have done amiss  
To prate at such a Time as this.  
I now must use both Heels and Wings,  
Water to fetch and other Things  
For *Child-bed Women*, and had need  
Repair my Negligence with Speed :  
All the good Wives else will we blame,  
For now I the *Man-midwife* am.



## D I A L O G U E.

MERCURY *and the* SUN.

*Merc.* **J**OVE (*Sol*) commands thee by me here  
To stop thy Steeds in their *Career* ;

For the full Space of three whole Days

He will not have thee shine, he says :

But thou art to conceal thy Light,

For he will have that Term all Night.

Therefore I think, *Sol*, thy best Course is,

To let the *Hours* unteam thy *Horses*,

Get a good *Night-Cap* on thy Head,

Put out thy *Torch*, and go to Bed.

*Sol.* 'Tis an extravagant Command,

And that I do not understand.

What have I done, I fain would know,

That *Jupiter* should use me so ?

What Fault committed in my Place

To pull upon me this Disgrace ?

Have I not ever kept my *Horses*

In the Precincts of their due *Courses* ;

Or, though twelve *Inns* are in my Way,

Did I e'er drink, or stop, or stay ?

Bear witness all the *Gods* in *Heav'n*,

If I've not duly, *Morn* and *Even*,

Risen, and set, and care did take

To keep touch with the *Almanack*.

White

What then my Fault is, I confess,  
If I should die, I cannot guess :  
And why he should, much less I know,  
Suspend me *ab officio*.

It sure must be a great Offence  
Deserves the worst of Punishments,  
And this is he on me doth lay,  
That *Night* must triumph over *Day*.

*Merc.* Fie, what a Clutter dost thou make,  
And all about a mere Mistake !  
Thou talk'st of Anger and Disgrace,  
There's no such Matter in the Case.  
Thou wide art of his Meaning quite,  
He bids thee to withdraw thy Light,  
That for three Days it may not shine  
In order to a great Design  
He has, that won't endure the Sun,  
But is by *Owl-Light* to be done.

*Sol.* Faith, tell me that Design of his,  
What he's about, and where he is.

*Merc.* I'll tell thee, if thou needs wilt know,  
He's cuckolding *Amphytrio*.

*Sol.* 'Tis very fine, and wo'n't one Night  
Take the Edge off his Appetite ?  
Cannot one *Night* give him enough ?  
Is the old *Letcher* still so tough,

A *Swing-bow* of so high Renown,  
A Wench can't sooner take him down ?

*Merc.* No, but he means to get of her  
A very mighty *Man of War*,  
Of Heart most stout, and Limbs most vast,  
Which is not to be done in haste :

But

212 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

But of another kind of Fashion,  
Than ev'ry common Generation.

*Sol.* Why, let him lay about him then  
To finish this great Man of Men :  
But let me tell thee, these strange Ways  
Were not in use in *Saturn's* Days.  
He never left *Rhea* in his Life  
To letcher with another's Wife :  
But for one Whore now (which is scurvy)  
All Things must turn'd be *topsy-turvy*.  
In the mean Time 'tis ten to one  
My Horses will be *resty* grown  
For want of Use, and Thorns, I know,  
In my *Career* will spring and grow ;  
And Mankind must in Darkness languish,  
Whilst he his bawdy *Launce* does brandish,  
And stews himself in his own Grease,  
To get this admirable Piece.

*Merc.* Peace, Peace, Friend *Sol*, no more of that,  
Lest he do teach thee how to prate.  
In the mean Time I must be gone  
With the same Message to the *Moon*,  
To keep within, and veil her Face,  
As many *Nights* as thou dost *Days*.  
My last Commission is, to *Sleep*  
That *Mortal's* Eyes he so long keep  
Seal'd up in Rest, and all the while  
Feed them with *Dreams*, Time to beguile,  
That when thy Light unseals their Eyes,  
(And then it will be Time to rise)  
They may, and when that Day does begin,  
Not know how long a Night 't has been.



# DIALOGUE.

## VENUS and the MOON.

n. TELL me, my pale-complexion'd *Last*,  
 Bright *Cynthia*, how comes this to pass,  
 That thou'rt accus'd of Things, I swear.  
 I'm sorry and ashamed to hear  
 It is reported ev'ry-where,  
 That thou, in midst of thy *Career*,  
 In thy *Chariot* often stopp'st, and there,  
 Which is a Piece of Impudence)  
 Under a pitiful Pretence,  
 For making Water, steal'st i'th' Night  
 From a Hunter, that *Endymion* hight,  
 Where (little to thy Praise be it spoken)  
 His Visage thou do'st gaze and look on  
 Which none but your light Husbands do)  
 That thou would'st look him through and through;  
 Wiltst thou, not dreaming of thy Folly,  
 Be gaping like a great *Lob-lolly*,  
 As a *Carian Latmus* loudly snoring,  
 Insensible of thy *Amoring*.  
 Say, if the lumpish *Boy* should wake,  
 Thy Kisses he'd not kindly take;  
 Nor would he understand thy Passion  
 But all to be an Obligation.

}

*Luna.*

214 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

*Luna.* Why 'tis that *Ne'er-be-good*, thy Son,  
Has made me do what I have done.

*Venus.* Ay! hang him little *Gallows-strings*,  
He does a thousand of these Things.

And well may do it to another,  
That spares not me who am his *Mother*.

He set me so upon the *Hy-day*,  
As made me oft descend on *Ida*;

To get *Anchises*, young and able,  
Make me a Handle to my *Ladle*,

And to Mount *Libanus* t' *Adonis*,  
(Who, Rest go with him, dead and gone is.)

But then the Boy was wholly mine,  
'Till stole away by *Proserpine*,

Who, to speak plain, and not to lye,  
Had a sweet Tooth as well as I,

And kept him for her Drudgery.  
Till, seeing me to weep and mourn,

She sent him me sometimes in turn;  
For which his Pranks, I'll tell thee what,

I threaten'd have the graceless *Brat*  
A hundred Times at least, I know,

To break his *Quiver* and his *Bow*,

To clip his Wings, and Play debar him,

And every Thing I thought would scare him;

Nay, but last Day, I'll tell thee true,

I plainly took the Youth *to do*,

And, with one of my *Shoes* with *Claps*,

Whipp'd me the roguey *Jack-an-apes*,

Until I had almost fetch'd Blood;

But all I see will do no good:

He quickly has forgot the Pain,

And does the same thing o'er again,

And

And so he will do still, but tell though,  
Is *thy Sweet-heart* a pretty Fellow?  
For, if he's handsome, or have Wit,  
There is in that some Comfort yet.

*Luna.* Thou know'st no *Loves* do foul appear:  
But it is true, I can't forbear  
Staring and gazing in his Face,  
When coming weary from the *Chace*,  
His Mantle he on Ground does spread,  
And falls asleep, leaning his Head  
On his right Arm, which does embrace,  
Being twin'd about his Head and Face,  
Whilst from his left his *Arrows* all  
Do dropping negligently fall.  
Then stealing, and on *Tip-toe* too,  
As Folks, to make less Noise, still do,  
For Fear of waking him; I there  
Perceive his Breath perfume the Air,  
And in soft Breathing yield a Scent  
So ravishing, and redolent,  
That I am forc'd to sit down by him,  
And sigh, and kiss, and kissing eye-him;  
When sitting thus, and sometimes stealing  
A little, little Touch of Feeling,  
Whilst I still gaz'd upon his Face,  
It tingles in a certain Place  
To that degree, that I protest ———  
I know that thou can'st guess the rest,  
As having in thyself made proof.  
Thou know'st what Love is well enough:  
But then, O then, I am all Fire,  
And even ready to expire.





## D I A L O G U E.

VENUS *and* CUPID.

*Ve.* **W**HY, what Word (Sirrah) do'st thou make!  
 Thou ev'ry Hour mak'st my Heart ake  
 For Fear of thee, thou graceless *Whelp*,  
 In doing Things I cannot help.  
 I do not, *Rake-hell*, mean those Pranks  
 ('Though even they deserve small Thanks)  
 'Thou play'st on *Earth*, where thou hast done  
 The strangest Things that e'er were known;  
 Set Men a rambling, Women gadding,  
 Young, old, sound, lame, and all a madding:  
 Fill'd the whole World with dismal Cries  
 Of *Incests*, *Rapes*, *Adulteries*,  
 Instead of harmless Recreation  
 Allow'd in simple *Fornication*:  
 Nor is the common *Rout* alone  
 Subject to thy *Dominion*:  
 But thou hast made the greatest *Kings*  
 Do more, nay, yet more senseless Things,  
 Than th' arrant'st (as one may 'em call)  
*Tag-rag Plebeians* of 'em all.  
 Yet still these People Mortals be,  
 And subject to thy *Deity*;  
 Nor (though blame-worthy) is th' Offence  
 Of such a dang'rous Consequence,

And those thou do'st commit above,  
 Where thou confound'st us all with Love,  
 Ev'n the *Gods King* thou do'st not spare,  
 But mak'st the mighty *Thunderer*,  
 Better to play his am'rous Prizes,  
 Put on ridiculous Disguises,  
 Whilst *Jupiter* we all despise,  
 (Who, one would think, should be more wise)  
 For those his childish *Mummeries*,  
 Next unto *Carian Latmus* Crown  
 Thou mak'st the sober *Moon* come down,  
 Than whom a better Fame had none,  
 To visit her *Endymion*.  
 The *Sun*, who dil'gent wont to be,  
 Thou mak'st to stay with *Clymene*,  
 Neglecting his *diurnal Courses*,  
 And turn to Grass his fiery *Horses*.  
*Sans* naming, thou mischievous *Elf*,  
 What thou hast done to me myself,  
 Who tho' thy *Dam*, and a fond *Mother*,  
 Thou hast us'd worse than any other :  
 Yet these (tho' such Thingt ne'er were heard on)  
 Were yet within the Pale of Pardon,  
 And might in Time have been o'erblown,  
 Hadst thou let *Cybele* alone :  
 But to attack a poor old *Mumps*,  
 Whose Teeth were long since turn'd to Stumps,  
 Great *Grannam* to so many *Gods*,  
 Deserves a whole Cart-load of *Rods* ;  
 And thus to make a poor old *Trot*  
 Fly raging up and down (I wot)  
 Set in her *Chariot* drawn with *Lions*,  
 And bidding Gravity Defiance,

218 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

As if she were stark-staring mad,  
 After a Scurvy shit-breech *Lad*,  
 And ev'n of Stocks and Stones inquire  
 Of *Atys*, her small *Apple-squire*,  
 Is such a Thing (my graceless Son)  
 As certainly was never done.  
 Nor, in her Inquisition,  
 Does she yet play the Fool alone ;  
 But, which is a most gross Mistake,  
 And does her Shame more publick make,  
 She does ev'n here her State maintain,  
 And goes with all her *Juggling Train*  
 Of *Corybantes* at her Heels,  
 Who, as their Brains were set on Wheels,  
 Disperse themselves all over *Idæ*,  
 Whooping aloud on ev'ry Side  
 (No wiser than their mad old Dame)  
 Calling and whooping *Atys'* Name.  
 Where some in Fury are so wood,  
 As with one Arm t'let t'other Blood ;  
 Some weep in Blood, and some in Tears,  
 Some with their Hair about their Ears,  
 Run headlong down the Precipices,  
 Enough to dash themselves in Pieces.  
 One winds a Horn with mighty Labour,  
 Another thumbs it on a *Taber*,  
 Another a *Brass-pan* employs,  
 Others use *Cymbals*, *Shaums*, *Hoboyts*,  
 Or any Thing will make a Noise,  
 With which they make that hideous Din,  
 That the whole Mountain rings agin.  
 Nay, so obstreperous they are,  
 And make that dismal *Tintamare*,

What

with their Yelling, and their Tink'ling,  
unto any Mortal's Thinking,  
s broke loose, it sounds so odd,  
all the *Devils* got abroad :  
h makes me fear, for these Offences,  
: th' old *Hag* to her own Senses  
n again, she will on thee  
y revenge this *Reguery*,  
either without Form or Jury,  
ntly kill thee in her Fury,  
e unto her *Lions* throw,  
iests, the fiercer of the two.

Your Care's worth Thanks ; but truly, *Mother*,  
her fear the one nor t'other ;  
er *Priests* Fury I not weigh't,  
all are too effeminate ;  
of her *Lions* fearful am ;  
iose already I've made tame,  
me, that often I afride  
k-horse on their Backs do ride,  
'em, and, by their shaggy Mains,  
e 'em as easy as with Reins ;  
with their Beards, their Lips, their Paws,  
'em extend their crooked Claws,  
thrust into their Mouths my Fist,  
do with 'em e'en what my list.  
hen for *Rhea*, Mother, she  
usy is, I warrant ye,  
t her Love, to think of me,  
after all this Scolding now,  
r, I very fain would know,

}

*Herc.* But that was voluntary yet,  
 After I had with Labour great  
 (Since my own Acts I must rehearse)  
 Of *Monsters* purg'd the *Universe*.  
 But what hast thou done for thy Part,  
 With all thy so much boasted *Art*,  
 But, *Emp'rick*-like, impos'd thy Cheats,  
 By virtue of some stol'n Receipts,  
 Which, set off with a brazen Face,  
 Perhaps at *Country-Fairs* might pass ?

*Aescul.* Thou say'st well ; for 'twas I apply'd  
 The *Unguent* to thy roasted *Hide*,  
 When thou cam'st hither (*Captain Swaffer*)  
 Scorch'd like a *Herring*, or a *Rasher*,  
 Sing'd like a *Hog* (foh ! thou stink'st still)  
 And spitch-cock'd like a salted *Eel* :  
 But I, like thee, have never bin  
 Prentice t'a Whore to learn to spin,  
 A little domineering *Trull*,  
 That made the big-bon'd *Booby* pull  
 Coarse Hempen-Hurds, flaver and twine,  
 A Thread, no doubt, as *Cart-rope* fine ;  
 And when the awkward *Cluster-fist*,  
 (As he did oft) his Lesson mis'st,  
 And broke a Thread, then you might see'r  
 Take him a Whirret on the Ear,  
 Calling him *Dunce* ; and *Loggerhead*,  
 Whilst the tall Soldier quak'd for Dread.  
 Nor (*Sirrah*, *Sauce box*) dost thou hear ?  
 I ne'er was yet the Murderer  
 Of my own Wife ; nor yet did I  
 E'er slaughter my own *Progeny*,

Who, *Innocents*, could none provoke,  
As thou hast, to thy Praise be't spoke.

*Herc.* 'Twere good thou left'st thy Prating, *Farrier*,  
And quickly too, or this tall Warrior,  
Whom thou so seemest to despise,  
Will kick thee headlong from the Skies,  
And make thee, from the *Crystal Vault*,  
Take such a dainty *Somer-fault*,  
'That, when thou comest to the Ground,  
'Thy Neck, I doubt, will scarce be found.  
Then thou may'st try thy Skill in vain,  
And strive to set it right again,  
When all thy Art will never do't,  
*Phys'k* and *Surgery* to boot.

*Etc.* Thou kick me down, thou vap'ring Scab!  
Thou kists the *But-end* of a *Drab*.  
Thou spinn'st already, and shalt feel  
I have a Fist will teach thee reel.  
Let's have fair Play, and make a *Round*,  
I'll cuff with thee for twenty Pound:  
Or I will meet thee where thou wo't,  
Either with Seconds, or without,  
With any Weapon thou dost like  
Betwixt a *Bodkin* and a *Pike*,  
Where I will pay thee thy Desert:  
And (thou great *Lubber*) tho' thou art  
A pretty Fellow with thy *Club*,  
I will thy *Lion's-skin* so drub,  
If once thou dar'st to bid me Battle,  
Thy Bones shall underneath it rattle.

*Jup.* *Basta!* no more, you wrangling *Turds*,  
Give o'er these *Coffermonger's* Words.

224     *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

Or, I protest (which I am loth)  
I'll by the Shoulder thrust you both  
Out of my Hall, and eke my Doors,  
And pack you down 'mongst *Oyster-whores*,  
*Porters*, and *Tripe-women* to prate,  
And cuff it out at *Billingsgate*.  
But, first, I the Dispute will end,  
For which so sweetly you contend :  
Know then (my Brace of ill-bred *Huffers*)  
You pair of brawling drunken *Cuffers*,  
You neither of you here have place,  
But merely of my special Grace ;  
And therefore two great *Coxcombs* are  
Here to begin a Civil War,  
And for a Thing to keep ado  
Y've neither of ye Title to.  
But henceforth (ye unmanner'd *Asses*)  
That you may know your *Worships* Places,  
And no more such a Rumble keep,  
I'll have it go by *Eldership* ;  
And, as the *Doctor* older is,  
So the Precedence shall be his.





# D I A L O G U E.

## MERCURY and APOLLO.

*Merc.* **A**POLLO, what's the Matter, pray,  
You look so mustily To-day?

*Apol.* Why, never any, certainly,  
Was yet so cross'd in Love as I;  
And any else, I think, would die of  
Half the mischievous Luck that I have.

*Merc.* Hast thou new Cause with *Fate* to quarrel,  
Since *Daphne* turn'd was to a *Laurel*?

*Apol.* Oh yes, yes, yes, my honest Friend,  
My *Hyathintbus*' timeless End.

*Merc.* Who of his Murder was the Author?

*Apol.* Myself am guilty of the Slaughter.

*Merc.* What, didst thou do it in thy Fury?  
Thou'rt passionate.

*Apol.* No, I assure ye,  
The Passion I had for that Creature  
Was of another sort of Nature;  
But playing with the Boy at *Mall*,  
(I rue the Time, and ever shall)  
I struck the *Ball*, I know not how,  
(For that is not the Play, (you know)  
A pretty Height into the Air,  
When *Zephyrus* (who, 't seems, was there)



226 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

And long (as thou thyself hast seen)  
 Has jealous of our Friendship been,  
 Beat down the Ball without Remorse,  
 With such a most confounded Force,  
 And gave his Head so damn'd a Thum,  
 As breaking *Pericranium*,  
*Scal*, *Dura*, and eke *Pia Mater*,  
 His Brains came poppling out like Water,  
 And the Boy dy'd so prettily,  
 'Twould e'en have done one good to see.  
 I presently pursu'd the *Traitor*,  
 T'ave been reveng'd; but no such Matter.  
 I notch'd an Arrow to have shot him,  
 But he soon out of Distance got him.  
 Besides, although in a *Long-Bow*  
 I shoot as well as most I know,  
 Yet (like a Dunce) I ne'er could yet  
 The Knack of shooting flying get.  
 He was too swift, and I too slow  
 To overtake the Wind, I trow.  
 So, seeing then the bloody Slave  
 Get into *Eolus* his *Cave*,  
 I back to my departed *Joy*;  
 Where taking up the lovely *Boy*,  
 I honourably brought him home,  
 And built him a most stately Tomb,  
 Where my *Amours* and *He* for ever  
 Are buried, and entomb'd together.  
 And yet, my *Sweet-heart* to survive,  
 And keep my Comfort still alive,  
 I from his Blood have caus'd to spring  
 A Flow'r, the prettiest baubling Thing,

For Beauty, and for Sweetness too,  
On the *Earth's* Womb that ever grew :  
Which also in its Foliage wears  
Some *Hieroglyphick Characters*,  
Whose Sense in mystick Figures bears  
The Story of my Sighs and Tears.  
And yet, alas ! for all I strive  
My rooted Sorrow to deceive,  
By all the most diverting Ways,  
I must lament him all my Days.

*Merc.* Then, Friend *Apollo*, thou art not  
The *God of Wisdom*, but a *Sot* :  
For those who will descend so far,  
As to love Things that mortal are,  
Must for Events like these prepare.  
Mortals to Fate are subject all,  
Who sooner must, or later fall ;  
And the Word *Mortal* does imply,  
That they are only born to die,





## D I A L O G U E

APOLLO *and* MERCURY.

*Merc.* 'TIS a strange Thing, methinks, *Apollo*,  
 That this foul Thief all smutch with Collow,  
 This *Vulcan*, this old limping *Rogue*,  
 This nasty, swarthy, ill-look'd *Dog*,  
 Should have the Luck to marry these,  
 So fair, so handsome *Goddeffes*.  
 Nay more (which makes me hate the Slave)  
 The very fairest that we have :  
 Nor can it sink into my Pate  
 How they can hug so foul a *Mate* ;  
 Or when from's Forge he comes at Night,  
 In that same nasty stinking Plight,  
 All Soot and Sweat, so black and grim,  
 How they can go to Bed to him :  
 Or rather not abhor and fear him,  
 And even vomit to come near him.

*Apol.* Why, 'tis a Wonder, certainly,  
 To ev'ry one, especially  
 One so unfortunate as I.  
 Who though (I speak *sans* Vanity)  
 I'm something better made than he,  
 Not to say more, nevertheless  
 Despair of so much Happiness,

*Merc.*

*Merc.* It to much Purpose is for thee  
To boast thy *Form* and *Harmony* :  
These Cattle care not of a Fig,  
For thy fine frizzl'd *Perriwig*,  
Nor thy well Playing of a *Fig*.  
As little would it profit me  
To brag of my *Activity*,  
That I could wrestle, leap, and run,  
And sell a *Rogue* with my *Battoon* :  
No better Favour should I gain  
By shewing them *Leger-demain*.  
No, no ! I see, there are no Arts  
To conquer the *Madona's* Hearts ;  
And we at *Bed-time*, when all's done,  
Shall find that we must lie alone :  
Whilst a *Mechanick Cripple* here,  
(Who doubtless does a *Vizor* wear ;  
Or has the worst of all ill Faces)  
Is towing *Venus*, and the *Graces*,

*Apol.* Thy Fortune yet's not quite so bad :  
Thou some *Luck* in thy Life hast had.  
Thou something hast to bray on yet,  
One Fit with *Venus* thou wast great ;  
When, from your mutual Delight,  
There sprung a rare *Hermaphrodite* :  
But, of two Persons I ador'd,  
The one my Love so much abhorr'd,  
That, rather than she'd suffer me,  
She would be turn'd into a Tree ;  
And t'other, to my Flame more true,  
I most unfortunately slew.  
But tell me how these handsome Lasses,  
Thy Mistress *Venus*, and the *Graces*,

Can

232 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

But, though a *Cripple* in his Feet,  
 His Hands do recompense it yet;  
 For better Workman never smote  
 With Hammer, whilst the Ir'n was hot.  
 'Tis he embellish'd has the Skies  
 With all those pretty twinkling Eyes:  
 'Tis he alone can undertake  
*Jupiter's Thunder-bolts* to make;  
 Nay, all the *Deities* beside  
 Are from his Industry supply'd;  
 And he's put to't so to find Wares  
 To furnish all his *Customers*,  
 That oftentimes constrain'd they are  
 To beg, intreat, and *speak him fair*  
 To get him make their Iron-ware. }  
 They are all bound t' him (on my Word)  
*Mars* for his *Cuirace*, *Shield*, and *Sword*;  
 The blust'ring *Æol* for his *Bident*,  
 And *Neptune* for his massy *Trident*;  
*Ceres* for *Sickles*, *Pan* for *Crooks*,  
*Pomona* for her *Pruning-hooks*,  
*Priapus* for his *Grafting-knives*,  
 And *Sir Prometheus* for his *Gieves*.  
 Nay, hold! I have not yet half done,  
 He's *Smith* and *Farrier* to the *Sun*,  
 Does th' Iron-work his *Chariot* needs,  
*Shoes*, *bloots*, and *drenches* both his *Steeds*;  
 Of which the one the other Day  
 He of a *Gravel* cur'd, they say,  
 And t'other of a *Fistula*. }  
 Nay, a new Pair of *Wheels* are made,  
 (The old ones being much decay'd)

For

For which he makes such lasting *Tire*,  
As all the *Black-Smiths* do admire :  
*Bushes* the *Naves*, *clouts* th' *Axle-trees*,  
And twenty finer Things than these.  
'The *Goddesses* are fain to wooe him,  
And come to be beholden to him,  
'To make their *Needles* and their *Shears* :  
And those fine *Pattens* his Wife wears  
Are of his making too she swears.  
By which it evident appears  
He's best at any Iron Thing  
That ever made an *Anvil* ring :  
But that great ramping *Fuss*, thy Daughter,  
A *Mankind-Trull*, inur'd to Slaughter,  
To the *soft Sex's* foul Disgrace,  
Rambles about from Place to Place,  
And ev'n as far as *Scythia* ranges,  
Where Murder she for Loves exchanges,  
And, without *Sense*, *Grace*, or good *Manners*,  
Butchers her courteous Entertainers ;  
In this more fierce and cruel far  
Than the most bloody *Scythians* are.  
And then thy Son, that hopeful Piece,  
*Apollo*, *Jack of all Trades* is :  
Of many Arts (forsooth) he's Master,  
An *Archer*, *Fidler*, *Poetaster*,  
A kind of *Salt in banco* too,  
Which thorough *Provinces* does go,  
And kills *cum privilegio*.  
Nay, he pretends to more than this,  
He sets up *Oracle-shops* in *Greece*.  
At *Delphos*, *Didyma*, and *Claros*,  
'To each of which he hath a *Ware-house*

236 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

For she could never, if a *Maid*,  
 Practise so well the *Mid-wife's* Trade,  
 And be so skill'd in that *Affair*,  
 Without Experience, we may swear ;  
 And therefore she has had her Share  
 Of doing too, I warrant her.

*Lat.* Well (*Juno*) well, I must dispense  
 With this thy railing Insolence,  
 And she who is in *Bed* and *Throne*  
 Great *Jupiter's* Companion,  
 May say her Will to any one.  
 Or else, my haughty Dame, I wis,  
 Thou durst not talk such Stuff as this.  
 Thou sett'st thy *Tippet* wond'rous high,  
 And rant'st, there is no coming nigh ;  
 See what a goodly Port she bears,  
*Making the Pot with the two Ears !*  
 But yet, e're long, *I hold a Groat*,  
 That we shall hear thee change thy Note.  
 This Pride will have a Fall, no doubt,  
 And we shall see thee lour and put,  
 And your insulting *Majesty*,  
 Tame as a Lamb, sit down and cry,  
 When, wounded with some mortal Beauty,  
 Your *Good-man* shall forget his Duty,  
 And go to court her at th' Expence  
 Of *Juno's* due *Benevolence*.



# D I A L O G U E.

APOLLO *and* MERCURY.

*Ap.* WHY, how now (*Seignior Mercury*)  
Y'are wonderfully rapt, I see!

What is it makes your *Worship*, pray,  
So merry 'bout the Mouth To-day?

*Merc.* Why, to see that that I have seen  
Would make a *Dog* to break his Spleen;  
A Sight (*Apollo*) that would make  
Thy Heart strings too with Laughing crack.

*Apol.* Govern thy Mirth a while, at least,  
So long that I may hear the Jest;  
So long that braying Laughter spare,  
That I in turn may laugh my share.

*Merc.* Why, our brave *Cavaliero Mars*  
(For Laughing I can tell thee scarce,  
The Jest so pretty and so odd is),  
Is napping ta'en with *Beauty's Goddess*.

*Apol.* How ta'en? I prithee, now be plainer,  
When, doing what, after what Manner?

*Merc.* Just now, whilst *Smug* was Oxen shoeing,  
And (in plain Terms) at down-right doing,  
The Manner thus: You are to know—  
Oh I could die with Laughing now!

*Apol.* Thou titt'ring Calf, I prithee cease,  
And either speak, or hold thy Peace.

*Merc.*



238 *Eurlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

*Merc.* Why then, be't known to all Good-fellows,  
That, *Vulkan* having long been jealous  
Of an Intrigue 'twixt his fair *Bride*  
And this same huffing *Iron-fid*,  
It having held on many Year,  
The smoaky *Limps* did more than fear  
He had through *Venus'* Water-Gap  
Stuck a *Bull's Feather* in his Cap;  
Which long has made him eye and watch him,  
Hoping to find a Time to catch him.  
He to this Purpose then had set  
About his *Bed* so rare a Net,  
Made of so small, but holding Wire,  
(Wherein his Art we all admire)  
As, without very special Heed,  
Was hardly to be seen indeed;  
Which having, unperceived, laid,  
He careless went about his *Trade*:  
But scarcely was he gone an Acre,  
When in slips *Captain Cuckold-maker*,  
And whips me into *Bed to's Wife*,  
Where, whilst she whiffled on the *Fife*,  
He beat (oh, never such a Drum!)  
A Point of War upon her Bum.  
Now as they thus, with pleasing Labor,  
Did jump and jig to Pipe and Tabor,  
Playing in Concert, and Time keeping,  
The *Sun*, who ever must be peeping,  
When she, *cock sure*, thought none was nigh 'em,  
Thorough the *Glass* had Luck to spy 'em;  
Which having done, away he goes,  
And, out of Envy, I suppose,

(Of

(Of that, methinks, it rankly favours)  
 Tells me lame *Vulcan* straight, that *Mavors*,  
 Whilst he at Work did sweat and swelter,  
 Was thund'ring *Venus* *Helter-skelter*.  
 At which, the *God* with smutty Face  
 Starting, as if to run a Race,  
 Throws down his Tools, *sans* more ado,  
 And tripp'd it with his Patten-shoe  
 So nimbly, that (to make it short)  
 He comes i'th' middle of their Sport,  
 And, like a cunning old *Trepanner*,  
 Took the poor Lovers in *the Manner* ;  
 And there, as one would take a Lark,  
 Trapp'd the fair *Madam* and her *Spark*.  
*Venus* confounded, you must think,  
 Chopp'd down her Hand to hide her *Chink*.  
*Mars*, tardy.ta'en, at first did fret,  
 Struggled, and flutter'd in the Net ;  
 And strongly did about him lay,  
 Thinking by Force to make his way ;  
 When, finding 'twas beyond his Strefs,  
 He e'en was fain to acquiesce,  
 (For striving made him but more fast)  
 And to Intreaties fell at last.  
 But fair Words *Vulcan* little heeded ;  
 He then to Menaces proceeded,  
 Making a kind of mix'd *Oration*,  
 Half *Kill and Slay*, half *Supplication*.

*Apol.* 'Tis very pleasant, faith ! and so  
*Vulcan* (I warrant) let him go.

*Merc.* So far from that, that, without Shame,  
 Civil Regard to his Wife's Fame,

240 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

Or any Sense of's own Disgrace,  
He all the *Gods* unto the Place  
Very judiciously has brought,  
To shew them what fine Fish he's caught :  
Where now they are, and all become  
Spectators of his *Cuckoldom*.  
In the mean time the loving Pair,  
Seeing themselves thus caught 'in th' Snare,  
Hang down their Heads, and with Shame's Wing  
(For want of other Covering)  
In bashful Blushes do express,  
They fain would hide their Nakedness.

*Apol.* But, all this while, is *Dirty-face*  
So stupid, and so damn'd an Ass,  
As not to blush in such a Case,  
At publishing his own Disgrace ?

*Merc.* Who he ? why he, of all the rest,  
Is the most ravish'd with the Jest,  
And Blushes no where does disclose,  
But (where he always does) in's Nose :  
Yet, tho' the Sight be but unseemly,  
I envy this fame *Mars* extremely,  
To be surpriz'd in Bed with her,  
Who is of Goddesses the Star,  
With whom no other can compare,  
For sweetly, excellently fair,  
Believ't, *Apollo*, is most rare !  
And then to be ty'd to her too,  
With Bonds that no one can undo ?  
To her, I say, than fairest fairer,  
O that's more ravishing and rarer !

*Apol.* Thou speak'st so feelingly, I wis,  
With such a tickling Emphasis,

As thoud'st a Mind to have it thought  
Thou would'st thyself be fain so caught.

*Merc.* Marry, who doubts it? Ay, or else  
Would I had *Clapper* lost and *Bells*.  
Do but go with me now, and see  
*Beauty* in her Captivity;  
And if thou be'st not of my Mind,  
I then (my Friend) shall be inclin'd,  
Or to suspect that there may be  
Something in't of Frigidity;  
Or wonder that thy Continence,  
Beholding so much Excellence,  
Should be so constant, and so great,  
Which rare is in a *Carrot-pate*.



## D I A L O G U E.

JUNO and JUPITER.

*Jun.* NE'er stir (thou mighty *God of Thunder*)  
I cannot chuse, methinks, but wonder  
How thou canst be content to have  
Such an effeminate drunken Knave  
As *Bacchus* is, to call thee Father!  
If he were mine, I should much rather  
Adopt, than such a *Rake-hell* own,  
A foak'd *Dutch Swabber* for my Son.  
A drunken Whelp; whose whole Delight  
Is swinish Swilling Day and Night,

L

With

242 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

With a loud Crew of hair-brain Jades,  
A Knot of very fine Comrades ;  
Yet good enough for him they be,  
And far more Masculine than he :  
Whilst to their Tabors and their Pipes  
He jolts about his swagging Tripes,  
With his Hair crisp'd so neat and fine,  
And crown'd with Chaplets of the Vine,  
More like a *Morris-dancer* far  
'Than any Son of *Jupiter*.

*Jup.* Yet this effeminate drunken *Set*,  
'This *Swabber*, and I can't tell what,  
With which thy over-lib'ral Clapper  
Is pleas'd his Merit to bespatter,  
Has, in a very little Space,  
Conquer'd both *Lydia* and *Thrace*,  
Which are no common Victories ;  
Nay, of the *Indies* too made Prize,  
After triumphantly he had  
Their huffing *King* a Captive made,  
For all's *Bravadoes*, and his *Rants*,  
And his *Life-guard* of *Elephants*.  
Is this a despicable Son,  
Who has so noble Conquests won ?  
Nay, and (which yet appears more great)  
Without the Pother, Toil, and Sweat,  
'The Wounds, the Blood, the Smart, and Pain,  
With which all others Conquest gain ?  
'This Fellow subjugates the Earth  
In a perpetual Roar of Mirth,  
Of Fiddling, Dancing, Wenching, Drinking,  
Who, none would think he least was thinking

Of any such important Matter;  
Of plotting Things of that high Nature :  
And often (which is stranger yet)  
At Times when he seems most unfit  
Either to act, or to command ;  
So drunk, he cannot go nor stand.  
And if at any Time there are  
Any so impudent to dare  
Either to censure or despise  
His jovial *Rites* and *Mysteries*,  
He takes them in his Lime-twigs straight,  
And teaches them so well to prate,  
That once (among a many other  
Revenge's dire) he made a \* Mother,  
For an Impiety like this,  
Tear her own Issue piece by piece :  
And was not this, I fain would hear,  
Worthy the Son of *Jupiter* !

\* *Agæ.*

And if he be (*as now-a-days*  
- *Many young People take ill Ways*)  
A *Toss-pot*, and a drunken *Toast*,  
It always is at his own Cost,  
And none (for all's *Debauchery*)  
Can say so much as *black's his Eye*.  
Besides, if he such Things can do,  
When *drunk as Drum, or Wheelbarrow*,  
What would not this *God of October*  
Perform, I prithee, when he's sober ?

*Jun.* Why this is wonderfully fine ?  
- Wilt not proceed to praise (Friend mine)  
His rare Invention of the Vine,  
That Parent of accursed *Wine*,

}

244 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

After thou hast, with thine own Eyes,  
Beheld the many Miseries  
And Mischief that the World disquiets,  
*Frays, Bloodbeds, Rescues, Routs, and Riots,*  
*Brawls, Brabbles, Shrieks, the Dev'l and all,*  
Of which it is th' Original?

And that it cost the first \* *Boon-blade,* \* *Icarus.*  
'To whom he this fine Present made,  
Even his Life, who had his Brains  
Beat out his *Coxcomb* for his Pains?

*Jup.* Pish, pish, thou talk'st thou know'st not what!  
'The *Wine* for this is not in fault;  
'Tis not the *Wine*, but the Excess,  
'That causes all this Wickedness.  
Wine of itself's a gen'rous Juice,  
Of which the right and mod'rate Use  
Quickens Man's Wit, and chear's his Heart,  
Gives Vigour unto ev'ry Part,  
And the whole Man with Fire supplies  
Both to Design and Enterprize:  
Put Jealousy and Envy make  
Your *Ladyship* thus ill to speak:  
There was a *Semele*, I trow,  
Who still sticks in thy Stomach so;  
Thou else would'st have more Wit or Shame  
'Than thus indiff'rently to blame,  
With thy eternal *Bibble-Babble*,  
What's ill, with what is commendable.



# DIALOGUE.

VENUS and CUPID.

*Ven.* COME on (*Sir Love*) since none is by  
But your small Deity and I,

I must examine you a little,  
And tell me true unto a Tittle,  
*Sirrah*, it were your best, or else  
I'll jerk you with my *Pantables* :  
How comes it (*Youth*) to pass, that you  
Who all the Deities subdue,  
And at thy Pleasure canst make *Noddies*  
Of every God, and every Goddess ;  
Nay, even me dost so inflame,  
Who (*Sbit-breech*) thy own Mother am :  
But yet *Dame Pallas* canst not stir,  
As if (forsooth) alone for her  
Thou had'st no Arrows in thy Quiver,  
Nor yet a Torch to finge her Liver ?

*Cup.* Why (to confess the Truth) I spare her  
For no very good Will I bear her :  
But she is such a strapping *Jade*,  
*In Sadness*, Mother; I'm afraid  
To meddle with her. T'other Day  
I for her in close Ambush lay,  
And a convenient Stand had got,  
Intending to have pink'd her Coat ;



246. *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

And to that End had chose an Arrow  
 (With which I scorn to miss a Sparrow)  
 Had notch'd it, and, without all Dread,  
 Had drawn it almost to the Head ;  
 When, by the Snapping of a Twig  
 Espying me, she look'd so big,  
 And did her Launce so fiercely brandish,  
 My Face turn'd whiter than your Hand is ;  
 And I such Fear was struck withal,  
 That Bow and Shaft from Hand did fall ;  
 Nay, I myself came tumbling down,  
 As she had shot me with a Frown,  
 So suddenly, that, but my Wings  
 By voluntary Flutterings  
 Broke the main Fury of my Fall,  
 I think, I'd broke my Neck withal ;  
 And yet was not the Squelch so ginger,  
 But that I sprain'd my little Finger.

*Ven.* But *Mars* more dreadful is than she,  
 For all her Launce and Shield, can be :  
 His Looks were terrible and grim,  
 Yet thou art not afraid of him.

*Cup.* I twice dare him, e're once offend her ;  
 He frankly does his Arms surrender  
 To my Dispose, nay, very often  
 Calls me his *Iron-fides* to soften :  
 Whereas this sowre *Pal-of Ambree*  
 Huffs it, and looks a-skew at me ;  
 And when the domineering *Drab*  
 Beheld me, like a half-fledg'd Squab,  
 Come fluttering headlong from the Bough,  
*Sirrah* (quoth she) thou *Bastard* thou,

f with thy famous Archery  
 Thou dar'st to make a Butt of me,  
 Assure thyself, my mortal *Javelin*  
 Shall in a Moment be thy Navel in ;  
 Or I will catch thee up by one  
 Of those fat Stumps thou walk'st upon,  
 And give your *Rogue'ship* such a Swing,  
 As (*Monsieur Chitty-face*) shall fling  
 You and your Implements to Hell :  
 And therefore (*Don*) consider well  
 Whom thou attack'st. Go, bird at other  
 Ladies of Pleasure, shoot thy *Mother* ;  
 She such a constant Friend to Love is,  
 She'll take it for a Son-like Office ;  
 But level not at me thy *Tiller* :  
 For if thou dost (thou pore-blind Killer)  
 I've told thee what thou art to fear,  
 And I will do it, as I'm here.  
 Thus said, she (which not to dissemble)  
 Indeed, *law* Mother, made me tremble,  
 And that too with so fierce a Look,  
 As my poor Heart could no way brook ;  
 But, *like an Aspen-leaf I shook*,  
 And star'd as I'd been Planet-struck.  
 Which Face so terrible appears  
 In that same Steel-*Monteer* of her's ;  
 And then her Shield's so full of Dread,  
 With that foul staring *Gorgon's* Head,  
 Which, dress'd up in a *Tour* of Snakes,  
 The Sight so much more horrid makes,  
 That the Remembrance makes me sweat ;  
*Uds fish !* methinks I see it yet.

}

and the great King; Or,

the great King of the East;

(The great King of the East)

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*Ven.* Dame *Pallas* and *Medusa's* Head  
 Are mighty dang'rous Things indeed :  
 But yet, for all this mighty Fear;  
 Thou nothing mak'st of *Jupiter*,  
 For all the Thunder he does bear.  
 But (*Sirrah*) after these Excuses,  
 How comes it that the Nine fair *Muses*,  
 Who *Gorgon's* Head nor Thunder have,  
 Should 'scape thy Darts, thou juggling *Knave* ;  
 Who, for all thou to do art able,  
 Do still remain invulnerable.

*Cup.* Why, faith, I do those *Damselfs* spare,  
 Out of the Rev'rence that I bear  
 To their good Singing; who, when I  
 Happen into their Company,  
 Sing me, and that without Intreaties,  
 Such *Sonnets*, *Madrigals*, and *Ditties*,  
 As ravish me, to tell you plainly ;  
 For, you know, I love Ballads mainly :  
 I then were an ingrateful *Dog*,  
 Should I those Virgins set a-gog  
 With a mad Flame that nothing dreads,  
 And make them loose their Maidenheads ;  
 By which their Voices ev'ry one  
 Would be foul-crack'd, nay, spoil'd and gone.

*Ven.* But what has *Dame Diana* done,  
 That thou should'st let her too alone ?  
 Which way has she (*small Quiver-bearer*)  
 Oblig'd the Deity to spare her !

*Cup.* Oh, that *Danzella*, by Relation,  
 Is ta'en up with another Passion.

*Ven.* What Passion's that of Love takes Place ?

*Cup.* Why, she's enamour'd of the *Chace*,

Where-

Wherein the lusty well-breath'd *Dame*  
So fast pursues the flying *Game*,  
The *Hart*, and *Hind*, the *Buck*, and *Doe*,  
And skirs thro' Woods and Forests so,  
That, should I stalk at her a Year,  
I ne'er shall get a Shot at her;  
And, to pursue her is no boot,  
The *Damsel* is too swift of Foot:  
But for her *Brother*, that Prince *Prig*,  
For all his dainty fanded *Wig*,  
And that he shoots at fourteen-score,  
I think ———

*Ven.*            Thou needst to say no more;  
Thou oft has made thy fiery Dart  
Fizz in the Hollow of his Heart.





# *The Judgment of* PAR

## D I A L O G U E

JUPITER, MERCURY, PARIS, *and*  
*Three Goddeffes.*

*Jup.* **H** EY! Lacquey Mercury, appear!  
*Merc.* *An't like your Majesty, I'm here*

*Jup.* Here (*Sirrah*) take this golden Apple,  
And go where *Paris* tends his Cattle  
On *Ida's* Top, to that smug *Paris*,  
Who all the Shepherds much more fair is ;  
That smooth-fac'd *Trojan*, and acquaint him,  
That I of *Beauty* Judge appoint him,  
Because he is a pretty Fellow,  
And sometimes makes his Neighbours yellow,  
And that he knows, tho' clad in Frock,  
*A Woman from a Water-cock.*

Come (*fair ones*) come, what are you doing ?  
It is high time that you were going ;  
I'll not be Judge, I swear, that's flat :  
I think, I know enough for that :  
For, if I should decide the Strife  
*Betwixt my Daughters and my Wife,*

Such Matters I am so expert in,  
That Two I should offend, that's certain :  
And, to be plain, I mainly dread  
*Pulling an old House o'er my Head.*  
Then, since I can please but one,  
I will e'en fairly let't alone !

For you are three that for it grapple,  
And you all know there's but one Apple,  
And I could wish, wer't I that gave it,  
That ev'ry one of you might have it :  
But none of you need doubt t'appear  
Before this new *Lord Chancellor !*  
*Don Paris*, who is to decide  
Your Controversy upon *Ide*,  
Though *Chanceries* admit no *Jury*,  
For he's a *King's Son*, I assure ye,  
Descended from an honest Breed,  
Own Cousin here to *Ganymede*,  
So upright and so innocent,  
That you all ought to rest content,  
And have no Reason to eschew him,  
But wholly put the Matter to him.

*Venus.* For my part, *Father Jupiter*,  
I am content, and am so far  
From questioning, much more refusing,  
Any for *Judge* is of thy chusing,  
That I should never doubt the Matter,  
Were *Momus*' self the *Arbitrator*,  
And willingly to this submit,  
Who, if he have or Eye, or Wit,  
Will surely understand the Duty  
That he and all Men owe to *Beauty* ;



252 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

And if my Rivals do consent,  
For my part, I am most content.

*Juno.* I from the *Sentence* shall not budge,  
'Tho' *Mars* himself were to be Judge,  
Altho' thy *Paramour* he be,  
And likely to incline to thee.

*Jup.* Art thou, *Minerva*, too agreed?  
She blushes, and holds down her Head.  
But Modesty's the Maiden's Grace;  
Besides, I hate a brazen-Face,  
And thou wert virtuously rear'd;  
*Maids should be seen, they say, not heard.*  
'Therefore, I see, thou'rt, too, content,  
And modest *Silence gives Consent.*

Go on then in a happy Hour,  
And let not those, who lose, look fowr,  
Stomach the Award, nor bear a Grudge  
'To him whom I have made your Judge:  
For there is but one *Golden Ball*,  
Which can't be given to you all;  
Nor yet can sev'ral *Beauties* strike  
The young Man's Liking all alike:  
And therefore he must giv't to one,  
Or keep't himself, and give it none.

*Merc.* Come now, ye've heard your Charge, I pray,  
Let us be jogging, Ladies gay,  
And set forth towards *Phrygia*;  
I'll lead the best and nearest Way,  
'That you may neither stop nor stay;  
For such wild Cattle often stray.  
And, for the Bus'ness of the Ball,  
Never concern yourselves at all;

I know

I know this *Paris* well enough,  
And of his Dealing have had Proof:  
He is a very honest *Younker*,  
A bonny Lad, and a great *Punker*  
As out on's Sight did ever thrust his ———  
I'll warrant you, he'll do you Justice.

*Ven.* The *Character*, thou giv'st the Youth,  
Does even ravish me, in Truth:  
I've heard none such this many a Day:  
But is he marry'd, prithee, say?

*Merc.* He was a *Bachelor* last Friday,  
But he a \* Sweet-heart has on *Ida*, \* *Oenone*,  
If I mistake not; but she is  
Some coarse, ~~some~~ home-spun, rustick Piece,  
That only now and then attends him,  
To draw the Humours out offends him;  
A necessary Piece of Wealth,  
To keep his Body in good Health,  
With whom he plays, to help Digestion:  
But what makes thee to ask that Question?

*Ven.* I know not how it came to pass,  
Of something else I think it was.

*Pal.* You, nimble *Monfieur Merc'ry* there,  
*Captain Conductor*, do you hear?  
You ill discharge your Trust (I trow)  
To hold Discourse and whisper so  
With *Madam Venus* on the Way;  
Is that in your *Commission*, pray?

*Merc.* Why if to pass the Time we chat,  
What can you (*Madam*) make of that?  
'Twas no such Secret, never fear it,  
That we talk'd of, but you may hear it;

254 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

She only ask'd, if *Paris* were  
A marry'd Man, or Batcheler ?

*Pal.* And good-now, what is that to her ?

*Merc.* Nay, what know I (my Lady fine ?)  
She says it was without Design.

*Pal.* And is he marry'd ?

*Merc.* I think not ;  
For why should he be such a Sot,  
As to go tie himself to one,  
When all he speaks to are his own ?

*Pal.* What ! is the Fellow a mere *Bumpkin*,  
A down-right Clod ? or has he something  
Of Honour or Ambition in him ?  
For thou, it seems, hast often seen him.

*Merc.* Why, faith, the Fellow being young,  
Of active Limbs, and pretty strong,  
And being Son unto a *King*,  
I think he would give any Thing,  
Nay (on my Conscience) half his Cattle,  
To signalize himself in Battle ;  
And would be glad, 'mongst armed Bands,  
To shew how tall he is on's Hands,  
Always provided in the Case,  
The *Roysters* would not spoil his Face.

*Ven.* Why look you now, I can connive at  
Your two discoursing thus in private,  
Who, tho' you have much longer chatted,  
Yet you see, I'm not angry at it.  
I'm of another kind of Nature,  
And no such froward snappish Creature.

*Merc.* Nor is there Cause here, I assure ye,  
To put your *Ladyship* in Fury ;

For

For all she ask'd me was no more,  
But just the same you did before ;  
And I return'd in answer, too,  
The same to *Her* I did to *You*.  
But yet this little snapping Fray  
Has help'd well onward on our Way :  
Help'd us well onward only, said I !  
Why, we're past all the Stars already,  
And over *Pbrygia* now are come ;  
And so, *fair Ladies*, welcome home :  
And see, *sweet Charges*, I have spy'd  
The famous Mount ycleped *Ide* ;  
And now I come a little nigher,  
I think, I see your *Apple-Squire*.

*Jun.* Whereabouts is he ? Prithee shew ;  
For hang me if I see him now.

*Merc.* A little on your Left-hand, *Madam*,  
Driving his Flocks, I think, to shade 'em  
O'th' Side of the high Mountain yonder ;  
You there may see your *Costard-monger* :  
His Flock lies open to your View,  
And yonder is his Cabbin too.

*Jun.* Where is this Youngster, with a Fox ?  
I see no Cabbins nor no Flocks.

*Merc.* A better pair of Eyes *Jove* send ye ;  
I doubt, your *Bon-grace* does offend ye ;  
Your Maid'nhead hangs not in your Light,  
*Jove* is too good a *Carpet-Knight* :  
I ne'er saw th' like in all my Days ;  
Why he's as plain as *Nose on Face*,  
Guide your Eye by my Finger here ;  
Do you not see some Flocks appear

Coming

256 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

Coming from out yon Rocks, pray speak,  
And one with Sheep-hook on his Neck,  
Sending his Cur to fetch 'em in?

They're plain enough, sure, to be seen!

*Jun.* Oh, now I see'm; Is that the Youth?

*Merc.* That, *Madam*, 's even he, in Truth:

But now that we are got so near,

I think it good Discretion were.

That, e're we further go, we here

Do make our Stop, and light, for fear,

Left, whilst on us he least is study'ng,

Flutt'ring about his Ears o'th' sudden,

We should, perhaps, affright him so,

That the poor Shepherd would not know

Nor what to think, nor what to do.

And he, who to determine is

Of such a Tickle-point as this,

Had need to have his Wits about him,

*Jun.* Which if he have, I nothing doubt him,

So now we're down; and now, I pray,

Let *goody Venus* lead the Way;

For doubtless, she, of all the rest,

Most Reason has to know it best,

As having oft, to feed her Vices,

Been here to seek her Friend *Anchises*.

*Ven.* Well, *Governess* of *Heav'n's Commander*,

It is well known thy Tongue's no Slander;

Slander to her who Slander broaches,

I scorn both thee and thy Reproaches.

*Merc.* Fy! (*Ladies*) fy! is this your Breeding  
To squabble now you come to Pleading!

But I shall this Dispute decide,

I my ownself will be your Guide;

For

For I remember well, when *Jove*  
 Unto young *Ganymede* made love,  
 I often on this Hill did light  
 To see the little *Favourite*,  
 To bring him *Plums* and *Mackaroons*,  
 Which welcome are to such small *Grooms*;  
 And, when he carry'd him away,  
 I flew about 'em all the Way,  
 To hold him up: And we must be  
 Near to the Place, for now I see  
 (Or I mistake) the very *Rock*  
 Where he sat piping to his Flock,  
 When *Jupiter*, in shape of Eagle,  
 Came the young Stripling to inveigle,  
 And seizing him like any *Sparrow*,  
 With his Beak holding his *Tiara*,  
 To make him sure, as swift as *Hobby*,  
 He bare him into Heaven's *Lobby*;  
 Whilst the poor Boy, half dead with Fear,  
 Writh'd back to view his Spiriter;  
 And then it was that he let fall  
 The Flute he piping was withal,  
 When I, who will no Gain let go by,  
 Seeing my Time, catch'd up the *Hobby*.  
 But here is your *Commissioner*  
 Of Oyer and Terminer;  
 Let's civilly salute him, pray,  
 And give his *Lordship* time o'th' Day.  
*Good Day*, thou top of Shepherds Fame.

*Paris.* To thee (*fair Son*) I wish the same.  
 What Ladies are these pretty Faces  
 Thou lead'st into these desert Places?

They

258 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

They are too fine and tender, sure,  
These scratching *Brambles* to indure.

*Merc.* Ladies! thou (*Paris*) mov'st my Laughter,  
They're *Deities* ev'ry Mother's Daughter.

You have before you, I'd have you know,  
*Venus, Minerva, and Queen Juno.*

'Tis Truth I tell you (*Sir*) and I  
*Am Cavaliero Mercury.*

What! thou turn'st Colour (*my good Friend*)

And seem'st to be at thy Wits End ;

Take Courage (*Paris*) I exhort thee,

We are not hither come to hurt thee ;

But 'cause thy Judgment we approve

'Bove others, in Affairs of Love,

And know thee for a *Fornicator,*

We come to make thee *Arbitrator*

Of a long Suit these *Goddesses*

Depending have i'th' *Common-Pleas,*

About Priority of Beauty :

And therefore (*Paris*) do thy Duty.

As to the rest, the Victors need,

Thou may'st about this Apple read.

*Par.* Let's see't. Hump! What's written here?

*Give this unto the fairest Fair.*

*Great Gods!* how should a mortal Wit

Be able to determine it!

Too mean Man's Skill, without Dispute, is

To judge of your *immortal Beauties!*

To judge of such Celestial Lasses

A Swain's Capacity surpasses!

Or that, if any human Wit

Were capable of doing it,

Some

Some *Courtier* it should be, no doubt,  
 Much rather than a *Collin Clout*.  
 If I were put to it to tell  
 Which of my Sheep does bear the Bell,  
 Or to point out the fairest Goat,  
 I'd guess with any for a Groat;  
 And I have such good Judgment in it,  
 That, peradventure, I might win it:  
 But these are Beauties so Divine,  
 And all with such Perfections shine,  
 That a Man's Eye has much ado  
 T'leave One to look on t'other Two,  
 But, with the first so captivated,  
 From thence he hardly can translate it;  
 But 'tis there riveted, concluding,  
 That fair'st is without Disputing.  
 Besides (to speak the Truth) my Sight  
 So dazzled is with so much Light  
 Of heavenly Beauty, that I vow,  
 Two Eyes, methinks, are not enow;  
 But I at such a time as this  
 Would be all Eyes, as *Argus* is,  
 With fuller Sight to look upon  
 So much, so rare Perfection.  
 And yet, ev'n in that State, I fear,  
 One being *Wife* to *Jupiter*,  
 The other Two his *Daughters*, I  
 Should do very imprudently,  
 In a Contest of such high Nature,  
 As this for Preference of Feature,  
 Either to meddle or to make,  
 But, as they brew, so let 'em bake.



260 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

*Merc.* You sometimes may Discretion use,  
But here you can nor will nor chuse :

*Jupiter* says it shall be so,

And what that means, you needs must know.

'Tis then in vain to prate and babble,

His Orders are irrevocable.

*Par.* Why then have at 'em ! and let those,  
Whose Luck 'twill be the Prize to lose,

Blame their ill Fortune, and not me,

For I can please but One of Three.

*Merc.* Nay, they're all bound to that already ;  
To Judgment therefore, and be speedy.

*Par.* Why, seeing that it must be so,

Stand out (*fair Ladies*) all a-row :

But first (*Sir Merc'ry*) I would know,

If I may see 'em nak'd or no :

For Womens chief Perfections do

Lie underneath their Cloaths below ;

Which they must either naked show

And strip themselves from Top to Toe,

And ev'ry *Goddeſs* lay her Tail

As bare and naked as my Nail,

That I may see out of the Case

All Things as well as Hands and Face ;

Or I shall never be so wise,

Where I can have no Use of Eyes,

With Justice to award the Prize.

*Merc.* Why, thou art *Dominus Fac-totum*,  
And may'st at Will Unpetticoat 'em.

*Par.* Why then, if I may rule the Roast,  
I affect naked Women most ;

And therefore, *Merc'ry*, so present 'em,

I may see all that *Jove* has sent 'em.

*Merc.*

*Merc.* Come, *Ladies*, blanch you to your Skins,  
'Tis but a Penance for your Sins,  
And what you are oblig'd to do ;  
Your Governor will have it so.  
And, whilst your Judge with leering Eyes  
Into each Chink and Cranny plies  
Of all your Curiosities,  
I'll be so civil and so wise,  
Lest any Mischief should arise,  
To turn my Back, which is of all  
Respects the most unnatural ;  
And, whilst your Treasure you display,  
Turn my Calves-head another way.

}

*Ven.* Why, an't be your Worship's Ease,  
You may e'en do so if you please :  
But otherwise (my modest *Don*)  
Some here can abide Looking on ;  
And, tho' you are a nimble one,  
Let our Apparel but alone,  
And there is nothing, I dare say,  
Your Modesty can steal away.  
In the mean time, Gramercy *Paris* !  
He loves, I see, that Play that fair is,  
And most judiciously has spoken,  
He will not *buy a Pig a Poke in* ;  
But wisely will bring all Things out,  
And see within Doors and without ;  
And I will shew thee such a Sight,  
That if thou hast an Appetite,  
And art indeed a true-bréd *Cock*,  
When I pull off my Cambrick-Smock,  
Shall make thee glory in thy Being,  
And bless *Jove* for thy Sense of Seeing.

}

Thou'lt

262 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

Thou'lt then see I not only have  
 Eyes, Cheeks, and Lips that can enslave,  
 And outward Beauties (or else some lye)  
 As captivating and as comely,  
 As either *Juno's* here, or *Her's*,  
 Who stand my fair *Competitors*;  
 But such a Skin, so smooth and supple,  
 Of Legs so white a parting Couple.  
 Such Knees, such Thighs, and such a *Bum*,  
 And such a, such a *Modicum*,  
 Shall make thy melting Mouth to water  
 Perhaps by Fits, for sev'n Years after.

*Pal.* Take heed (*young Paris*) thou'rt a *Novice*,  
 And that the cunning *Dame of Love* is;  
 Look not upon her, 'tis not best,  
 Until she have put off her *Cest*;  
 For she's a *Sorceress*, and carries  
 Enchantments in it, *Monsieur Paris*.  
 She's nought but Treachery and Treason,  
 Nor, to say truly, it is Reason,  
 Now that her *Beauty's* brought to th' Test,  
 That she shall come so finely drest,  
 Like a patch'd *Minx*, and painted *Whore*;  
 But when she comes her *Judge* before,  
 As she came into th' World, I take it,  
 Should appear open, plain, and naked,  
 Stripp'd of her Pouncings and Devices,  
 Her Shifts, her Tricks, and Artifices.

*Par.* Troth, she speaks Reason; come, lay by  
 That tawdry *Girdle* presently.

*Ven.* Make her her *Helmet* then lay by,  
 She shall be stripp'd as well as I,

There's

There's no Enchantment in my *Cest* :  
But that same *Cask* has such a *Crest*,  
As is enough, to look on it,  
To fright a Shepherd out on's Wit,  
Sure, she's afraid that her blue Eyes  
Want Power to obtain the Prize,  
And if she finds they cannot do't,  
She means to fright or beat thee to't ;  
And I commend her Wisdom truly ;  
For her blue Eyes will come off bluely.

*Pal*, No, I as thee as soon will strip ;  
And for to please your *Ladyship*,  
There lies the over-awing *Crest*.

*Ven*. 'Tis very brave, and there's my *Cest*.

*Jun*. Fie, what a tedious Work you make it !  
Let's strip, I long to be stark-naked :  
And now we naked are (*Sir Paris*)  
Consider, pray, which the most fair is.

*Par*. Ay, marry, here's a Sight worth seeing,  
Tho' one had spent's Estate in seeing,  
Oh what rare Flesh ! what Excellencies !  
What dainty, super-dainty Wenches !  
What a brave Lass is *Madam Pall* !  
What State does *Juno* move withal !  
By which 'tis evident they are  
*Daughter* and *Wife* to *Jupiter*.  
But *Venus* is, indeed, a Pearl ;  
Djd ever Man see such a Girl ?  
Oh, what a lovely Face is there !  
What crisped Locks of amber Hair !  
What a white Neck ! what *Breasts* ! what Shoulders ?  
Belly and Back to catch Beholders !

What

264 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

What Hips ! what Hanches ! what rare Thighs !  
 Enough to make the Dead to rise !  
 To which, in *Love* I'm not so simple,  
 But to observe she has a *Dimple*,  
 And such a one, as who would not  
 Put all the *Flesh* into the *Pot* ?  
 In fine (*as good Sir Martin says*)  
 I have not Wit enough to praise  
 The sev'ral Beauties and the Graces  
 Adorn them all in all their Places ;  
 The Sight whereof's a Happiness  
 Too great for *Tongue* or *Pen* t'express,  
 Nay, any one of them would be  
 'Too much for mortal Eye to see.  
 Yet, since the mighty *Jupiter*  
 Has my poor Judgment priz'd so far,  
 As simple Me a Judge to make,  
 That in my Choice I mayn't mistake,  
 And thrust, like over-greedy *Sot*,  
 My *Spoon* into th' wrong *Porridge-pot*,  
 Better to manifest my Art,  
 I'll study every one apart,  
 And view 'em one by one at Leisure,  
 (Which also will prolong my Pleasure.)  
 For, in beholding them in *Muster*,  
 They do confound me so with Lustre,  
 I shall my Reputation lose,  
 And ne'er know rightly how to chuse.  
*Ven.* Content ; my Cause I nothing doubt,  
 And stare till both thy Eyes start out.  
*Par.* Why then, let *Madam Juno* stay ;  
 She's the best Woman (*by my Fay*)

And, whilst her Beauties I admire,  
I'll have the other Two retire.

*Jun.* Come on (*Sir Paris*) now survey me,  
And turn me round as thou wouldst ha' me,  
I'll stand or lie as thou dost pray me,  
And *moppe* too, if thou'lt not betray me.  
But when thou round about hast ey'd me,  
High, low, between, and ev'ry Side me,  
(*Young Paris*) I would thee advise,  
In loving and in courteous wise,  
To think that thy Preferment lies  
In thy awarding me the Prize:  
And tho' I need not bribe nor sue  
For that I know to be my Due,  
Yet, if thou'lt favour me this Day,  
I'll make thee King of *Asia*.

*Par.* Troth, I am not ambitious, *Madam*;  
And as for *Kingdoms*, if I had 'em,  
To *King-it* passes my poor Skill,  
And I should be a Shepherd still.  
But this the short is, and the long,  
I'll do your Majesty no wrong:  
And now I've seen what I desire,  
Be pleas'd, I pray you, to retire,  
And send my *Lady Pallas* hither,  
For I can't deal with two together.

*Pal.* Here (thou best Judge of best Deserts)  
Contemplate on *Minerva's* Parts:  
I hope, or thou deservest Whipping,  
Thou wilt give me the *Golden Pippin*:  
Which if thou dost (*Youth*, mark me well)  
I'll render thee invincible:

266 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

And whether thou with doubty *Knight*,  
Arm'd, or unarm'd, shalt enter Fight ;  
Nay, with a *Giant*, or an *Ettin*,  
Thou ever shalt be sure to beat him.

*Par.* Lady, I never did delight in  
This scurvy dang'rous Thing call'd Fighting ;  
And therefore shall not be a Dealer  
In the Commodity call'd Valour,  
Besides, my *Father's Kingdoms* are  
Quiet (*Thanks be to Jove*) from War ;  
I with a *Taylor* play'd, indeed,  
At *Cudgel*, but he broke my Head ;  
And had such scurvy Luck in Battle,  
I rather had by half tend Cattle ;  
But, tho' I'm but a Country Peasant,  
I'll not be brib'd with Gift nor Present ;  
And yet I can't but thank you still  
(*Fine Madam*) *for your great good Will*,  
Which I so kindly take, I swear,  
My Equity you need not fear ;  
For I'll do Justice, right or wrong,  
*And there's an End of an old Song.*  
But to advise you I'll be bold,  
Pray d'on your Cloaths, fear taking Cold,  
And your Steel Cap will do no harm,  
'To keep *your learned Head-piece* warm ;  
And pray, as hence you do go fro' me,  
Send *Madam Venus* hither to me.

*Venus.* Here's *Venus*, that you call for so ;  
Survey me now from Top to Toe :  
And if thou find'st, when thou hast view'd me,  
Any one Wrinkle more than should be,

Or if my Bum have any Flaws in't,  
*I'll give thee Leave to put thy Nose in't.*  
 I'll tell thee without Fraud or Guile.  
 I have, and for no little while,  
 (Having ta'en Note of thy Desert,  
 And what a pretty Fellow th'art,  
 Thy Youth, thy Feature, Shape, and Fashion)  
 Had on thee very great Compassion,  
 To see thee tending rotten *Flocks*,  
 Amongst these solitary *Rocks*,  
 Great *Cities*, nor *Assemblies* heeding.  
 Where young Men use to get their Breeding:  
 But wasting here thy Time in *Caverns*,  
 Which would be better spent in *Taverns*.  
 What's to be learnt amongst these *Groves*,  
 By still conversing with thy *Droves*,  
 I prithee, say, and do not lye,  
 But *Ignorance* and *Clownery*?  
 What Pleasure's in this Rural Life?  
 'Tis Time that thou hadst got a *Wife*,  
 Or, which is better, a *fine Miss*,  
 Not some *coarse Sun-burnt Trull*, I wis;  
 But of fam'd *Argos* some rare Piece,  
 Of *Corinth*, or some Town in *Greece*,  
 Such as the *Spartan Helen* is,  
 Her Sex's Pride and Master-piece.  
 As Handsome *Paris* is of his.  
 And who (I know it) is as *free*,  
*Buxom*, and *amorous* as He.  
 And if the little wanton *Tit*  
 But saw thee once, I'm sure of it,  
 She would both *Home* and *Husband* quit.  
 To follow thee for *dainty Bitts*;



268 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

She would both *love* and *long* so fore ;  
Didst never hear of her before ?

*Per.* No, ne'er a Syllable (I vow ;)  
But very fain would hear it now.

*Ven.* Why, she is Daughter to that \* Fair, \* *Lad*  
For whom *our am'rous Jupiter*  
'Transform'd himself into a *Swan*  
Her *Maidenhead* for to *trapan*.

*Par.* And is she so wonderfully fair ?

*Ven.* Why, what a *Country-Question's* there !  
How should she, canst thou think, be *other*,  
Having a *Swan* unto her *Mother* ?  
Nor is she *gross* you may suppose,  
*It be an Egg-shell did once enclose*.  
Hadt seen her once wrestle a *Prize*,  
Naked, as 'tis her *Country-guise*,  
I dare most confidently swear,  
'Thou'dst long to try a *Fall* with her,  
Already they're at *War* about her ;  
For *Theseus*, like a boist'rous *Suiter*,  
To spirit her away made bold,  
When she was but poor ten *Years* old,  
A little *snotty Cbitterling* ;  
But now she's quite another *Thing*,  
A *Miracle*, I do protest,  
Her *Beauty* with her *Age's* increas'd,  
That she is now the *only Miss*  
Of all the *spruce young Maids of Greece*.  
A thousand *Suiters* all have fought her ;  
But *Menelaus* now has got her ;  
Yet, for all that, shew me but *Favour*,  
And say the *Word*, and thou shalt have her.

*Par.* How can I have her (that's a Jest!)  
When she is married, thou say'st?

*Ven.* Is that a Thing to be so wonder'd?  
'Tis the least Matter of a Hundred;  
For that, Man, never scratch thy Pate,  
I can do greater Feats than that.  
In the mean time (*Sir*) by your Leave,  
You're a mere *Novice*, I perceive.

*Par.* But which way you intend to go  
About it (*Madam*) I would know?

*Ven.* Why the Design of it is this,  
Thou shalt go travel into *Greece*.  
Wherein thy main Pretence shall be  
Only for Curiosity,  
To see what thou hast heard the Fame on,  
And when thou com'st to *Lacedæmon*,  
E're thou'rt well got into thy *Inn*,  
I'm certain that the lovely *Queen*  
Will forthwith make her *Hen-peck'd Spouse*  
Send to invite thee to his *House*,  
Which is as fair as fair can be;  
And for the rest, *leave that to me*.

*Par.* Why, I will try my Luck, in *Goddle*;  
But it won't sink into my *Noddle*,  
That such an admirable Piece,  
The very Flow'r and Pride of *Greece*,  
And a great Queen, as that you mean,  
Should be so impudent a *Queen*,  
To leave her *Country*, and her *Honey*,  
To whom she's join'd in *Matrimony*,  
And run away with such a one  
As I, a Stranger and unknown.

270 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

*Ven.* Why, I confess it something odd is,  
 But there's the Power of the *Goddeſs* ;  
 And that's a Trick that I deſie  
 Beſt on 'em all to do but I.  
 Now, I two Sons have, *you muſt know*,  
 Which theſe mirac'loous Feats can do ;  
 Of which the one by Art is able  
 To make a Party amiable ;  
 And t'other has the Pow'r to move  
 Who ſee that Lovelineſs to love.  
 In order then to this Deſign,  
 I mean to place theſe Brats of mine,  
 Who are t'effect this Enterprize,  
 One of them (*Paris*) in thine Eyes,  
 And t' other I'll convey by Art  
 Into fair *Helen's* tender Heart :  
 Which being order'd (by my troth)  
 The Devil muſt be in you both,  
 If what remains do want Fulfilling,  
 When both of you are made ſo willing.  
 But yet, on ſurer Grounds to go,  
 (*For one can't be too ſure, you know*)  
 I'll give thee *two Strings to thy Bow*,  
 And thou ſhall have with thee the *Graces*,  
 (*Three very pretty little Lasses*,  
 Who can do much in ſuch-like Caſes)  
 In thy Adventure to attend thee,  
 Whoſe Services will much befriend thee ;  
 For they, to grace thee not deſpiſing,  
 Shall daily wait upon thy Riſing,  
 (And never *Aſian Cavaliers*  
 Could boaſt they had ſuch *Chambriers*)

Where

Where dressing thee each Day, the whiles  
One tricks thy Face in winning Smiles,  
With greater Power to accost her;  
T'others in such a swimming Posture  
Thy Arms and Hands, thy Legs and Feet,  
In such a graceful Mien shall set,  
As shall, if *Nell* have any Sense,  
So tickle her *Concupiscence*,  
That she will run the whole World over  
With such a rare accomplish'd Lover.

*Par.* These are fine Promises, indeed,  
And tho' *Jove* knows how I shall speed,  
Yet I'm so ravish'd with this Geer,  
That I already burn to see'r;  
And you have (*Madam*) set m'Ambition  
So hot upon this Expedition,  
That, e're a Man can say, what's this,  
Methinks I'm travelling to *Greece*,  
And come to *Sparta* safe as may be,  
Have seen, attack'd, and won the *Lady*;  
Who having with her *Jewels* lin'd me,  
And being lightly whipt behind me,  
None to our Journey being privy,  
Am posting her to *Troy Tantiwy*;  
All which does in my Mind so run,  
That I am mad it is not done.

*Ven.* Soft! do not spur too fast, you *Dapple*,  
Till first y've given me the *Apple*.  
There lies my Service's Rewarding;  
That I must have, or else no Bargain.  
Then give it me, I prithee, do;  
Come, come, thou know'st it is my Due;

272 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

I else shall either fret and fume, or  
 So musty be and out of Humour,  
 That the Event is to be doubted,  
 I'll ne'er go chearfully about it :  
 And then, be sure, no good can come,  
 For one must never go *Hum-drum*  
 About so nice a Work as this is ;  
 But it is Mettle carries *Misses* :  
 And therefore, without more Protraction,  
 Give me the little Satisfaction ;  
 And (*Paris*) when thou com'st to *Bedding*,  
 Oh, how I'll trip it at thy *Wedding* !

*Par.* Nay, you're a *Jigger*, we all know ;  
 But if you should deceive me now !

*Ven.* Whop, I deceive thee ! Never fear me ;  
 But, if thou art distrustful, swear me !

*Par.* No, that *Security's too common*,  
 Besides, *Oaths* never bind a Woman :  
 But (*Madam*) if you can afford  
 Once more to promise on your Word,  
 That I shall have this bonny *Nelly*,  
 More of my Mind I then shall tell ye.

*Ven.* Why then, Know all Men by these *Presents*,  
 That, spite of *Princes, Courtiers, Peasants*,  
 And all both Man and Woman-kind,  
 I here myself most firmly bind  
 To give thee *Helen, Pride of Greece*,  
 To be thine own *Lyndabrides* ;  
 That I will pay down *Sparta's Spouse*  
 In the now very Dwelling-house  
 Of *Seignior Priam King of Troy* ;  
 And then (*Sir Paris*) give you Joy.

Nay, I do bind myself, beside,  
To be in Person mine thy Guide,  
And will (since thy Wit won't suffice)  
Carry on the whole Enterprize.

*Par.* You my Request are gone beyond,  
I (*Madam*) did demand no *Bond*.  
And will you bring your *Cupids* too  
(My lovely *Dame*) along with you?

*Ven.* Pish! never doubt it, Man, I'll do't,  
*Desire* and *Hymen* too to boot.

*Par.* Then call the others in that went hence,  
That I may now proceed to Sentence.  
Fair Goddesses, I pray, draw near.

*Jupiter* has employ'd me here  
In such a very nice Affair,  
So much indeed against the Hair,  
That, had his *Majesty* thought fit  
To have exempted me from it,  
I would have giv'n (or I'm a Knave)  
A Score of the best *Ewes* I have:  
But, since he's pleas'd to have it so,  
I must per-force obey, you know;  
Yet, e'ie I do pronounce the Sentence,  
Let me, upon this small Acquaintance,  
Entreat the Losers to be civil,  
And at my Hands not take it evil;  
If I like one above the rest,  
I cannot help it, I protest.

Here is a *Golden Apple* here,  
Which must be thought such Price to bear  
(Thro' Cunning o'th' malicious \* *Donor*) \* *The Goddess*  
That none, forsooth, must be the Owner, *Discordia*.

274      *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

Eut she who is the fairest Fair;  
When, from my Heart, I vow and swear,  
And, without Fraud or Flattery,  
'There is not one of all you three  
For whom a Bushel's not too few,  
Had but your Beauties half their Due.  
Which Beauties (gentle *Madams*) I  
Consider'd have impartially,  
And find them all so excellent,  
'That truly I could be content,  
Were it consistent with my Duty,  
'To give to each the Prize of Beauty:  
But I am ty'd, when all is done,  
'T'award it only unto One.

Now, *Venus* being in those Parts  
Which have the greatest Pow'r o'er Hearts,  
The most exactly shap'd of all,  
I judge to her the *Golden Ball*.

*Juno*. Learnedly spoke! I had not car'd,  
If *Pallas* here had been preferr'd;  
But to bestow it on that *Trope*,  
It mads me!

*Pallas*.

Hang him, Jack-an-apes.





# DIALOGUE.

MARS and MERCURY.

*Mars.* **H**AST heard o'th' loud *Rhodomontade*  
That t'other Day *Jupiter* made?

Which was, That, if we on this *Fashion*

Daily provok'd his *Indignation*,

He would, if anger'd once again,

From *Heav'n* to *Earth* let down a Chain,

With which he up to him would hale

*Mankind*, the *Elements*, and all,

With such a mighty Strength, that, tho'

We all had hold of it below,

And pull'd to stay't, we could not do't,

But he would pull us up to boot.

Of all us *Deities* alone

Now, I must needs confess, no one

Is able near, unless he list,

To grapple with his *Mutton-fist*;

And he will lose, whoever vies

With him at any Exercise :

But, to imagine that all we

So brave a jolly Company,

Join'd all together, should not be

As strong, nay stronger far than *He*.

In truth, in him I do conceive it

An *Arrogancy* to believe it,

M 6

And



276 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

And Vanity devoid of Wit,

So openly to publish it.

And yet for all his mighty Vaunting,

His Domineering, and his Ranting,

All of the Gods, and I and you know,

When *Neptune, Pallas, and Queen Juno,*

By Combination had trapann'd him,

And had intended to have chain'd him,

He'd much ado, tho' his Strength such is,

To disengage him from their Clutches :

Nor had he done it for all that,

(Tho' now he vapour can and prate)

For all his striving and his struggling,

His writhing, wriggling, and his juggling,

Nor all his Strength, which now so great is,

Had not his old Friend, *Madam Tbetis,*

In time of Danger sent him there

*Briareus the Hot-cockle Play'r,*

With a whole hundred Cluster-fists,

To disengage him from the Lifts.

And, by my Faith, he came in Season

To rescue him from the High-treason ;

Or else, with this my huffing *Don*

I know not how it would have gone.

*Merc.* Prithee, hank up thy Tongue again,

And do not give it so much Rein :

These Words do make my Ears to tingle ;

'Tis well that thou and I are single ;

This Language is unsafe, I swear,

For thee to speak, or me to hear.

*Mars.* Dost think I have so little Wit  
To talk thus unto all I meet ?  
No, Friend, I wiser am than so,  
I know well whom I speak it to ;  
One, who not only has a Talent  
In speaking, but in being silent ;  
But, should another chance to come,  
Of *Mavors* not a *Word*, but *Mum*.



## D I A L O G U E.

PAN *and* MERCURY.

*Pan.* **G**OOD Morrow (*Father!*) how dost do?

*Merc.* Good Morrow, Son, since 't must be so;

But why call'st thou me *Father*, trow?

For to behold those goodly Horns,

That py'd Beard, which thy Face adorns,

That single wagging at thy Butt,

Those *Gambrels*, and that *Cloven-foot*,

Thou dost much more (not to dissemble)

A *He-goat* than a *God* resemble.

*Pan.* 'Tis very well! But all this while

Thou thine own Issue dost revile,

And giv'st thyself many foul Rubs.

Prithee, what's He that gets such *Cubs*?

For all this handsome Shape, you see,

Came from my *Father*, and thou'rt he.

*Merc.*

278 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

*Merc.* I would thou couldst persuade me to it ?  
But thou'lt have much ado to do it !  
I'll make much of myself, I'd need,  
If but in Rev'rence to my Breed.  
But, if thy happy *Sire* I am, -  
Who, the great *Devil*, was thy *Dam* ?  
Did I not meet with some *She-Goat*  
Travesty'd in a Petticoat ?  
For never sure did *Woman* bear  
So uncouth a prodigious Heir.

*Pan.* No, *Father*, I would have thee know't,  
Thou didst not couple with a *Goat* ;  
Th'ast not forgot yet, I dare say,  
How once in fair *Arcadia*  
With beastly Lust, and barb'rous Pow'r,  
Thou didst a pretty Maid deflow'r :  
What need'st thou bite thy Fingers Ends ?  
I only speak it amongst Friends.  
It is *Penelope* I mean.

*Merc.* I do remember such a *Queen*,  
A pretty *Girl* ! But how could she  
Bring out so foul a Beast as thee,  
More like a Devil than like me ?

*Pan.* Nay, I'm as like my *Dad*, in sooth,  
As he had spit me out on's Mouth,  
That is, as like what then thou wert,  
When thou play'dst that uncivil Part ;  
For then, if th'ast it not forgot,  
Thou turn'dst thyself into a *Goat*,  
With a Face foul as any Vizer,  
In Policy for to surprize her.

*Merc.* Yes, I remember ; out upon it !  
But troth, I am ashamed to own it.

*Pan.*

*Pan.* Faith, for the Rape I cannot blame ye,  
But, as for me, I shall not shame ye,  
And few there are preferr'd before me;  
For, besides that, they do adore me  
All o'er *Arcadia*; where posselt  
I'm of a thousand Flocks at least;  
My Qualities have purchas'd Fame,  
For *Doctor* I of Musick am;  
And more have made my Valour known  
In the great Field of *Marathon*;  
For which good Service the *Athenians*  
Have given me a fine Convenience,  
Wherein to sit, eat, drink, or snort,  
A *Grotto* underneath their Fort,  
Where thou shalt see, if thou com'st thither,  
How highly I am honour'd (*Father.*)

*Merc.* What, art thou marry'd?

*Pan.* No, not yet;  
I hitherto have had more Wit.

*Merc.* I wonder at it not, in truth;  
For who'd have such a sweet-fac'd Youth?

*Pan.* Pish! had I nothing else to do,  
(*Father*) I could have Wives enow,  
And therefore that's a vain Objection:  
But I've so am'rous a Complexion,  
And do with Love so scald and burn,  
One *Wife* would never serve my Turn.

*Merc.* Thou buggest'then the *Goats*, I doubt.

*Pan.* Good Words! no, I'm not so put to't;  
*Echo* and *Pitys*, full of Bliss'es,  
Are both content to be my *Misses*,  
And all the Rout of *Bacchanals*  
Come with a Powder, when *Pan* calls;

280 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

By which (*Good Father*) you may know,  
I better spend my Time than so.

*Merc.* Believ't, they're wond'rous kind to thee, }

And 'tis no Wonder tho' they be,

Th'ast such a charming *Phys'nomny*.

But I have a Request unto thee,

Will do me good, and no harm do thee,

It is so small ; which is, that seeing

I was so bless'd to give thee Being,

Thou, in return, wilt be so civil

As not to pay my good with evil,

But, wherefoe'er we chance to meet

In House or Field, or in the Street,

So oft as we shall come together,

Thou do forbear to call me *Father* ;

For, not to mince the Verity,

I'm damnably ashamed of thee :

But for this once shake Hands and part,

And so farewell with all my Heart.



D I A.



# D I A L O G U E.

APOLLO and BACCHUS.

*Ap.* **W**H O'd think that such a *jack-an-apes* as  
*Cupid*, the mighty-tool'd *Priapus*,  
 And *Androginus*, of all others,  
 Should all of the same Womb be Brothers,  
 Being so much alike in Feature,  
 In Humour, and in Shape, and Stature ?  
 For one's a little *Goddikin*,  
 No bigger than a *Skittle-pin*;  
 Yet, little as he is, can scare us  
 If once he takes his Bow and Arrows ;  
 And, of the other two, the latter  
 Can make nor Man's nor Maiden's Water ;  
 The t'other somewhere is more tall  
 By Handfuls than the best on's all.

*Bacchus.* Why this Diversity each gathers  
 From the Variety of Fathers ;  
 Tho' ev'ry Day indeed presents  
 As great and strange a Difference,  
 Ev'n among those who had no other  
 But the same Father and the same Mother.

*Apol.* Yet 'tis quite otherwise, you see,  
 Betwixt my Sister *Die* and me,  
 Who the same Virtues have and Vices,  
 And follow the same Exercises.

*Bac.*

282 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

*Bac.* But the mad Hag in Petticoats  
In *Scythia's* busy, cutting Throats,  
Whilst thou dost Men of Money fleece  
With giving *Physick* here in *Greece*;  
And pray, what *Sympathy's* in this? }

*Apol.* Why, *Bacchus*, dost thou think that she  
Takes a Delight in Cruelty,  
In hearing Blood in Throats to rattle,  
Like Liquor from a streight-mouth'd Bottle?  
Alas! she only does it, she,  
Merely out of Complacency,  
To accommodate herself to th' Fashion,  
And Humour of that barb'rous Nation;  
At which she takes so great Offence,  
That she but waits to steal from thence,  
When any *Grecian* Ship comes thither,  
To take her in, and bring her hither.

*Bac.* Why, truly, then I do commend her,  
And a good Gale of Wind *Jove* send her.  
In the mean time, I needs must tell you,  
*Priapus* is a beastly Fellow:  
For (no one being by but us)  
Calling at's House at *Lampsacus*,  
After we'd eaten well, and much,  
And quaff'd it smartly *upsy-Dutch*,  
It being pretty coldish Weather,  
He needs must have us lie together;  
And so we did, when in the Night,  
When least (I swear) I dreamt of it,  
Betwixt some twelve and one a Clock,  
He tilts his *Tantrum* at my *Nock*,  
Till, with Extremity of Pain,  
He plainly made me roar again.

*Apol.*

*Apol.* A very edifying Story!  
And what did you, whilst he did bore you?

*Bac.* What should I do, but make the best on't?  
I only laugh'd and made a Jest on't?

*Apol.* Some would, perhaps, have kept a Pother;  
But thou, I think, could'st do no other,  
But put on Patience, and lie still;  
Alas! he did it in good Will,  
And it had been Ill-nature in thee,  
When he good Meat and Drink had giv'n thee.  
For to grudge him, who fed thee *gratis*,  
So small a Courtesy as that is.

Besides, he great Temptations had,  
For thou'rt a pretty Smock-fac'd Lad.

*Bac.* But yet o'th' Two (my Friend *Apollo*)  
Thou art by much the pretty'r Fellow,  
And therefore, if he once make Suit t'ye  
To lie in's House, faith, look about ye.

*Apol.* Well, well! but he were best take heed  
How he attacks my *Maidenhead*:  
His mighty *Trapfick* cannot scare us,  
For we have good Yew-bow and Arrows,  
As well as a white Wig to tempt him;  
And, if he draw, he will repent him:  
Besides, I'm so set round with Light,  
And am withal so quick of Sight,  
That much I do not need to fear  
To be surprized in my Rear.





## D I A L O G U E.

MERCURY *and his Mother* MAYA.

*Merc.* **B**ESTOW your Counsel on some other,  
'Tis Labour lost on me (*good Mother ;*)

For, e're I'll lead the Life I do,  
And be this *Drudge*, I tell you true,  
And so I'll tell old *Father Lasher*,  
I am resolv'd ev'n to turn *Thrasher*.

S'Fith ! I'm a Slave, a Pack-Horse made :  
Would I'd been 'Prentice to a Trade,  
Or bred up with some honest *Farmer*,  
Who would have clad me perhaps warmer,  
Tho' not so fine, and giv'n me rest,  
And not have work'd me like a Beast.

A God, quotha ! No Deity  
Was ever, sure, so us'd as I :  
But, e're this Life I'll longer lead,  
I'll *stroll* for *Lower*, or beg my Bread,  
And run, nay, fly, let who will hear me,  
Far as my Legs or Wings will bear me.

*Maya.* Nay, prithee Son, govern thy Passion,  
And do not talk of this wild Fashion.

*Merc.* Why should I not speak out (*forsooth*)  
So long as I speak nought but Truth ?  
Tut ! tut ! I scorn to mince the Matter ;  
I was not bred to lye and flatter :

And,

And, being thus abus'd, must speak,  
 And ease my Heart, or it will break,  
 I speak no Treason. Have I not  
 Very good Reason to find fault,  
 When *Jupiter* does force on me  
 More Work, more Toil, and Drudgery,  
 (Which, *Mother*, cannot be deny'd)  
 Than upon all the Gods beside?  
 First, I by Spring of Day must come  
 To wash and rub the Dining-room,  
 (Which does not always smell of *Amber*)  
 Next, I must clean the *Council-Chamber*,  
 And dust the *Wool packs*: After that  
 I must go dress the *Rooms of State*,  
 Brush Cushions, Chairs, and Foot-cloths too,  
 (Which takes up no small Time to do.)  
 Nay, all this yet will not suffice!  
 But I must sweep the *Galleries*,  
 Tho' others are more fit to do't,  
 The *Lobbies* and *Back-stairs* to boot:  
 Then, having swept my Face of Fat,  
 Powder'd, and put a clean *Crawat*,  
 I must i'th' *Anti-Chamber* wait  
*Jupiter's* Rising, to receive  
 Such Orders as he's pleas'd to give,  
 (Which ever num'rous are, no doubt)  
 And then must carry them about,  
 Work that requires a supple Ham.  
 Then *Steward* I o'th *Household* am,  
 Yes, and Cup-bearer too, at least,  
 As often as he makes a Feast,  
 And had that Office ev'ry Day,  
 Till *Ganymede* came into Play,

But

But all this Work is nothing yet,  
 And I could well away with it :  
 And that, by which I am oppress'd,  
 Is, that at Night, when all's releas'd,  
 And every one goes to his Rest,  
 No one but me employ he can  
 To convoy a great *Caravan*  
 Of pale-fac'd dead Folks unto *Hell*;  
 Company that i'th' Night might well  
 The stoutest *God* in *Heav'n* daunt ;  
 Where also, before *Rhadamant*  
 I must indict and prosecute 'em,  
 Which, e're by Law we can confute 'em,  
 Repeating every little Crime,  
 Does take up such a World of Time,  
 The Day is ready for to peep in ;  
 And then what Time have I to sleep in ?  
 And yet all this, this *Jupiter*,  
 Whom I have serv'd so many Year,  
 Wherein he's had good Service on me,  
 The Conscience has t' impose upon me,  
 As not enough employ'd I were,  
 In being *Serjeant*, *Orator*,  
*Cup-bearer*, *Wrestler*, and what not,  
 But I must on those Errands trot,  
 To be deprived of the Rest  
 Mortals allow to every Beast.  
*Castor* and *Pollux*, each one knows,  
 By turns are suffer'd to repose ;  
 But I am tost like *Tennis-Ball*,  
 And am allow'd no Rest at all.  
 But am dispatch'd both Morn and Ev'n  
 From *Heav'n* to *Earth*, from *Earth* to *Heav'n* ;

Whilst

Whilst *Bacchus* here, and *Hercules*,  
Who are no Sons of *Goddeffes*,  
As I am, but more meanly born,  
Of wretched Mortals, and forlorn,  
At great *Jove's* Board in Feast and Play  
Merrily pass the Time away.

I need had of a Horse to ride on :  
For I'm but just now come from *Sidon*,  
Where I have with *Europa* been ;

But I am sent away agen  
To *Argos* with another *How-d'ye*,  
To *Danae*, a wretched Dowdy,  
When I am almost spent, I vow t'ye ;  
Nay, more than that, I must, they say,  
Make too *Bæotia* in my Way,  
To visit there *Antiopa*.

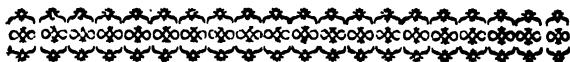
But flatly I've refus'd to do it ;  
For (Mother) I'll not melt my Suet  
For no good Words that can be given,  
Nor ne'er a *Jupiter* in Heaven.  
And tho' ('tis true, he keeps me brave,  
On's Service I such Comfort have,  
I sometimes would be sold a Slave,  
And run the Risque of all Disaster,  
Fall what fall can, to change my Master.

*Maya*. Come, prithee, moderate thy Passion,  
These are but Words of Indignation.  
I'll have no Talk of Parting neither :  
What ! what ! you must obey your Father,  
And never think he does you wrong ;  
You must take Pains too, whilst you're young,

And

288 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

And do whate'er he bids you do,  
And fear not, you'll have Sons enow,  
When you are old, to work for you.  
I pr'ithe, then, no longer stand,  
But go and execute's Command,  
I know, he's cholerick, if thwarted,  
And to be apt to be transported.  
*Love* too is such an odd Disease,  
That Lovers are most hard to please;  
Will always have their own fond Ways,  
And are impatient of Delays.



# D I A L O G U E.

JUPITER *and* SOL.

*Jup.* **W**HY, thou unlucky senseless Fool,  
Thou Dunce, thou Loggerhead, thou Owl!  
Th'ast made fine Work here, hast thou not?  
To go and trust thy *Chariot*  
With a young giddy hair-brain'd Sot,  
Who, unto thy eternal Shame,  
One half o'th' World hath set on flame;  
And (which, to think on't, makes me shudder)  
So hard has frozen up the other,  
That, if I had not knock'd him down,  
With a good Rap upon his Crown,  
And turn'd him topsy-turvy under  
With a good rattling Clap of Thunder,

At

At the mad rate that he was driving,  
He had destroy'd all Creatures living,  
And all Mankind, had he on posted,  
Had either frozen been, or roasted;  
And then you'd made (I hope you'll grant)  
A pretty piece of Bus'ness on't.

*Sol.* Oh *Jupiter*, I guilty am,  
Yea, inexcusably to blame,  
And, without Mercy, am undone,  
For my Indulgence to a Son,  
I could not for my Heart deny:  
And then to see a \* *Mistress* cry,  
And Tears run trickling down her Face,  
Would e'en have mov'd a Heart of Brasses.  
'Twas that that did my Reason charm,  
But (as I'm here) I thought no Harm.

\* *Clymene.*

*Jap.* No Harm! How dar'st thou tell me so!  
Didst not thy *Horses* Fury know?  
What hast thou been my *Charioteer*  
So many hundred thousand Year;  
Yet, *that thou know'st not*, now canst swear,  
What fiery headstrong *Jades* they were?  
Yes (*Sirrah*) you knew well enough  
How hard to rule they were, and rough,  
And that they would do more than trot,  
If Bridle once in Teeth they got;  
And that if once they got a Foot,  
Much more a Wheel, out of the Rut,  
All would be lost. You knew all this,  
And yet for your *Lyndabrides*,  
To humour her (forsooth) you must  
Like a damn'd *Rogue* betray your Trust,

}

290 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

Endanger all the World, and set  
A *Novice* in that dang'rous Seat,  
Who to drive *Tops* was fitter far,  
Than guide the Day's triumphant *Carr*.

*Sol.* I must confess, (as your *Grace* says)  
I knew the *Jades* were *Run-aways*,  
And therefore did the wilful *Ass*  
With my own Hands i'th' *Coach-box* place ;  
Taught him the Reins to draw and slip,  
And shew'd him how to hold his Whip ;  
Taught him the right *Poppy-sm* too,  
Which both the *Horses* full well knew,  
And, my own Hold before I quitted,  
No one Instruction I omitted,  
That I conceiv'd was necessary.  
Assur'd then he could not miscarry,  
I left him to himself, and bid him,  
*Touchez mons fils*, and so good speed him.  
He crack'd his Whip o'er the mad *Cattle*,  
The *Chariot*-wheels began to rattle,  
And thro' the *Eastern-gate* they run :  
But my fool-hardy aukward Son,  
So ill (*woe worth the Time I got him !*)  
Retain'd the *Lessons* I had taught him,  
That he had scarce, it should appear,  
A Furlong got in his *Career*,  
When th' *Stallions* with the flaming *Main*,  
Finding, by Slackness of the Reins,  
They'd got another *Charioteer*,  
Away they strain'd in wild *Career*,  
And left the *Road* which they had kept, ]  
Altho' the Wind they had out-strip

In Speed; yet, running the right Way,  
 'Twould but have made a shorter Day:  
 But the rash *Boy*, amaz'd with Light,  
 And dizzy at the fearful Sight  
 Of the *Abyss* he saw below him,  
 Both *whipp'd*, and *Reins* he straight cast fro' him,  
 And by the *Coach-box* held him fast,  
 Till thou in Wrath gav'st him his last.  
 So, for his temerarious Action,  
 My *Boy* has paid full Satisfaction,  
 And in his Loss, I think that I,  
 Too, punish'd am sufficiently.

*Jup.* He, I confess, has had his Payment;  
 But thou, who wert the most to blame in't,  
 Deserv'st, at least, to be strappado'd,  
 Nay, flea'd alive and carbinado'd:  
 But I incline to Mercy rather,  
 And pardon an indulgent Father,  
 On this Condition (ne'ertheless)  
 Thou never so again transgress;  
 For if thou dost (thou *Rascal* thou)  
 I'll make thee both to feel and know,  
 That this same *Thunder*, which I handle,  
 Is hotter than your *Farting-Candle*.  
 In the mean time, this I'll do for ye,  
 Because I see thou art so sorry,  
 I will that *Pha'ton's* Sisters go  
 Interr him on the Banks of *Po*,  
 Just where he fell, and, for their Guerdon,  
 I'll do a Thing was never heard on;  
 Transform 'em into *Poplars* all,  
 From whom a certain *Gum* shall fall,



292 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

To imitate the 'Tears they shed  
 Over the hare-brain'd *Logger-head*.  
 As to the rest, it fits thy Care  
 Thy broken *Waggon* to repair,  
 Which will require, rightly to do it,  
 A *Carpenter* and *Wheelright* to it :  
 For, first, the *Carriage* is broken,  
 And one o'th' *Wheels* has but one *Spoke* on ;  
 The *Harnes* too so much amiss is,  
 'Tis torn in twenty thousand Pieces.  
 But, as to that, I (to befriend thee)  
 A special *Cobler* straight will send thee :  
 And, when th'ast got thy *Tackle* mended,  
 Begin anew where thy Son ended.  
 But now they've learnt a resty Trick,  
 The *Jades*, no doubt, will frisk and kick,  
 As they were new again, to break,  
 And may endanger too thy Neck ;  
 I promise ye, I mainly doubt ye,  
 And therefore (*Sirrah*) look about ye.





# I A L O G U E.

## APOLLO and MERCURY.

I. I'M so confounded with this Pair,  
 This *Castor*, and this *Pollux* here,  
 is Brace of *Cygnets*, that one *Brother*  
 still mistaking for the other ;  
 ich puts me out of Count'nance so,  
 now not what to say or do.  
 they're so like, that when I meet 'em,  
 I with Respect would kindly greet 'em,  
*avant, Don Castor*, straight cry I ;  
*Pollux*, cries he by and by.  
 en presently myself I flatter,  
 e next time sure to mend the Matter ;  
 en meeting one of 'em alone,  
 at, *Monsieur Pollux* ? and go on,  
*proud to be your Servant known* ;  
 I then 'tis *Castor*, ten to one.  
 w, tho' herein there ever is  
 much to hit, as there's to miss ;  
 o'th' wrong Name I always light,  
 I never yet was in the right.

}

294 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

If thou canst give me then-some Mark

Particular to either *Spark*,

'That I may one from t'other know,

I prithee (honest *Merc'ry*) do.

*Merc.* Why, that you Yesterday embrac'd here,  
When we together were, was *Caster*.

*Apol.* But how can't know him from his *Brother*,  
When they're so like to one another ?

*Merc.* Why, *Pollux* is so giv'n to Huffing,  
His Face still black and blue with Cuffing ;  
And, to be more particular,  
His left Cheek wears a noted Scar  
Of a good Whirret *Bebrix* gave him,  
Which over-board, no doubt, had drave him,  
Had not Friend *Jason* stepp'd to save him ;  
Which *Recumbendibus* he got,  
By being of an *Argonaut*,  
When *Jason* failed into *Greece*  
To steal away the *Golden Fleece*.

*Apol.* Gramercy, faith, I'll swear a Book on,  
Thou hast oblig'd me by this Token :  
For which was which I ne'er could tell ;  
But seeing each with his half Shell,  
His white Horse, Jav'lin, and his Star,  
To me the same they always were ;  
And I, when I would seem well bred,  
Did still confound 'em, as I said :  
But since I'm so beholden to thee,  
Resolve me one Thing more, I prithee ;  
And tell me why these Brothers never  
Are to be seen in Heav'n together ?

*Merc.*

*Merc.* Why, you must know, that *Jupiter*,  
Upon the Hatching of this Pair,  
These Twins of *Læda* fair, decreed,  
(I think for to preserve the Breed)  
That one the Destinies should curtail,  
But th' other be ordain'd immortal :  
Which known to them, as well as others,  
They, like two very loving Brothers,  
By an Affection very rare,  
The good and ill alike would share :  
Thus, when one dies, the other mourns,  
And so they live and die by turns.

*Apol.* 'Tis Sign of very good Condition,  
But 'tis a Friendship *sans* Fruition ;  
For in this manner neither Brother  
Can ever see or speak to t'other.  
But of what Calling are these *Blades* ?  
For we have all of us our *Trades* :  
I am a *Prophet* and *Musician*,  
My \* Son's a special good *Physician*,  
My Sister plays the *Midwife's* Part,  
And thou a famous *Wrestler* art.  
Are these two good for nought, dost think,  
But only for to eat and drink ?

\* *Æsculapius.*

*Merc.* O yes, I promise ye, their Stars  
Propitious are to *Mariners*,  
And save 'em oft, when, to one's Thinking,  
They even are as good as sinking.

296 *Burlesque upon Burlesque, &c.*

*Apol.* A charitable good Vocation,  
I wish them nigh when I've Occasion.  
*Good Seamen*, say'st thou (*Merc'ry*) marry,  
A Calling very necessary,  
And will (no doubt) when Men are *Sea-sick*,  
Do 'em more good by half than *Physick*.

*The E N D.*





# E P I L O G U E.

*AND now (my Masters) rest you merry ;  
 I doubt both you and I are weary,  
 Else I should very much admire ;  
 Such Trumpery a Dog would tire.  
 Yet, in the precious Age we live in,  
 Most People are so lewdly given,  
 Coarse hempen Trash is sooner read,  
 Than Poems of a finer Thread ;  
 Which made our Author wisely chuse  
 To dizen up his dirty Muse  
 In such an odd fantastick Weed,  
 As ev'ry one, he knew, would read.  
 • Yet is he wise enough to know  
 His Muse, however, sings too low,  
 (Tho' warbling in the newest Fashion)  
 To work a Work of Reformation,  
 And so writ this (to tell you true)  
 To please Himself as well as You.  
 Yet if (beyond his Expectation)  
 This shall be grac'd with Acceptation,  
 Like others much of the same Fashion,  
 Which all have had your Approbation ;*

}

*The Rhymers will so kindly take it,  
 That he his Bus'ness then will make it  
 No more thus saucily to scoff ye,  
 But something bring more worthy of ye.  
 In the mean time, he bids me say,  
 If you'll not hiss this Puppet-play,  
 He'll do what nee'r was done by \* any,  
 And raise the † Dead to entertain ye.*

---

\* Poet, he means.

† Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead.





THE  
W O N D E R S  
O F T H E  
P E A K E.

**D**URST I expostulate with *Providence*,  
 I then should ask, Wherein the Innocence  
 Of my yoor undesigning Infancy  
 Could *Heav'n* offend to such a black Degree,  
 As, for th' Offence, to damn me to a Place  
 Where *Nature* only suffers in Disgrace ?  
 A Country so deform'd, the Traveller  
 Would swear those Parts *Nature's Pudenda* were ::  
 Like *Warts* and *Wens*, Hills on the one \* *side swell*,  
 To all but *Natives* inaccessible ;  
 † T'other a blue scrophulous Scum defiles,  
 Flowing from th' Earth's imposthumated Biles ;  
 That seems the Steps (Mountains on Mountains thrown)  
 By which the *GIANTS* storm'd the *Thund'rer's* Throne.

---

\* *The Peak.*

† *The Moorlands.*

This



This from that *Prospect* seems the *sulph'rous Flood*,  
Where sinful *Sodom* and *Gomorrab* stood.

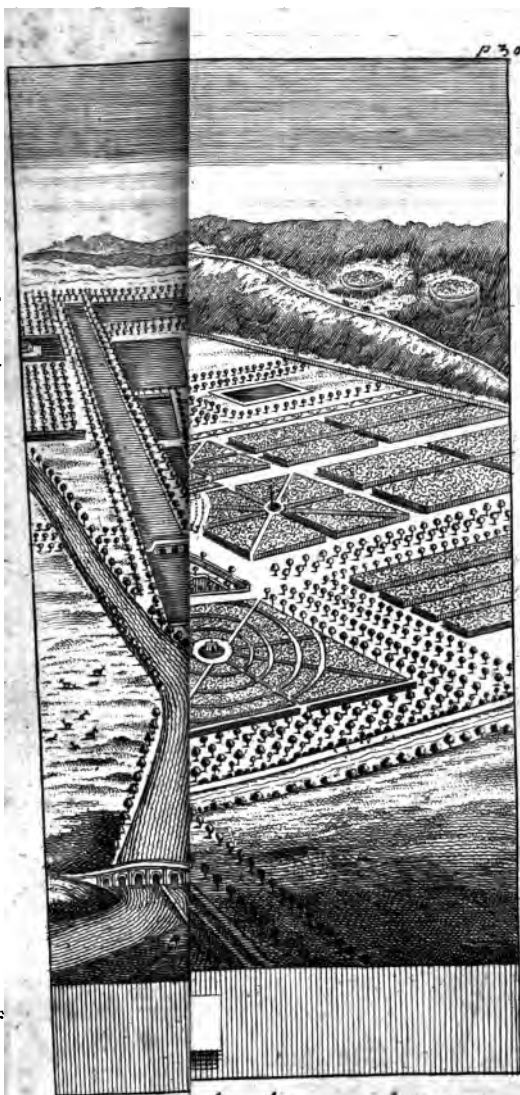
'Twixt these twin-*Provinces* of *Britain's* Shame,  
The *Silver Dove* (how pleasant is that Name!)  
Runs thro' a *Vale* high-crested *Cliffs* o'ershade,  
(By her fair *Progress* only pleasant made :)  
But with so sweet a *Torrent* in her Course,  
As shews, the *Nymph* flies from her native Source,  
To seek, *what there's deny'd*, the *Sun's* warm *Beams*,  
And to embrace *Trent's* prouder swelling Streams.  
In this so craggy, ill-contriv'd a *Nook*  
Of this our little World, this pretty *Brook*,  
Alas, 'tis all the *Recompence* I share,  
For all th' *Intemperances* of the *Air*,  
*Perpetual Winter*, endless *Solitude*,  
Or the *Society* of Men so rude,  
That it is ten times worse: Thy *Murmurs* (\* *Dove*)  
Or *Humour* of Lovers ; or Men fall in love  
With thy bright *Beauties* ; and thy fair blue *Eyes*  
Wound like a *Parthian*, whilst the *Shooter* flies.  
Of all fair *Thetis'* Daughters, none so bright,  
So pleasant none to taste, none to the Sight,  
None yields the gentle *Angler* such Delight. }  
To which the *Bounty* of her Stream is such,  
As, only with a swift and transient Touch,  
'T'enrich her sterile *Borders* as she glides,  
And force sweet *Flowers* from their marble Sides.

*North-east* from this fair *River's* Head, there lies  
A † *Country* that abounds with *Rarities* ;

---

\* *The River Dove.*

† *The Peake.*



*The Duke's Peake* DERBYSHIRE.



They call them *Wonders* there, and be they so;  
But the whole Country sure's a *Wonder* too,  
And *Mother* of the rest, which Seven are;  
And one of them so singularly rare,  
As does, indeed, amount to *Miracle*,  
And all, the Kingdom boasts, so far excel.  
It ought not, I confess, to be Profan'd  
By my poor *Muse*; nor should an Artless Hand  
Presume to take a *Crayon* up, to trace  
But the faint *Landscape* of so brave a Place.  
Yet, noble || *Chatsworth* (for I speak of thee)  
Pardon the Love will prompt the Injury  
My Pen must do thee, when, before I end,  
I fix Dishonour, where I would Commend.

The first of these I meet with in my Way,  
Is a vast *Cave*, which, the old People say,  
One *Pool*, an *Out-law*, made his Residence;  
But why he did so, or for what Offence,  
The *Beagles* of the *Law* should press so near,  
As, spite of Horror's Self, to earth him there,  
Is in our Times a *Riddle*; and, in this,  
*Tradition* most unkindly silent is:  
But, whatfoe'er his Crime, than such a *Cave*,  
A worse Imprisonment he could not have.

At a high *Mountain's* Foot, whose lofty Crest  
O'erlooks the Marshy Prospect of the *West*;  
Under its Base there is an \* *Overture*  
Which Summer-Weeds do render so obscure,

---

|| *The Earl of Devonshire's House.*  
\* *Pool's Hale.*

The careless *Traveller* may pass, and ne'er  
 Discover, or suspect an Entry there :  
 But such a one there is, as we might well  
 Think it the *Crypto-Porticus* of Hell,  
 Had we not been instructed, that the Gate,  
 Which to *Destruction* leads, is nothing straight.

Thro' a blind Door (which some poor Woman there  
 Still keeps the Key of, that it may keep her)  
 Men, bowing low, take leave of Day's fair Light,  
 To crowd themselves into the Womb of Night,  
 Thro' such a low and narrow Pass, that it  
 For *Badgers*, *Wolves*, and *Foxes* seems more fit ;  
 Or for the yet less sorts of *Chaces*, than  
 T'admit the Stature, and the Bulk of Man :  
 Could it to Reason any way appear,  
 That Men could find out any Bus'ness there.  
 But having fifteen Paces crept, or more,  
 Thro' pointed Stones and Dirt, upon all four,  
 The gloomy *Grotto* lets Men upright rise,  
 Altho' they were six times *Goliab's* Size.  
 There, looking upward, your astonish'd Sight  
 Beholds the Glory of the sparkling Light.  
 Th' enamell'd *Roof* darts round about the Place,  
 With so subduing, but ungrateful Rays,  
 As to put out the Lights, by which alone  
 They receive Lustre, that before had none,  
 And must to Darkness be resign'd when they are gone.  
 But here a roaring *Torrent* bids you stand,  
 Forcing you climb a Rock on the right Hand,

Which,

Which hanging, Penthouse-like, does over overlook  
 The dreadful Channel of the rapid Brook ;  
 So deep, and black, the very Thought does make  
 My Brains turn giddy, and my Eye-Balls ake.  
 Over this dang'rous *Precipice* you crawl,  
 Lost if you slip, for if you slip you fall ;  
 But whither, faith, 'tis no great matter, when  
 You're sure ne'er to be seen alive agen.  
 Propp'd round with *Peasants*, on you trembling go,  
 Whilst, ev'ry Step you take, your *Guides* do show  
 In the uneven Rock the uncouth Shapes  
 Of *Men*, of *Lions*, *Horses*, *Dogs*, and *Apes* :  
 But so resembling each the fancy'd Shape,  
 The *Man* might be the *Horse*, the *Dog* the *Ape* :  
 And straight just in your way a \* Stone appears,  
 Which the Resemblance of a *Hay-cock* bears,  
 Some four Foot high; and, beyond that, a less  
 Of the same Figure ; which do still increase  
 In Height, and Bulk, by a continual Drop,  
 Which upon each distilling from the Top,  
 And falling still exactly on the Crown,  
 There break themselves to Mists, which, trickling down,  
 Crust into Stone, and (but with Leisure) swell  
 The Sides, and still advance the Miracle,  
 So that, in Time, they would be tall enough,  
 If there were Need, to prop the hanging Roof.  
 Did not sometimes the curious Visitors,  
 To steal a Treasure is not justly theirs,  
 Break off much more, at one injurious Blow,  
 Than can again in many *Ages* grow.

These the wise *Natives* call the *Fonts* ; but there,  
 Descending from the Roof, there does appear  
 A bright transparent \* Cloud, which from above,  
 By those false Lights, does downward seem to move,  
 Like a *Machine*, which, when some *God* appears,  
 We see descend upon our *Theaters*.

Unlike in Figure, and in Posture, this,  
 With the two nam'd before, owes its Increase  
 To the same Cause the others grow up by,  
 Namely, the Petrifying Quality  
 Of those bright Drops, which, trickling one by one,  
 Crust, as they glide, delib'rately to Stone ;  
 By which the *Stiria* longer, bigger grows,  
 And must touch Ground at last ; but when, who knows !  
 To see these thriving by these various Ways,  
 It seems, methinks, as if the first did raise  
 Their Heads, the pond'rous *Vault* so to sustain,  
 Whilst t'other pendant Pillar seems to strain,  
 And at full Stretch endeavours to extend  
 A stable Foot to the same needless End.  
 And this, forsooth, the *Bacon-Flitch* they call,  
 Not that it does resemble one at all ;  
 For it is round, not flat : But I suppose,  
 Because it hangs i'th' Roof, like one of those,  
 And shines like Salt, *Peaks-Bacon-eaters* came  
 At first to call it by that greasy Name.  
 This once a Fellow had, another Stone  
 Of the same Colour and Proportion ;

\* *The Bacon-Flitch.*

But long ago, I know not how, the one  
 Fell down, or eaten was ; for now 'tis gone.  
 The next Thing, you arrive at, is a \* Stone,  
 In truth, a very rare and pretty one ;  
 Which, on a Rock's sharp Ridge taking its Root,  
 Rises from thence in a neat round-turn'd Foot  
 Twelve Inches high, or more, wherein are all  
 The Mouldings of a round-turn'd *Pedestal*.  
 Whence bubbling out in Figure of a *Sphere* :  
 Some two Foot and a half *Diameter*,  
 The whole above is finish'd in a small  
 Pellucid Spire, crown'd with a Crystal Ball.  
 This, very aptly, they *Pool's Lanthorn* name,  
 Being like those in *Adm'ral Poops* that flame.  
 For, several Paces beyond these, you meet  
 With nothing worth observing, save your Feet,  
 Which, with great Caution, you must still dispose,  
 Left, by mischance, should you once Footing lose,  
 Your own true Story only serve to grace  
 The lying *Fables* of the uncouth Place :  
 But, moving forward o'er the glassy Shore,  
 You hear the *Torrent* now much louder roar,  
 With such a Noise striking th' astonish'd Ear  
 As does inform some *Cataract* is near :  
 When soon the Deluge, that your Fear attends,  
 Contemptibly in a small *Riv'let* ends ;  
 Which falling low with a precip'tous Wave,  
 The dreadful *Echo* of the spacious Cave  
 Gives it a hollow Sound, a Man would fear  
 The Sea was breaking in a Channel there :

---

\* *Pool's Lanthorn*.



And yet above the *Current's* not so wide,  
To put a *Maid* to an indecent Stride ;  
Which, thro' bright Pebbles, trembling there does  
As if afraid of the approaching Fall,  
Which is a dreadful one ; but yet how deep,  
I never durst extend my Neck to peep.  
Beyond this little *Rill*, before your Eyes  
You see a great transparent † *Pillar* rise,  
Of the same shining Matter with the rest ;  
But such a one as *Nature* does contest,  
Tho' working in the Dark, in this brave Piece,  
With all the *Obelisks* of Antique *Greece* ;  
For all the Art, the *Chissel* could apply,  
Ne'er wrought such curious Folds of *Drapery*.  
Of this the Figure is, as Men should crowd  
A vast *Colossus* in a Marble Shroud,  
And yet the Pleats so *soft* and *flowing* are,  
As finest *Folds* from finest *Looms* they were ;  
But, far as Hands can reach to give a Blow,  
By the rude *Clowns* broke, and disfigur'd so,  
As may be well suppos'd, when all that come,  
Carry some Piece of the Rock-*Crysal* home.  
Of all these *Rar'ties*, this alone can claim  
A doubtless Right to everlasting Fame ;  
The fairest, brightest *Queen*, that ever yet  
On *English* Ground unhappy Footing set,  
Having, to th' rest of th' *Isle's* eternal Shame,  
Honour'd this Stone with her own splendid *Nam*

---

† *The Queen of Scots Pillar.*

For *Scotland's* Queen, hither by Art betray'd,  
And by false Friendship after *Captive* made,  
(As if she did nought but a Dungeon want  
T'express the utmost Rigour of Restraint)  
Coming to view this *Cave*, took so much Pains,  
For all the Damp and Horror it contains,  
To penetrate so far, as to this Place,  
And, seeing it, with her own Mouth to grace,  
As her *Non Ultra*, this now famous Stone,  
By naming and declaring it her own;  
Which, ever since, so gloriously install'd,  
Has been the Queen of *Scots* her *Pillar* call'd.

Illustrious *MARY*, it had happy been,  
Had you then found a Cave like this, to screen  
Your Sacred Person from those *Frontier Spies*,  
That of a *Sov'reign Princess* durst make Prize,  
When *Neptune* too officiously bore  
Your cred'lous Inn'cence to this faithless Shore.  
O *England!* once who hadst the only Fame  
Of being kind to all who hither came  
For Refuge and Protection; how couldst thou  
So strangely alter thy *Good-nature* now,  
Where there was so much Excellence to move,  
Not only thy Compassion, but thy Love!  
'Twas strange, on Earth (save *Caledonian Ground*)  
So impudent a Villain could be found,  
Such *Majesty* and *Sweetness* to accuse;  
Or, after that, a *Judge* would not refuse  
Her Sentence to pronounce; or, that being done,  
Ev'n 'mongst the bloody'st *Hangmen*, to find one  
Durst, tho' her Face was veil'd, and Neck laid down,  
Strike off the fairest Head, ere wore a Crown.

And

And what *State-Policy* there might be here,  
Which does with Right too often interfere,  
I'm not to judge ; yet thus far dare be bold,  
A fouler Act the *Sun* did ne'er behold ;  
And 'twas the worst, if not the only Stain,  
I'th' brightest *Annals* of a *Female* Reign.

Over the *Brook* you're now oblig'd to stride,  
And on the left Hand, by this Pillar's Side,  
To see new *Wonders*, tho' beyond this Stone,  
Unless you safe return, you'll meet with none,  
And that indeed will be a kind of one :  
For, from this Place, the Way does rise so steep,  
Craggy, and wet, that who all safe does keep,  
A stout and faithful *Genius* has, that will  
In *Hell's* black *Territories* guard him still ;  
Yet, to behold these vast prodigious Stones,  
None, who has any Kindness for his Bones,  
Will venture to climb up, tho' I did once ;  
A certain Symptom of an empty Sconce :  
But many more have done the like since then,  
That now are wiser than to do't agen.  
Having swarm'd sev'n'score Paces up, or more,  
On the right Hand, you find a kind of Floor,  
Which twining back, hangs o'er the Cave below,  
Where, thro' a Hole, your kind *Conduitors* show  
A Candle, left on purpose at the Brook,  
On which, with *trembling Horror*, whilst you look,  
You'll fancy't, from that dreadful Precipice,  
A *Spark* ascending from the black *Abyss*.  
Returning to your *Road*, you thence must still  
Higher and higher mount the dang'rous Hill,

Till, at the last, dirty, and tir'd enough,  
 Your giddy Heads do touch the sparkling Roof,  
 And now you here a while to pant may fit,  
 To which *Advent'urers* have thought requisit  
 To add a Bottle, to expresse the Love  
 They owe their *Friends* left in the *World* above.  
 And here I too would sheathe my weary'd Pen,  
 Were I not bound to bring you back agen ;  
 You therefore must return, but with much more  
 Delib'rate Circumspection than before :  
 Two Hob-nail *Peakrills*, one on either side,  
 Your Arms supporting like a bashful *Bride*,  
 Whilst a Third steps before, kindly to meet  
 With his broad Shoulders your extended Feet,  
 And thus from *Rock* to *Rock* they slide you down,  
 Till to their Footing you may add your own ;  
 Which is at the great *Torrent*, roars below,  
 From whence your *Guides* another Candle show,  
 Left in the Hole above, whose distant Light  
 Seems a Star peeping thro' a fullen Night.

You there with far less painful Steps, but yet  
 More dang'rous still, the Way you came repeat,  
 Your *Peake*-bred *Convoy* of rude Men and Boys  
 All the Way hooting with that dreadful Noise,  
 A Man would think it were the dismal Yell  
 Of Souls tormented in the Flames of Hell ;  
 And I almost believ'd it, by the Face  
 Our *Masters* give us of that unknown Place.  
 But, be'ng conducted with this *Triumph* back,  
 Before y'are yet permitted leave to take  
 Of this *Infernal Mansion*, you must see  
 Where Master *Pool* and his bold *Yeomanry*

Took

Took up their dark *Apartments*, which do lie  
 Over the narrow Pass you enter'd by ;  
 Up an Ascent of easy Mounting, where  
 They shew his *Hall*, his *Parlour*, *Bed-chamber*,  
*Withdrawing-room*, and *Closet* ; and, to these,  
 His *Kitchen*, and his other *Offices*,  
 And all contriv'd to justify a *Fable*,  
 That may, indeed, pass with the ign'rant Rabble,  
 And might serve him perhaps a Day, or so,  
 When close pursu'd ; but Men of Sense must know,  
 Who of the Place have took a serious View,  
 None but the *Devil* himself could live there *Two*.  
 And I half think yourselves are glad to hear  
 Your own Deliverance to be so near :  
 Thence once more thro' the narrow Passage strain,  
 And you shall see the chearful Day again ;  
 When, after two Hours Darkness, you will say,  
 The Sun appears dress'd in a brighter Ray :  
 Thus, after long Restraint, when once set free,  
 Men better taste the Air of *Liberty*.

Six hundred Paces hence, and *Northward* still,  
 On the Descent of such a little *Hill*,  
 As by the rest, of greater Bulk and Fame,  
 Environ'd round, scarcely deserves that Name,  
 A Crystal \* *Fountain-Spring*, in healing Streams,  
 Hot (tho' close shaded from the Sun's warm Beams,  
 By a malicious Roof, that covers it  
 So close, as not his prying Eye t'admit

---

\* St. Ann's Well at the Buxtons, the second Wonder.

That elsewhere's privileg'd, here to behold  
 His beamy Face, and Locks of burning Gold,  
 In the most flatt'ring Mirror, that below  
 His Travel round the spacious Globe can show)  
 So fair a *Nymph*, and so supremely bright,  
 The teeming *Earth* did never bring to light ;  
 Nor does she rush into the World with Noise,  
 Like *Neptune's* ruder Sex of roaring *Boys* ;  
 But boils and simmers up, as if the Heat,  
 That warms her Waves, that Motion did beget.  
 But where's the Wonder ? For it is well known,  
 Warm and clear Fountains in the *Peake* are none,  
 Which the whole *Province* thoro' so abound,  
 Each *Yeoman* almost has them in his Ground.  
 Take then the Wonder of this famous Place ;  
 This tepid Fountain a *Twin-Sister* has,  
 Of the same Beauty and Complexion,  
 That, bubbling six Foot off, joins both in one :  
 But yet so cold withal, that who will stride,  
 When bathing, crosses the *Bath* but half so wide,  
 Shall in one Body, which is strange, endure  
 At once an *Ague* and a *Calenture*.  
 Strange ! that two *Sisters*, springing up at once,  
 Should differ thus in Constitutions ;  
 And would be stranger, could they be the same :  
 That Love should one half of the Heart inflame,  
 Whilst t'other, senseless of a Lover's Pain,  
 Freezes itself and him in cold Disdain ;  
 Or that a *Naiade*, having careless play'd  
 With some male wanton *Stream*, and fruitful Maid,  
 Should have her Silver Breasts at once to flow,  
 One with warm *Milk*, t'other with melted *Snow*.

Yet

Yet for the *Patients* 'tis more proper still,  
 Fit to inflame the Blood is cold and chill;  
 And of the Blood t'allay the glowing Heat,  
 Wild Youth, and yet wilder Desires beget:  
 Hither the *Sick*, and *Lame*, and *Barren* come,  
 And hence go *healthful*, *sound*, and *fruitful* Home.  
*Buxton's* in Beauty famous: But in this  
 Much more, the *Pilgrim* never frustrate is,  
 That comes to bright St. *Anne*, when he can get  
 Nought but his Pains, from yellow \* *Somerset*.  
 Nor is our *Saint*, tho' sweetly humble, shut  
 Within coarse Walls of an indecent Hut;  
 But in the Center of a *Palace* springs  
 A *Mansion* proud enough for *Saxon* Kings;  
 But by a Lady built, who, Rich and Wife,  
 Not only *Houses* rais'd, but *Families*,  
 More, and more great than *England*, that does flow  
 In Loyal *Peers*, can from one Fountain show.  
 But, either thro' the Fault of th' *Architect*,  
 The Workman's Ign'rance, Knav'ry, or Neglect,  
 Or thro' the searching Nature of the *Air*,  
 Which almost always breathes in *Tempests* there;  
 This *Structure*, which in Expectation shou'd  
 Ages as many, as't has Years, have stood;  
 Chink'd and decay'd so dangerously fast,  
 And near a Ruin, till it came, at last,  
 To be thought worth the noble † Owner's Care,  
 New to rebuild what Art could not repair,  
 As he has done, and, like himself, of late,  
 Is more commodious, and of greater State.

---

\* Bath in Somersetshire.

† William Earl of Devonshire.

*Nort*

North-east from hence, three *Peakish* Miles at least,  
 {Which, who once measures, will dread all the rest}  
 At th' Instep of just such another Hill,  
 There creeps a Spring that makes a little || Rill,  
 Which, at first Sight, to curious Visitors,  
 So small and so contemptible appears,  
 They'd think themselves *abus'd*, did they not stay  
 To see wherein the Wonder of it lay.  
 This Fountain is so very very small,  
 Th' Observer hardly can perceive it crawl  
 Thoro' the Sedge, which scarcely in their Beds  
 Confess a Current by their waving Heads.  
 I'th' Chink thro' which it issues to the Day,  
 It *stagnant* seems, and makes so little Way,  
 That *Thistle-down*, without a Breeze of Air,  
 May lie at *Hull*, and be becalmed there;  
 Which makes the vary Owner of the Ground,  
 For his Herds Use, the tardy Waves impound,  
 In a low *Cistern* of so small Content,  
 As stops so little of the *Element*  
 For so important Use, that, when the *Cap*  
 Is fullest crown'd, a *Cow* may drink it up.  
 Yet this so still, so very little Well,  
 Which, thus beheld, seems so contemptible,  
 No less of real *Wonder* does comprize,  
 Than any of the other *Rarities* :  
 For now and then, a hollow murm'ring Sound,  
 Being first heard remotely under Ground,  
 The Spring immediately swells, and straight  
 Boils up thro' sev'ral Pores to such a Height,

---

|| Wedding-wall, or Tides-well, the *Third Wonder*.



As, overflowing soon the narrow *Shear*,  
 Below does in a little *Torrent* roar.  
 Whilst, near the Fountain-Mouth, the Water sings  
 Thro' the secret *Conduits* of her Springs,  
 With such a Harmony of various Notes,  
 As *Grotto's* yield, thro' narrow brazen Throats,  
 When, by the Weight of higher Streams, the low'r  
 Are upward forc'd in an inverted Show'r.  
 But the sweet *Musick's* short three Minutes Space  
 To highest *Mark* this *Oceanet* does raise,  
 And half that Time retires the ebbing Waves  
 To the dark Windings of their frigid *Caves*.

To seek investigable *Causes* out  
 Serves not to clear, but to increase a Doubt ;  
 And, where the best of *Nature's Spies* but grope,  
 For me, who worst can speculate, what Hope  
 To find the secret Cause of these strange *Tides*  
 Which an impenetrable *Mountain* hides  
 From all, to view these *Miracles* that come,  
 In dark *Recesses* of her spacious Womb ?  
 And \* *He* who is in *Nature* the best read,  
 Who the best Hand has to the wisest Head,  
 Who best can *Think*, and best his *Thoughts* express,  
 Does but, perhaps, more rationally guess,  
 When he his Sense delivers of these Things,  
 And *Fancy* sends to search these unknown *Springs*.

He tells us first, these flowing Waters are  
 Too sweet, their *Fluxes* too irregular,

---

\* *Mr. Hobbs.*

To owe to *Neptune* these fantaſtick Turns ;  
Nor yet does *Phæbe* with her Silver Horns,  
In theſe free franchis'd, ſubterranean *Caves*,  
Puſh into crowd'd *Tides* the frighted Waves.  
But that the *Spring*, ſwell'd by ſome ſmoaking Show'r  
That teeming Clouds on *Tellus*' Surface pour,  
Marches amain with a confederate *Force*,  
Until ſome freighter Paſſage in its Courſe  
Stops the tumult'ous Throng, which preſſing faſt,  
And forc'd on ſtill to more precip'tous Haſte  
By the ſucceeding Streams, lies *Gargling* there,  
Till in that narrow Throat, th' obſtructed Air,  
Finding itſelf in too ſtrict Limits pent,  
Oppoſes ſo the' invading *Element*,  
As firſt to make the half-choak'd Gullet heave,  
And then diſgorge the Stream it can't receive.

Than this, of this *Peake-Wonder*, I believe,  
None a more plauſible Account can give.  
Tho' here it might be ſaid, if this were ſo,  
It never would, but in wet Weather, flow ;  
Yet, in the greateſt Droughts the Earth abides,  
It never fails to yield leſs frequent *Tides*,  
Which always clear and unpolluted are,  
And nothing of the *Waſh* of *Tempeſt* ſhare.  
But whether this a Wonder be, or no,  
'Twill be one, Reader, if thou ſeeſt it flow :  
For, having been there ten times, for the nonce,  
I never yet could ſee it flow but once,  
And that the laſt time too ; which made me there  
Take my laſt leave on't, as I now do here.

Hence two Miles *East*,<sup>\*</sup> does a Fourth *Wonder* lie,  
Worthy the greatest Curiosity,  
Call'd • *Elden-Hole* ; but such a dreadful Place,  
As will procure a tender *Muse* her Grace,  
In the Description, if the chance to fail,  
When my *Island* trembles, and my *Cheeks* turn pale,  
Betwixt a verdant *Mountain's* falling Flanks,  
And within Bounds of easy swelling Banks,  
That hem the *Wonder* in on either Side,  
A formidable *Scissure* gapes so wide,  
Steep, black, and full of Horror, that who dare  
Look down into the *Chasm*, and keep his Hair  
From lifting off his Hat, either has none,  
Or for more modish Curls cashiers his own.  
It were injurious, I must confess,  
By mine to measure braver Courages :  
But when I peep into't, I must declare,  
My *Heart* still beats, and *Eyes* with Horror stare ;  
And he that, standing on the Brink of *Hell*,  
Can carry it so unconcern'd, and well,  
As to betray no Fear, is certainly,  
A better *Christian*, or a worse than I.

This yawning Mouth is thirty Paces long,  
Scarce half so wide, within lin'd thro' with strong  
Contiguous Walls of solid perpend Stone :  
A Gulf wide, steep, black, and a dreadful one ;  
Which few, that come to see it, dare come near.  
And the more daring still approach with Fear,

---

\* *Elden-Hole, the Fourth Wonder.*

Having with Terror here beheld á Space,  
 The ghastly Aspect of this dang'rous Place ;  
 Critical *Passengers* usually found,  
 How deep the threat'ning *Gulph* goes *under ground*,  
 By tumbling down *Stones* fought throughout the *Field*,  
 As great as the officious *Boars* can wield,  
 Of which such *Millions* of *Tuns* are thrown,  
 That, in a *Country* almost all of *Stone*,  
 About the *Place* they something scarce are grown.  
 But, being brought, down they're condem'd to go,  
 When *Silence* being made, and Ears laid low,  
 The first's turn'd off, which, as it parts the *Air*,  
 A kind of *Sighing* makes, as if it were  
 Capable of that useless *Passion*, *Fear* :  
 Till the first *Hit* strikes the astonish'd Ear,  
 Like *Thunder* under-ground ; thence it invades,  
 With louder *Thunders*, those *Tartarean* *Shades*,  
 Which groan forth *Horror* at each pond'rous *Stroke*  
 Th' unnat'ral *Issue* gives the *Parent* *Rock* ;  
 Whilst, as it strikes, the Sound by turns we note,  
 When nearer *flat*, *sharper* when more remote,  
 As the hard *Walls*, on which it strikes, are found  
 Fit to reverberate the bell'wing Sound :  
 When, after falling long, it seems to hiss,  
 Like the Old *Serpent* in the dark *Abyss* :  
 Till *Echo*, tir'd with posting, does refuse  
 To carry to th' inquisitive *Perdu's*,  
 That couchant lie above, the trembling *News*.  
 And there ends our *Intelligence* ; how far  
 It travels further no one can declare ;  
 Tho', if it rested here, the *Place* might well  
 Sure be accepted for a *Miracle*.

Your *Guide* to all these Wonders never fails  
 To entertain you with ridic'ulous Tales  
 Of this strange Place, one of the *Geese* thrown in,  
 Which, out of *Peake's Arse* two Miles off, was seen  
 Shell-na'ed *Sally*, rifled of her Plume,  
 By which a Man may lawfully presume,  
 The Owner was a Woman grave, and wise,  
 Could know her *Geese* again in that Disguise.

Another lying Tale the People tell,  
 And, without smiling, of a pond'rous *Bell*,  
 By a long Rope let down the *Pit* to sound ;  
 When many hundred Fathoms under Ground  
 It stopp'd : But, tho' they made their *Sinews* crack,  
 All the Men there could not once move it back ;  
 'Till, after some short Space, the plunder'd Line,  
 With scores of *curious Knots* made wond'rous fine,  
 Came up again with easy Motion ;  
 But, for the jangling *Plummet*, that was gone.

But with these idle *Fables*, feign'd of old,  
 Some modern Truths, and sad ones too, are told :  
 One, of that mercenary *Fool* expos'd  
 His Life for Gold, t'explore what lies enclos'd  
 In this obscure *Vacuity*, and tell  
 Of stranger Sights than *Theseus* saw in *Hell* :  
 But the poor *Wretch* paid for his Thirst of *Gain* :  
 For being cran'd up with distemper'd Brain,  
 A salt'ring Tongue, with a wild staring Look ;  
 (Whether by *Damps* not known, or *Horror*, strook)  
 Now this Man was confed'rate with *Mischance*  
 'Gainst his own Life, his whole Inheritance,

Which

Which bates the Pity human Nature bears  
To poor involuntary *Sufferers* :  
But the sad Tale of his severer Fate,  
Whose Story's next, Compassion must create.  
He raving languish'd a few Days, and then  
Dy'd ; peradventure to go down agen.  
In Savages, and in the silent Deep,  
Make the hard Marble, that destroy'd him, weep.

A *Stranger*, to this Day from whence not known,  
Travelling this wild *Country* all alone,  
And by the *Night* surpriz'd by *Destiny*,  
(If such a Thing, and so unkind, there be)  
Was guided to a *Village* near this Place,  
Where asking at a House, how far it was  
To such a *Town*, and being told so far :  
Will you, my Friend, t' oblige a *Traveller*,  
Says the benighted *Stranger*, be so kind  
As to conduct me thither ? You will bind  
My Gratitude for ever, and in Hand  
Shall presently receive what you'll demand.  
The *Fellow* humm'd, and haw'd, and scratch'd his *Pate*,  
And, to draw on good Wages, said 'twas late,  
And grew so *dark*, that, tho' he knew the Way,  
He durst not be so confident to say,  
He might not miss it in so dark a Night :  
But if his *Worship* would be pleas'd t'alight,  
And let him call a Friend, he made no doubt,  
But one of them would surely find it out.  
The *Traveller* well pleas'd, at any rate,  
To have so expert *Guides*, dismounted straight,  
Giving his Horse up to the treach'rous Slave,  
Who, having hous'd him, forthwith fell to heave

And poise the *Portmanteau*, which finding Freight  
 At either End, with Lumps of tempting Weight,  
 The *Devil* and *He* made out a short Dispute  
 About the Thing they soon did execute :  
 For calling t'other *Rogue*, who long had bin  
 His 'Complice in succeeding Acts of Sin,  
 He tells him of the Prize, sets out the Gain,  
 Shews how secure and easy to obtain ;  
 Which press'd so home, where was so little need,  
 The *Stranger's* Ruin quickly was decreed.  
 Thus, to the poor *Proscrib'd*, the *Villains* go,  
 And with join'd Confidence assure him so,  
 'That, with his Hap to meet such Friends content,  
 He puts himself into their Hands, and went.

The guilty *Night*, as if she would express  
 Confed'racy with such black Purposes,  
 The sparkling *Hemisphere* had overspread  
 With darkest Vapours from foul *Lerna* bred ;  
 The World was hush'd all, save a sighing Wind,  
 That might have warn'd a more presaging *Mind*,  
 When these two Sons of *Satan* thus agreed,  
 With seeming Wariness and Care proceed,  
 All the while mixing their amusing Chat  
 With frequent Caution of this Step, and that,  
 Till after that six hundred Paces gone,  
*Master*, here's but a sorry Grip, says one  
 Of the damn'd *Rogues* (and he said very right).  
*Pray*, for more Safety, Sir, be pleas'd t'align,  
 And let him lead your Horse a little Space,  
 Till you are past this one uneven Place,  
 You'll need t'align no more, I'll warrant you ;  
 And still this *Instrument of Hell* said true.

Forthwith alights the innocent *Trapan'd*,  
 One leads his Horse, the other takes his Hand ;  
 And with a Shew of Care, conducts him thus  
 To these steep Thresholds of black *Erebus* :  
 And there (O Act of Horror, which out-vies  
 The direst of inhuman Cruelties !)  
 Let me (my *Muse*) repeat it without Sin, !  
 The barb'rous *Villain* push'd him headlong in.  
 The frighted Wretch, having no time to speak,  
 Forc'd his distended Throat in such a Shriek,  
 As, by the Shrikeness of the doleful Cry,  
 Pierc'd thro' and thro' the immense *Inanity*,  
 Informing so the half-dead Faller's Ear,  
 What he must suffer, what he had to fear ;  
 When, at the very first befriending Knock, "  
 His trembling Brains smear'd the *Tarpeian* Rock,  
 The shatter'd Carcass downward rattles fast,  
 Whilst, thence dismiss'd, the Soul with greater Haste  
 From those Infernal Mansions does remove,  
 And mounts to seek the happy Seats above.  
 What bloody *Arab* of the fellest Breed,  
 What but the yet more fell *I——n* Seed,  
 Could once have meditated such a *Deed* ?  
 But one of these *Heav'n's Veng'ance* did e're long  
 Call to Account for this poor Creature's Wrong ;  
 Who, hang'd for other Crimes, amongst the rest,  
 This horrid Murder at his Death confess'd :  
 Whilst t'other *Rogue*, to *Justice* soul Disgrace,  
 Yet lives, 'tis said, unquestion'd near the Place.  
 How deep this *Gulph* does travel under-ground,  
 Tho' there have been Attempts, was never found :  
 But I myself, with half the *Peake* surrounded,  
*Eight hundred fourscore and four Yards base sounded*



And, tho' of these *four score* return'd back wet,  
 The *Plummet* drew, and found no Bottom yet:  
 Tho' when I went again another Day,  
 To make a further and a new Essay,  
 I could not get the *Lead* down half the Way.

Enough of *Hell!* from hence you forward ride,  
 Still mounting up the *Mountain's* groaning Side,  
 'Till, having gain'd the utmost Height, your Eye,  
 Northward a Mile, a \* higher does descry,  
 And steeper much, tho' from that Prospect green,  
 With a black, moorish Valley stretch'd between.  
 Unlike in Stature, and in Substance, this,  
 To the *South-east*, is a great Precipice,  
 Not of firm Rock, like the rest here that shroud  
 Their low'ring *Summits* in a dewy Cloud;  
 But of shaly Earth, that from the Crown  
 With a continual Motion mould'ring down,  
 Spawns a less *Hill* of looser Mould below,  
 Which will in time ta'l as the Mother grow,  
 And must perpetuate the *Wonder* so.  
 Which *Wonder* is, that tho' this Hill ne'er cease  
 To waste itself, it suffers no Decrease:  
 But 'twould a greater be, if those that pass  
 Should miss the *Atoms* of so vast a *Mass*:  
 Tho' *Neighbours*, if they nearer would enquire,  
 Must needs perceive the pilling *Cliff* retire:  
 And the most cursory Beholder may  
 Visibly see a manifest Decay.

---

\* Mam-Tor, the Fifth Wonder.

By jutting Stones, that, by the Earth left bare,  
 Hang on the trip, suspended in the Air.  
 This haughty Mountain, by indulgent *Fame*  
 Preferr'd t' a *Wonder*, MAM-TOR has to Name,  
 For in that Country *Jargon's* uncouth Sense  
 Expressing any craggy Eminence,  
 From *Tow'r* : But then, why *Mam*, I can't surmise,  
 Unless because *Mother* to that doth rise  
 Out of her Ruins : Better then to speak,  
 It might be called *Phoenix* of the *Peake* :  
 For, when this *Mountain* by long Wasting's gone,  
 Her Ashes will, and not till then, be one.  
 Which, e're I quit, I must beg leave to tell  
 One Story only of this *Miracle*.

Of late, a Country-Fellow, it seems, one  
 Who had more Courage than Discretion ;  
 Untempted, or by Wager, or by Price,  
 And obstinately deaf to all Advice,  
 Would needs attempt to climb this Precipice.  
 Thus then resolv'd, th' *Enceladus* sets out,  
 With a *Peake* Heart *Heaven* defying stout,  
 A daring Look, and vast *Colossian* Strides,  
 To storm the frowning *Mountain's* mould'ring Sides.  
 Wherein the first Steps of th' *Advent'ren's* Proof  
 Were easy and encouraging enough,  
 Scarce *Pent-house* steep, and ev'ry Step did brand,  
 Assured Footing in the yielding Sand ;  
 And higher, tho' much steeper ; yet the Hill,  
 By leaning backward, gave him Footing still ;  
 Tho' still more tickle and unsafe, as higher  
 The hare-brain'd Fool did in's Attempt aspire.  
 But be'ng arriv'd to the stupendous Place  
 Where the *Cliff's* Beetle-brows o'erlook his *Base*,

The jutting Front with threat'ning Ruin there  
 Bad stand unto the bold *Adventurer*.  
 Then from that stupifying Height, too late,  
 Th' astonish'd Wretch saw his approaching Fate:  
 Thence first he downward cast his woeful Eyes,  
 Sadly to view the dang'rous Precipice,  
 Which the bold Stormer with such Horror strook,  
 As all his Limbs with a cold Trembling shook  
 With so unseasonable an Ague-Fit,  
 That Hands and Feet ~~are~~ ready-hold to quit,  
 And to the Fool their Master's Fate submit.  
 How to advance a Step he could not tell,  
 And to descend was as impossible:  
 But, thus environ'd with black Despair,  
 He hung suspended in the liquid Air.  
 He then would fain have pray'd: But *Auburn* say,  
 Few of the *Province* gifted are that way,  
 And that to swear, curse, slander, and forswear  
 More nat'ral is to your *Peake-Highlander*;  
 Tho' there are many virt'ous People there.  
 But be it how it will, the Fellow hung  
 On stretch'd-out Sinews so exceeding long,  
 Till, ready to drop off, Necessity  
 Bad mount and live, or else fall down and die.  
 With last Effort he upward then 'gan crawl,  
 To rise, or from a nobler Height to fall;  
 And, as he forward strove, began to try  
 This and that hanging Stone's Stability,  
 To prove their Firmness, and to feel what hold  
 The *Earth-bound* Ends had in the crumbling *Meld*.  
 Some of which hanging *Tables*, as he still  
 Made further Progress up the tickling Hill,

He found so loose, they threaten'd as he went;  
To sweep him off, and be his *Monument*.  
But 'tis most certain, that some other End,  
In *Fate's* dark *Leaves*, for the rash Fool is penn'd ;  
Not by a Fall so noble, and so high,  
Tho' by a Slip, perhaps, 'twixt *Earth* and *Sky* :  
For, to th' *Spectator's* Wonder, and his own,  
He panting gain'd at last the Mountain's Crown.

Hence an uneven Mile below, in Sight  
Of this strange *Cliff*, and almost opposite,  
Lies *Castleton*, a Place of noted Fame,  
Which from the *Castle* there, derives it Name.  
Ent'ring the *Village* presently y'are met  
With a clear, swift, and murm'ring *Rivulet*,  
Towards whose *Source*, if up the Stream you look  
On your right Hand close by, your Eye is struck  
With a stupendous Rock raising so high,  
His craggy *Temples* tow'rds the Azure Sky,  
That, if we this should with the rest compare,  
They *Hillocks*, *Mole-hills*, *Warts*, and *Pebbles* are.  
This, as if King of all the *Mountains* round,  
Is on the Top with an old *Tower* crown'd,  
An *Antick* Thing, fit to make People stare ;  
But of no use, either in Peace, or War.  
Under this *Castle* yawns a dreadful \* *Cave*,  
Whose Sight may well astonish the most Brave,  
And make him pause, e're further he proceed:  
T'explore what in those gloomy *Vaults* lie hid.  
The *Brook*, which from one mighty *Spring* does flow,  
Thro' a deep stony Channel runs below.

---

\* *Peake's Arse, the Sixth Wonder.*

Whilst o'er a Path level, and broad enough  
 For human *Feet*, or for the armed *Hoof*,  
 Above you, and below, all Precipice,  
 You still advance towards the Court of *DIS*.  
 Over this Causey as you forward go,  
 On your right Hand, cross the deep Course below,  
 You see the *Fountain's* long imprison'd Streams  
 Leap out to wanton in the Sun's warm Beams..  
 There thro' a *Marble-Pipe* some two Foot wide,  
 And deeper than a *Pike's* Length can decide,  
 Sick of long wand'ring in those envious *Caves*,  
 She here disgorges her tumult'ous Waves  
 With such a Force, that if you coit a Stone,  
 Any thing flat, altho' a heavy one,  
 Tho' the Fall make it sink, it will amain,  
 Like squeamish *Patients*, throw it up again,  
 As a pale Leaf, kill'd by the Winter's Frown;  
 Nor, till it gain an *Edge*, receive it down.  
 So that it seems by the strange Force it has,  
 Rising from such a pond'rous *Mountain's* Base,  
 As if press'd down with the great Weight, it thence  
 Deriv'd this supernat'ral Violence.

Above the *Spring*, the *Channel* goes up still,  
 Dry now; but which the *Cave* does sometimes fill  
 With such a roaring and high-swelling *Tide*,  
 The tallest *First-rate Frigate* there may ride:  
 Now to the *Cave* we come, wherein is found  
 A new strange Thing, a *Village* under ground;  
*Houses*, and *Barns* for *Men*, and *Beasts* *behoof*,  
 With distinct *Walls* under one solid *Roof*.  
*Stacks* both of *Hay* and *Turf*, which yield a Scent,  
 Can only fume from *Satan's* Fundament;

For this black *Cave* lives in the Voice of *Fame*  
To the same Sense by a yet coarser *Name*.

The *Subterranean People* ready stand,  
A Candle each, most two in either Hand,  
To guide, who are to penetrate inclin'd,  
The *Intestinum Rectum* of the *Fiend*.  
Thus, by a blinking and promiscuous Light,  
We now begin to travel into *Night*,  
Hoping, indeed, to see the *Sun* agen;  
Tho' none of us can tell, or how, or when.  
Now in your Way, a soft Descent you meet,  
Where the Sand takes th' Impression of your Feet,  
And which, e're many Yards you measur'd have,  
Brings you into the *Level* of the *Cave*.  
Some Paces hence the Roof comes down so low,  
The humblest Statures are compell'd to bow,  
First low, then lower; till at last we go  
On four Feet now, who walk'd but now on two;  
Then straight it lets you upright rise, and then,  
Force you to stoop down, and to creep agen;  
Till to a silent *Brook* at last you come,  
Whose limpid Waves dart Rays about the Room;  
But there the Rock its Bosom bows so low,  
That few *Advent'urers* further press to go;  
Yet we must thro', or else how can we give  
Of this strange Place a perfect Narrative?  
But how's the Question: For the Water's deep,  
The Bottom dipping, slippery, and steep;  
Where if you slip, in ill Hour you came hither.  
You shoot under a Rock the *Lord* knows whither.  
Then 'tis twelve Paces broad, to that so low  
The Rock does tow'rd the Water's Surface bow,

That

That who will pass, in double Danger's bound;  
 Rising he breaks his Skull, he's stooping drown'd.  
 Thrice I the *Pass* attempted with Desire,  
 And thrice I did ingloriously retire;  
 Till Shame did that my Courage fail'd to do,  
 And, maugre Difficulties, forc'd me thro'.  
 As my Feet chock'd upon the further Shore,  
 My Heart began to rise was sunk before,  
 And as soon felt a new Access of Pain,  
 Now I was here, how to get back again:  
 And with good Cause; for if (as sometimes here,  
 By Mounts of Sand; within it does appear  
 A rapid Current, navigably deep,  
 The Sides and Bottom of the *Cave* does sweep)  
 There now should the least *Rill* of Water come  
 To fill the fore-nam'd very little Room,  
 And higher should but poor six Inches swell,  
 'Twould render all *Retreat* impossible.  
 But that *Thought* comes too late; and they who take  
 A *Voyage* once over the *Stygian Lake*  
 (Where Souls for ever us'llly remain)  
 Have better Luck, if they return again.

Being o'er this dang'rous *Pass*, above us now  
 Are high-roof'd *Vaults*: Oh, for a *Golden-Bough*  
 To charm the *Train* of that infernal *God*  
 Who in these *Caverns* makes his dark Abode.  
 The *Cave* is here not only high, but wide,  
 Stretching itself so far from Side to Side,  
 At if (past these *blind Creeks*) we now were come  
 Into the Hollow of the Mountain's *Womb*;  
 The stately Walls of diff'ring Fabrick are,  
 One sloping, t'other perpendicular.

I Fabrick say, because on the right Hand,  
 If you will climb the *Acherontick* Strand,  
 A curious *Portal* greets the wond'ring Eye,  
 Where *Architecture's* chiefest *Symmetry*  
 Is ev'ry where observ'd, and serves to show  
 The poor \* *Design* above to this below.  
 Two *Tuscan Columns* jutting from the Wall,  
 With each his proper *Base* and *Capital*,  
 Support a well-turn'd *Arch*, and of one Piece,  
 With all its *Mouldings*, *Frieze*, and *Coronice*.  
 Oh ! who that sees these Things, but must reflect  
 With Wonder on th' Almighty *Architect*,  
 Whose Works all human *Art* so far excel ?  
 For, doubtless, he, that *Heav'n* made, made *Hell*.  
 This leads into a handsome Room, wherein  
 A *Bason* stands with Waters Crystalline,  
 To welcome such, as once, at least, shall grace  
 With unknown Light this solitary Place.  
 On this Side many more small *Grotto's* are,  
 Which, were the first away, would all seem rare :  
 But, that once seen, we may the rest pass by,  
 As hardly worth our Curiosity.  
 But we must back, e're we can forward go,  
 Into the *Channel* we forsook below ;  
 Thro' which the rugged Pass does only lie  
 T'a further and compleat Discovery.  
 Being return'd, we now again proceed  
 Thoro' a *Vale* that's salebrous indeed ;  
 Squeezing our Guts, bruising our Flesh and Bones  
 To thrust betwixt massy and pointed Stones,

---

\* *The Castle over it.*



Some three, some four, and others five Foot high,  
 Puffing and sweating in our Industry :  
 Till after three or fourscore Paces more,  
 We reach the second *River's* marble Shore,  
 Four times as broad as that we pass'd before. }  
 The Water's *Margent* here goes down so steep,  
 That at first Step you chop in Middle-deep ;  
 But, tho' the Way be cumbersome and rough,  
 'Tis no where more, and fordable enough.  
 This, as the other, clear, differs in this,  
 The Bottom is of Sand, this Stony is ;  
 And here withal the Water is so strong,  
 That, as you raise one Foot to move along,  
 Without good Heed, you will have much ado  
 To fix the other Foot from rising too ;  
 And yet there is no Current here, nor Spring,  
 T'occasion such an unexpected Thing :  
 For, tho' the *Country-People* are so wise  
 To call these *Rivers*, they're but *Stagnancies*  
 Left by the Flood ; which, when retir'd again,  
 The *Cave* does in her hollow *Lap* retain.  
 As here thro' *cobling Stones* we stumbling wade,  
 The narrow *Cave* casts such a dreadful Shade,  
 That, being thence unable to discover  
 With all our Light, how far the *Lake* was over,  
 We made a Halt, and, as the rest desir'd,  
 I now half-willing was to have reitr'd ;  
 And, had not *Resolution* then stepp'd in,  
 The great *Adventure* had not finish'd bin.  
 But o'er we got, and from our Cloaths there rain'd  
 A welcome Show'r upon the thirsty Sand,  
 Of which we here vast Mountains saw, by *Seas*  
 Of *Torrents* wash'd from distant *Provinces* ;

For

For the hard Rihs of the *Cave's* native Stone  
 So solid are, that I'm sure yields none.  
 Over these *Hills* we forward still contend,  
 Wishing and longing for our Journey's End;  
 Till now again we saw the Rock descend,  
 Forming a Roof so even, smooth, and sleek,  
 Without, or Crack, or Seam, or Chink or Nick,  
 Some twenty Paces long, and ten Foot high,  
 As the *Mechanick Trowel* may defy.  
 I'th' midst of which a *Cupola* does rise,  
 (As if to crown the other Rarities)  
 In th' exact Hollow of a weighty *Bell*,  
 Which does in Beauty very much excell  
 All I c'er saw before, excepting none,  
 Tho' I have been at *Lincoln*, and at *Roane*.  
 Just beyond this a purling Rill we meet,  
 Which, tho' scarce deep enough to wet our Feet,  
 Had they been dry, must be a *River* too,  
 And has more Title than the other two;  
 Because this runs, which neither of them do.  
 Tho' ev'ry *Kennel* that we see does pour  
 More lib'ral Streams in ev'ry *Thunder-show'r*.  
 Just where 'tis met, as if to shun the Light,  
 It under Ground vanishes out of Sight;  
 We take the obvious Stream to be our *Guide*,  
*Sand-Hills*, and *Rocks* by turns on either Side,  
 Plashing thro' *Water*, and thro' slabby *Sand*,  
 Till a vast *Sand-Hill* once more bids us stand:  
 For here again, who'er shall try, will know,  
 The hum'rous *Rock* descends so very low,  
 That the swoln Floods, when they in Fury rave,  
 Throw up this *Mount*, that almost chokes the *Cave*.

Where,

Where, tho' the *Brook* offer'd to guide us still  
 Thro a blind *Creek* w<sup>th</sup> right Hand of this *Hill*;  
 We thought it not Prudence to follow it,  
 Unlikely, we conceiv'd, our *Bulks* t' admit :  
 But storm'd the *Hill*, which rising fast and steep  
 So near the Rock, we on all four must creep  
 It on the other Side as fast does dip ;  
 And, to reward us for that mighty Pain,  
 Brought us unto our little *Nymph* again :  
 Which we some Paces follow'd still, when there  
 A sudden Noise striking th' astonish'd Ear,  
 We neither could guess *what*, nor tell from *whence*,  
 Struck us into Amazement and Suspence.  
 We stood all mute and palled with the Sight ;  
 A Paleness so increas'd by paler Light,  
 That ev'ry Wand a *Caduce* did appear,  
 As we a *Caravan* of dead Folks were :  
 But really so terrible a Sound,  
 Sure, ne'er was heard above, or under Ground.  
 To which the Difficulties we had had,  
 And Horror of the Place did so much add,  
 That it was long before a Word came out,  
 To ask a Question, or resolve a Doubt.  
 But, by some one, the Silence being broke,  
 We all together in Confusion spoke :  
 But all *in i-purpo-ze*, not a Word of Sense,  
 Either to get or give Intelligence.  
 So when a tall and richly laden Ship,  
 Ploughing the Sea with all her Sails a-trip,  
 Suddenly strikes upon some unseen Nock,  
 Her Seams laid open by the pond'rous Shock,  
 The *Parragers* and *Seamen* tear their Throats  
 In confus'd Cries, and undistinguish'd Notes:

Some:

Some thought a Flood was just now breaking in,  
Some that *Pyracmon* had at th' Anvil bin,  
With *Brontes*, forging *Thunderbolts* for *JOVE*,  
Or for some *Hero Arms* i'th' World above ;  
Some said, it Thunder'd ; others, this and that ;  
Ev'ry one fear'd, but not a Man knew what :  
Till at the last, a little calmer grown,  
Again we listen'd, then spoke one by one ;  
Began to think, and temp'rately debate,  
What we were best to do in this Estate.  
The major *Vote* was, quickly to retire,  
Which also those oppos'd it, did desire ;  
Tho', in the End, we all agreed to see  
What the great *Cause* of this *strange Noise* might be :  
Nor were we long in doubt ; for, e're we had  
But twenty Paces further Progress made,  
Before our Eyes we saw it plain appear,  
And then were out of *Count'nance* at our *Fear*.  
On the right Hand our open Passage lies,  
Where once again the Roof does sloping rise  
In a steep, craggy, and a lubrick Shore,  
As high, at least, as any where before ;  
Where, from the very Top of all the *Hill*,  
A murm'ring Fountain does her Streams distil ;  
Which, thence descending with a headlong *Wave*,  
Roars in remoter Windings of the *Cave* ;  
Tho' here it does in gentle Whispers brawl  
Thro' little Stones, and is scarce heard at all.  
The *Water* falling down so silent here,  
And roaring louder than the *Thunderer*,  
At a remoter Distance, seems, as if  
The *Crystal Stream*, that trickles from the *Cliff*,

Were

Were a *Catarb*, that falling from the *Brain*,  
 Upon his leathern *Lungs*, did thus constrain  
 The *Fiend* to cough so very loud, and rear  
 His *Marble Throat*, and fright th' *Adventurer*.  
 But, if this liquid *Cave* does any where  
 Deserve the Title of a *Grot*, 'tis here :  
 For here, as from her *Urn*, the *Nymph* does pour,  
 The Water breaks on Rocks in such a Show'r,  
 Sparkling quite round the *Place*, as made us doubt,  
 'Twould hazard spitting all our *Candles* out ;  
 Which, had it happen'd so, we fairly might  
 Have bid unto the World a long good-Night :  
 Wherefore it did concern us to make haste,  
 And thus we have the third fam'd *River* past.

Up the old *Channel* still we forward tend,  
 Wond'ring, and longing when our *Search* should end ;  
 For we are all grown weary of the Night,  
 And wish'd to see the long-forsaken Light,  
 And, *Reader*, now the happy Time draws near  
 'To end your Trouble, as it did our Fear :  
 For many Paces more we had not gone,  
 Before we came to a large Vault of Stone,  
 Curiously arch'd, and wall'd on either Side,  
 Some thirty Paces long, and thirteen wide,  
 Scarce ten Foot high, which does deprive the Place  
 Unhappily of due *Proportion's* Grace.  
 'This full of Water stands, but yet so clear,  
 'That tho' o' it the Bottom does appear  
 So smooth, and even laid with glitt'ring Sand,  
 'That the most tim'rous will not make a Stand,  
 But boldly steps into't to see the End  
 'To which all the so strange *Meanders* tend :

The first Step's Ankle-deep, the next may be  
To the Mid-leg, and no where past the Knee,  
Saving, that at the very End of all,  
Where the *Rock* meets us with an even Wall,  
Under the Foot, and in the midst of it,  
There is a pretty Semi-circ'lar Pit,  
About some four Foot wide, and six Foot deep,  
Which underneath the *Falls* dipping steep,  
And the impending *Rock*, at least, three Foot,  
Descending with a sharp round *Peake* into't,  
Shuts up the *Cave*; and, with our own Desire  
Kindly complying, bids us to retire.  
Nor did we there make any longer Stay,  
Than only stooping with our Sticks t' essay,  
If pottering this, and that Way, we could find  
How deep it went, or which Way it did wind,  
Tho' 'twas in vain: For the low bended *Rock*  
Did those ridiculous Endeavours mock.  
This the fourth *River* is, altho' of more  
Than three, and one unfordable, before  
None ever heard; and if a further Shore  
Belong to this, none ever past it o'er;  
Nothing with Legs and Arms can come unto't,  
They must be *Fins*, and 'tis a *Fish* must do't.  
But I am well assur'd, none ever was  
Till now so far in this unwholsome Place;  
From whence with *Falls* and *Knocks*, tho' almost lame,  
We faster much retreated, than we came;  
And meas'ring it, as we return'd again,  
Found it five hundred Paces by the *Chain*.  
We now once more behold the chearful *Sun*,  
And, one would think, 'twere time we here had done.

But,

But e're I go, I must one Story tell  
Concerns the Place; so great a *Miracle*,  
As can't omitted be without Offence,  
It being an Effect of *Providence*.

The *Tow'r* that stands on Tip-tce in the Air,  
And o'er the Channel perpendicular,  
Is on a Hill by't self, tho' not so high,  
By infinite Degrees, as one close by,  
A narrow *Valley* interpos'd between.  
But this is all a *Crag*, the other, green  
On ev'ry Side from this old *Castle* down,  
Is perfect *Cliff*, except towards the Town,  
Where the Ascent is steep; but in the Rock,  
Forc'd by the pond'rous *Hammer's conqu'ring Streak*,  
A winding Way, from the rough *Mountain's Foot*,  
Was made the only *Avenue* unto't.  
'Tis true, that, just over the *Cave*, the *Hill*  
In an extended *Ridge* continues still:  
But to so small a *Neck's* contracted there,  
The *Tower* blocks the *Pass* up with one *Square*:  
And yet that once there has a *Passage* been  
Into the *Fort* this Way is to be seen,  
By *Ribs* of *Arches* standing of Free-stone,  
On which a *Bridge* has formerly been thrown,  
Over a *Graff* parts the Hill's double *Crown*:  
But if by *Art*, or *Nature*, made, not known,  
For it with *Docks* and *Thistles* is o'ergrown.  
On one Hand of this *Bridge*, a *Cliff* doth fall  
O'er the *Cave's* Mouth, steep as a *perpend* Wall;  
On t'other Hand one, very near as steep  
Looks down into the *Vale*, but not so deep;

For I am most assur'd, that we did go  
Under the *Vale*, when in the *Cave* below;  
And the whole Distance not twelve Paces is  
Betwixt the one and t'other *Precipice*.  
This Valley (which by the \* *Cave's-way* is known)  
Is one of the chief Passes to the *Town*,  
And where it more remotely does begin  
Gently to *dimple* these two Hills between,  
Falls with so easy a Descent, as ne'er  
Could trouble the most *Southern Traveller* :  
But, that o'er-slipt, his Neck must dearly pay  
The Rashness, if he will attempt that Way.

A *Country Fellow* some Years since, who was  
Nothing a Stranger to the tickle Pass,  
Be'ng by his *Master* sent some Friends to guide  
O'er those wild *Mountains* of the Forest wide,  
By them was so rewarded, as to make  
Him, who had guided them, his Way mistake :  
For coming back, when Night the Day had clos'd,  
Careless, and drunk enough, may be suppos'd,  
He learnedly the *Pass* did overshoot,  
Thinking he was not yet arriv'd unto't :  
But trotted on along the Mountain's *Ridge*,  
Until he came almost unto the *Bridge*  
Close by the *Tow'r*, which, tho' it could not be  
Thirty Yards off, it seems, he could not see ;  
To that Degree, either the *Mists* or *Night*,  
Or his *Potation*, did obstruct his Sight.

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\* *The Valley on the Back-side of the Castle, call'd the  
Cave, and the Cave's-way.*



But here he thought to turn into the *Vale*,  
 Altho' his *Mare*, who, having had no *Ale*,  
 Was unto both their Safeties more awake,  
 At first refus'd the dang'rous Step to take ;  
 Like unto peevish *Balaam's* faithful *Ass*,  
 Who more clear-sighted than the *Prophet* was,  
 Proving his Rider so, for once, at least,  
 If not the greater *Ass*, the greater *Beast* :  
 But being spurr'd up to the Place again,  
 Angry, it seems, her Counsel was not ta'en,  
 She took a greater Leap, against her Will,  
 'Than *Pegasus* from t'other *Bi-top* Hill,  
 With all th' Advantage that he had of *Wing*,  
 When from his *Pinch* started the Poet's *Spring* ;  
 And from the giddy *Height*, the Lord knew *whither*,  
 Down with a *Veng'ance* they both went together ;  
 Where they did part, himself could ne'er declare,  
 if on some *Rub* by th' Way, or in the Air :  
 But at the Bottom he was left for dead,  
 With a good *Memorandum* on his Head,  
 That laid him so asleep, he did not wake  
 Till with the Cold his Bones began to ake :  
 And then he stirr'd, rolling his heavy Eye  
 Towards the *Vault* of the enamell'd Sky,  
 Which now thick set with sparkling Stars he sees,  
 That but of late had been no Friends of his ;  
 And, by the Favour of the twinkling Light,  
 The *Castle* too appear'd above in Sight ;  
 By which he faintly recollected where  
 His *Warship* was, tho' not how he came there :  
 But this small Sense did opportunely come  
 To help him make a shift to stumble Home.

Thither he comes, and knocking at the Door  
 (Tho' not so hard as he was knock'd before)  
 His Master hears at first, and cries, *Who's there?*  
*Why* (poorly, cries the other) *I am here.*  
 Up starts the Master straight, and lets him in;  
*I'th' Name of God* (quoth he) *where hast thou bin,*  
*That thou'rt thus lute?* To which the wise Reply  
 Was this, *Nay, Master, what the Dee'l know I!*  
*But somewhere I have had a lungeous Faw*  
*I'm sure o' that, and, Master, that's neet aw.*  
 A Candle then was lighted, when his Sconce  
 Did represent *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones.*  
*A lungeous Fall indeed,* the Master said,  
*The very Looks would make a Man afraid;*  
*Thou hast drunk deep thy Hogs Lead on the Tilt,*  
*But where's my Mare? No matter where, boo's kilt,*  
 Replies the Man, *i'th' Morninck send, and see,*  
*The Devil's Pow'r go with these Torrs for me.*  
 His Dame was call'd; and he soon got to Bed,  
 Where she did wash and dress his great *Calves-head*  
 So well, that in the Morning 'twas his Care  
 To go, and *flea*, not to *fetch home* his Mare:  
 But she had shar'd his Fortune, and was found  
 Grazing within the Valley safe and found,  
 Sans Hurt, or Blemish, save a little Strip  
 Of Hair and Skin rippled upon her Hip.  
 The Hat, Saddle, and Cloth, denoted well,  
 As they were scatter'd, found just where they fell;  
 And yet, as oft as I the Place do view,  
 I scarce believe, altho' I know this true:  
 But whosoe'er shall happen to come there,  
 Will not reprove what I've deliver'd here;

The *Groves*, whose *curled Brows* shade every *Lake*,  
 Do ev'ry-where such waving *Landships* make,  
 As *Painters* baffled *Art* is far above,  
 Who *Waves* and *Leaves* could never yet make move.  
 Hither the warbling *People* of the Air  
 From their remoter *Colonies* repair,  
 And in the *Shades*, now setting up their *Nests*,  
 Like *Cæsar's Swifs*, burn their old native *Nests* ;  
 The *Muses* too perch on the bending *Sprays*,  
 And in these *Thickets* chant their *charming Lays* :  
 No Wonder then, if the \* *Heroick Song*,  
 That here took Birth and Voice, do flourish long.

To view from hence the glitt'ring *Pile* above,  
 (Which must at once Wonder create and Love)  
 Environ'd round with Nature's *Shames* and *Ills*,  
 Black *Heaths*, wild *Rock*, bleak *Craggs*, and naked *Hills*,  
 And the whole *Prospect* so inform and rude,  
 Who is it, but must presently conclude,  
 'That this is *Paradise*, which seated stands  
 In midst of *Desarts*, and of barren *Sands* ?  
 So a bright *Diamond* would look, if set  
 In a vile *Socket* of ignoble *Jet* ;  
 And such a Face the new-born *Nature* took,  
 When out of *Chaos* by the *Fiat* struck.  
 Doubtless, if any where, there never yet  
 So brave a *Structure* on such Ground was set,  
 Which, sure, the *Foundress* built, to reconcile  
 This to the other Members of the *Isle*,

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\* M. Hobbs de Mir. Pec.

And would, therein, first her own *Grandeur* show,  
And then what *Art* could, spite of *Nature*, do.

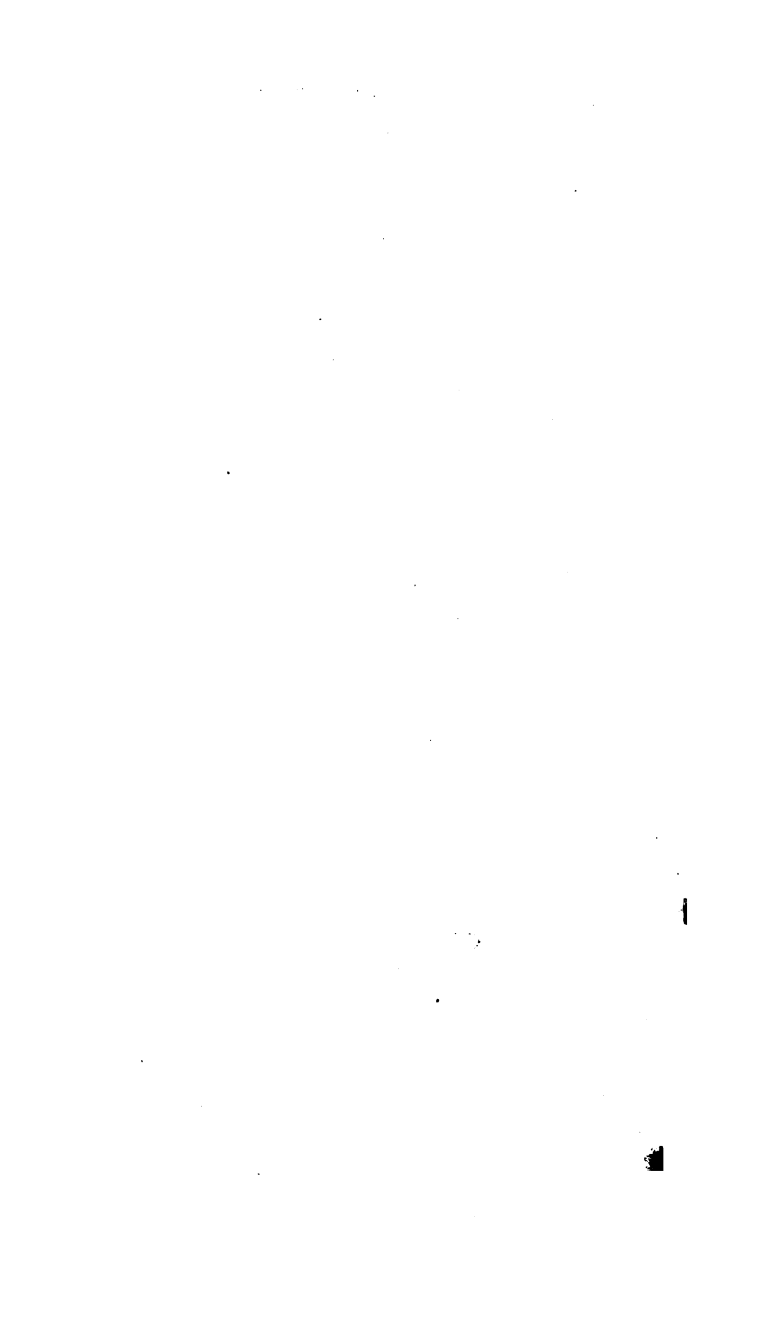
But let me lead you in, 'tis worth the Pains,  
T'xamine what this Princely *House* contains ;  
Which, if without so glorious to be seen,  
*Honour* and *Virtue* make it shine within.  
The fore-nam'd *Outward Gate* then leads into  
A spacious *Court*, whence open to the View  
The noble *Front* of the whole *Edifice*,  
In a surprizing Height, is seen to rise.  
Ev'n with the *Gate-house*, upon either Hand  
A neat square *Turret* in the Corners stand ;  
On each Side *Plates* of ever-springing Green,  
With an ascending *Pavior-Walk* between,  
In the green *Flat* which on the Right-hand lies,  
A *Fountain* of strange Structure high doth rise,  
Upon whose tender Top, there is a vast,  
I'd almost said, prodigious *Basin* plac'd ;  
And, without doubt, the *Model* of this *Piece*  
Came forth from *other Place* than *Rome* or *Greece*,  
For such a *Sea*, suspended in the Air,  
I never saw in any Place, but there ;  
Which should it break, or fall, I doubt, we shou'd  
Begin to reckon from the second *Flood*.  
Tho' this divert the Eye, yet all the while  
Your Feet still move toward the attractive *Pile*,  
Till fair round *Stairs*, some fifteen *Griefes* high,  
Land you upon a *Terrass*, that doth lie  
Of goodly Breadth along the Buildings, *Square*,  
Well pav'd, and fenc'd with *Rail* and *Baluster* :  
From hence in some three Steps, the *inner-Gate*  
Rises in greater Beauty, Art, and State,

But I must give my *Muse* the *Hola* here,  
Respect must check her in the wild *Career*;  
For, when we impudently do commend,  
The Thing well *meant*, ill done, must needs offend:  
His Virtues are above my Character,  
Too great for *Fame* to speak; or *Versè* to bear.

F I N I S.



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**is book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

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